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THESE UNITED STATES

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THESE UNITED STATES

A SYMPOSIUM

Edited by

ERNEST GRUENING

SECOND SERIES

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THESE UNITED STATES

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VIRGINIA

A GENTLE DOMINION

By DOUGLAS FREEMAN

VIRGINIA buried her beloved at Appomattox, as her sons stood by, very ragged. All that she was, all that she hoped, all in which she had taken pride she told herself she had interred there. But it was spring for her sons, plowing-season, and they were hungry. They tramped back home and fortunately found in the reclamation of stumpy fields and neglected meadows an outlet for their grief. They thought of the past as seldom as they might and talked of it scarcely at all. It was five years before they had the farm in order, ten before they had any leisure, twenty before they possessed any money, thirty before they were measurably prosperous as their fathers had been in 1860. After the Spanish-American War—they never knew why—they could paint the house and buy a new surrey and take the wife to town for her shopping twice a year. By 1905 they began to argue whether it would not be possible to send the girl as well as the boy to college.

Since then there has been plenty. The village no longer looks as though its solitary street were a streamer of crêpe on the door of the landscape. The countryside is not quite trim, as yet, but has brightened immeasurably. The "Eastern Shore"—which com-

prises the two counties between the Chesapeake and the ocean—has become one of the richest agricultural communities in the United States. The Shenandoah Valley is white with apple blossoms almost as soon as the snow is gone. The section beyond the New River, "the gre-e-at Southwest," as its residents proudly style it, finds double wealth in its coal mines and in its export cattle, fattened on a very luxuriant blue grass. The people of the "Southside" counties, between the James River and the North Carolina line, are improving yearly the quality of their tobacco, and if they succeed in raising the early cotton they have planted experimentally they will rival the Carolina farmers, whom they now envy. Coöperative marketing is slowly taking hold, though eyed doubtfully by some bankers and vigorously fought by rich warehousemen. The breeding of stock has improved so much that the scrub, Pennyroyal bull now belongs with the bear that has disappeared from the mountains and the deer that has been killed in the swamps. Enough has been done to furnish abundant themes for the writers of booster-literature, and to pile up statistics that sprain the backs of the graphs official bureaus delight to draw. Virginia's sons and their sons after them have done a brave, clean job since Appomattox.

The mother herself, Virginia, went straight from Appomattox to the old house that typified the civilization that had perished. She climbed to the second-story bedroom; she pulled down the blinds and through the darkness of reconstruction sat in her mourning. She would put out the Southern flag on May 30 and go down to the porch when the veterans passed by on the way to reunions; she never missed a session of the

U. D. C. and tended a booth in the old-fashioned bazaar that was held to raise money for another Confederate monument. She went to church and sat very quietly in the ancestral pew, though perhaps she could not bring herself to say Amen at the end of the prayer for the President of the United States and all others in authority. Sometimes she walked in the garden. But her thoughts were still of the war between the States. She could not forget and she had no desire to forget its triumphs and its agony. Her face has been turned to the past. Without pose or ostentation (those who are noisy have simply married into the family and do not understand), without making a fetish of her veil or a spectacle of her tears, Virginia has been "in deep mourning."

While the widow has been lamenting in the front chamber upstairs, her daughters have been receiving new callers in the drawing-room and her sons have been paying court in strange parlors. Society has changed vastly during the great lady's widowhood—has changed so much, in fact, that she is beginning to doubt herself ever so little when daily she replies to a daughter's mention of a visitor's name with her emphatic, "Why, my dear child, I never heard of him; who was his grandfather?"

Names and blood still count in Virginia, but lack of them handicaps a man less in acquiring social position than possession of them aids him in preserving it. A few who have ancestry and no money keep their place; many who have money and no ancestry make their place. Even in Richmond, where the doors of the Monday German once were unlocked only for those who had as many quarterings as an officer in the

bodyguard of a Bourbon, the daughter of the rich newcomer always is invited after two or three years and, a little later, her mother and father. "He's rich" is now an apologia for many shortcomings. Now and again there is scandalized squawking when a nobody wins the heart of an old aristocrat's daughter; but the girl seldom loses caste and the boy may gain. Where a great lady rules, why should not there be matriarchy? Nothing better illustrates the slow effacing of the old hard lines than that unless a union is hopeless the station of man and wife in a few years becomes that of the more distinguished of the two, be it that of the man or that of the woman. The old mercantile aristocracy of the cities died with the industrial era to which it belonged. Not one name in ten that appeared in the list of those who entertained Lafayette, or were the familiars of John Marshall, or even of those on whom Jefferson Davis called when visiting in Virginia cities after the war is heard now at social functions. Many of the greatest lines are near extinction. General Robert E. Lee had three sons and four daughters. There survive only one grandson, two granddaughters, one great-granddaughter and one great-grandson. This is characteristic. Cynics have affirmed that if two or three families of great planters had not been inexhaustibly prolific and had not intermarried early and widely, genealogists would have to despair of proving descent from early Colonial times, except, of course, for the goodly host of those who possess, or think they possess, some of the blood of Pocahontas.

In rural Virginia, the old aristocracy still clings to a few of its ancient seats, such as Shirley on the James

and Mount Airy on the Rappahannock, but elsewhere it has perished or migrated and has had no successor. Nowhere in the South is the passing of the old order more manifest than in certain of the older counties, lower Hanover or King William, for example. Some of the old mansions remain, though fire has claimed more; but these often are habited by people ignorant of the history of the houses in which they dwell. One gets almost the impression that plague or an approaching army had driven the natives before it and that after years of decay another race has moved in.

With the lesser aristocracy and the middle-classes the change has not been so great. Where the family was numerous it often happened that some of the sons went to the cities while the others remained at the "home-place." Twenty years ago fully half the urban population in this way had kin in the country. Now the ties have been broken—one reason, this, for the sharpened legislative antagonisms between town and country. In the social life of the farmers much depends on the extent to which the old families have held on. There still are districts where some of the planters do not call on neighbors who are as prosperous as themselves but do not have a like background. Elsewhere the rural church has worked for democracy in the leveling of the old barriers. Even the aliens who occasionally settle in the counties gradually are made welcome in the homes of the neighborhood if they are well-behaved. Usually, however, there is one generation of something very much like probation: after that the son goes where the father might not. Conditions in the country on the whole are destructive of the aristocratic tradition. It is hard to be

socially exclusive where neighbors are few and solitude wears down pride as well as nerves.

An element fast increasing in some parts of rural Virginia is that of the city-dweller, the son or grandson of a planter, who buys himself a country home which he uses part of the year. In northern Virginia, around Leesburg and Middleburg particularly, and in the beautiful foothills between the homes of Jefferson and of Madison, are numerous colonies of these reformed burghers who spend on the land the money they make in trade. Sometimes these men attempt to figure in the political life of the county, but more frequently they consort with their kind. They are welcomed by the small farmer, who sells them his produce or his labor at prices well above the market, but they are jealously eyed by the larger planter, whose sun they dim and whose colored farmhands they hire at prices the "practical" farmer cannot pay. Not infrequently some wealthy man from the North or from the West, with a liking for the historical and with a desire to found a family, will purchase one of the large and famous estates and will make a theatrical attempt to lead the life of which he has read in a levant-bound life of Washington. Where taste and tact are sustained by patience and a purse some of these efforts to recreate the spacious style of the eighteenth century do not fail altogether of their purpose. Where any of the essentials is lacking the outcome is comical. Half the aristocrats of the lower James chuckled and the other half shuddered when those who visited one of the most beautiful of the old river mansions reported that the magnificent mahogany wainscoting of the main corridor had been

adorned by its new owner with a Harvard pennant of the sort the least sophisticated freshman buys the week he enters college and puts away before the Christmas intermission.

One type there is that still links the great widow with her past. It is a type seen often in Virginia cities and every Sunday in the country. On Franklin Street in Richmond, of a Monday afternoon, one may observe a dozen exemplars. They are the little old ladies, dressed inconspicuously in black, who trip to the Woman's Club, hear a program, sip their tea, and then, grasping their handbags tightly, trot home again. Some are widows, but most of them are the unmarried daughters of well-to-do business men of the last generation. They grew to womanhood in the seventies. Men were scarce then. Thousands of the young Virginians who should have been wooing them were moldering bones on the battlefields of the war between the States, or else, if spared, had given up hope in the Old Dominion and had sought a livelihood where cities were not in ashes and farmers' fields were not burrowed with trenches. Many of the young women of that day married men not worthy of them. Many others had no lovers. They stayed on in their fathers' houses until their parents died and then they went to reside with kinspeople or had a spinster cousin of like temperament come to live with them. They use the old furniture and read the old books and adhere to the old fashions and think the old thoughts. They are given to charity, they write regularly to all their relatives, and they know what is happening in the homes of all their friends. To sit for an hour with one of these women and to hear her talk of

"Pa" and of "Ma"—for they cling to the eighteenth-century pronunciation—is to agree that the women are the great social conservators. Virginia society in its distinctive sense would have breathed its last long ago but for the little old ladies.

The great widow consoles herself with the loyalty of these daughters. She does not fear for the family portraits or for the ancestral certificate of membership in the Society of the Cincinnati so long as any of them is alive. She takes comfort, too, in some of the characteristics her grandsons display when they tramp upstairs after dinner to pay their respects to her. They are not as handsome as their grandfathers, she tells herself, and they are too much interested in making money, but they would be known by anyone to belong to the family. If the widow's eyes were a bit keener, she might observe a slight twitching of their facial muscles when she begins, "I don't think I ever told you, but I remember once during the war—" The grandsons are too polite, of course, to tell the widow that if the effort taxes her they can give in *ipsissimis verbis* all her favorite stories from memory, with names and dates correct and in place; but the truth is that youth is rather tired of the old family anecdotes. And when he goes to a public meeting and hears the orators wind their wearying way toward an apostrophe on the glories of the Old Dominion, he is apt to groan, "Good Lord, in a minute we'll get Lee and Jackson and the army that was destroyed but never conquered." Yet—such are the contradictions in the young man—when he entertains a friend of the North, he will show him all the graveyards and monuments and will talk as volubly as the widow herself of the sixties and of General Lee

—particularly of General Lee. The character and the personality of the most beloved of the Southern generals have become an inspiring part of the average Virginian's background. There is an unmistakable Lee cult, which the traveler and sojourner observe and, like as not, share in season. There probably is no other State in the Union and no part of any State—not even the Springfield district in Illinois—where one man has so influenced the thought, the manners and the outlook of a people. Hundreds of Virginia families must have their private traditions of General Lee. Recently a newspaper offered to print on January nineteen, his birthday, all unpublished stories of General Lee that were sent in. It received a score and more—some that seemed to have about them the odor of the rose-leaves in which they had been kept with the other family treasures. General T. S. Jackson stands second, though only second, to General Lee in the affection of the people. It is part of the education of every Virginian to read Henderson's Stonewall Jackson, which surely is one of the finest of military biographies: The reading usually means an awakening of new interest in all things Southern.

The widow likes this in her grandsons. She likes, too, to hear them talk, for that reminds her of their grandfather. Conversation is as much a part of the Virginia tradition as is worship of General Lee or the eating of batterbread and herring for breakfast. Talk does not interfere greatly with business, though if there were an appendix to *These United States* containing a statistical summary of the length of the average telephone conversation in all parts of the Union, it would explain many things and would show Virginia not

among the most laconic of States. There are clubs dedicated ostensibly to the study of current events, or literature or some professional interest but actually devoted to the practice of plain and fancy conversation. It used to be said of the late Captain W. Gordon McCabe—who valued that Confederate title more than any of his Litt.D.'s or LL.D.'s—that he carefully wrote out the best of his stories and rehearsed them painstakingly. That probably was slander, for the captain told his anecdotes so often and observed so thoroughly the effect on his hearers that he must have found his climaxes shaping themselves. They came very close to perfection in their realm and never tired the men who groaned inwardly as the less skillful would begin their "that reminds me." Captain McCabe's "Sally Anne Madeira" story has been carried to four continents—Lord Tennyson enjoyed it greatly —but it is not told today by anyone who can approach Captain McCabe's delivery.

To the display of the chosen art of Virginia there is one recognized obstacle: The great *raconteur* seldom is willing to give a rival due hearing or a beginner fit coaching. Captain McCabe himself, who was a schoolmaster by vocation, himself exploded with wrath when a cousin from Williamsburg attempted to tell him for the ninth time—and very badly—what happened aboard the *Tennessee* in the battle of Mobile Bay, just before Admiral Buchanan was wounded. The art of conversation is discouraged on occasion by the death of a great story-teller such as Mr. McCabe or his admitted peer Major Robert W. Hunter, but it revives and, at its worst, distinguishes Virginia from her neighbors. The wicked affirm, in explaining this,

that the Marylander has forgotten how to talk, since Baltimore became a foreign city, and that the North Carolinian has not yet learned. Missionaries of culture, journeying into Virginia, have charged to the natives' love of culture the dearth of public libraries in the State—the people, it is insisted, are too busy talking to have time for reading books. And just when the gospelers of Chautauqua and Carnegieism are about to invite prayer for the benighted, they observe that the Virginia love of conversation has given most men a facility of speech that enables them to hold their own at the council board or in a public meeting without coming under the imputation of being that which would make millions shudder—a race of orators.

Lloyd George said when he was in America that he noticed how life became softer and gentler when he entered the South and that this was most pronounced in Virginia. Many others have much the same feeling, which cannot be explained by the drawling speech and the absence of the ruthless roar of great cities. Life is not gentler because it is slower, for Virginia labor does as much work in a day—lays as many bricks or saws as many planks or pays as many professional calls as the blusterer of the North who spends two hours a day telling how busy he is. There is not a manufacturer in the South who would not match his operatives against a like force from any plant in the Connecticut Valley or hesitate to wager on a larger production. Life is calmer not because the people are indolent but because the widow's children have inherited a certain consideration for the feelings of others. Virginians dislike to say unpleasant things or touch a sore spot, and before answering a question or

opening a new subject, are apt to ask themselves whether it will be offensive. They are as sensitive as they are considerate, and because they are sensitive they are reserved. "You've got to understand the Virginia people," said a shrewd traveling salesman recently. "You must study them just as you do the South Americans. You can't attempt to manhandle a merchant and you mustn't try to hurry him, but if you go slowly and watch his face, you not only will do a good business but you will make a lot of personal friends. Nowhere in my territory do I get more personal invitations or meet with as much courtesy as in Virginia." The other view was presented by a salesman of the pachydermatous type—the sort of man who does not care what he says or what his customer thinks of him, so long as he gets the order. "How's business? It's rotten, and say, believe me, I'll never travel this damn State of yours again. Everybody down here resents my telling 'em about up-to-date methods, and when I show a man where he's doing things wrong, he gets mad and asks me why I don't buy his business if I want to run it. I'm through, I tell you—no more of your proud Virginia for me!" The widow values the quality the statesman deplores. She regards independence as one of the family characteristics. She considers it bad manners to meddle in other people's affairs and requires all her self-control and poise in dealing with those who come down from New York to meddle in hers. When she is talking to her intimates and is sure her words will not be quoted to hurt anyone's feelings, she is apt to rejoice in her quiet way that she has only a little more than one per cent of foreign born in her population. For she holds

that the bumptiousness of noisy salesmen and the bad manners they display originate with aliens. If possible, she is more concerned over the bad manners some strangers exhibit than over their disposition to lecture her on the superior energy and business ability of the North. Bad manners corrupt children and destroy all the gentleness in life. She cannot understand how some parents permit the children to drop the "sir" and the "mam" in speaking to their elders. "Why," she will say, "that is the first test of a Virginian. When a child does not say, 'Yes, sir' or 'No, mam,' I always expect he's going to say, 'What?' when I ask him a question he does not understand. And if he says, 'What' instead of, 'Excuse me, I did not understand you,' then I know he's going to pronounce South as Sauth and that proves he was not born in Virginia." In her family, good manners still are valued more highly than a good mind. The Old Dominion fundamentally is the Gentle Dominion.

The widow, in a word, is rather relieved that during the doleful years of her mourning, the family did not go to the devil. She is pleased, on the whole, with the character and bearing of her children, despite some of their new-fangled ways. She is satisfied that in time they will take their grandfather's place in church and State; yet she knows in the wisdom of her widowhood that she has not caught the rhythm of the faster spinning world and she wonders if the new generation has. She looks upon her sons as youngsters who have all the qualities for success, but she thinks they have not quite found themselves and she is troubled, very genuinely troubled, about their education. In 1860, Virginia had in her colleges more students per thou-

sand of population than any other State in the Union, Massachusetts not excepted. The classes of 1861-65 graduated on the battlefield—at Manassas, at Fredericksburg, at Gettysburg, in front of Richmond and at Appomattox. For the next twenty years, only the most persistent and the sons of the fortunate were able to go to college. Nearly the whole of the generation born between 1845 and 1870 was denied the academic training their fathers and their sons had. While their former Confederate soldiers were struggling for self-education in their poverty, they had to provide an inexpensive substitute for the old-fashioned academy in which most of the children had been taught before the war. Simultaneously, Virginia had to undertake, in common with the other Southern States, that for which there are few parallels in educational history—the schooling of an entire race which prior to that time had been almost wholly illiterate. No wonder an impoverished State seemed to make slow progress. Yet today, Virginia scarcely is conscious of the magnitude of the work she has done, and because her school system is still given a low grading, in comparison with those of States untouched by war, she is humiliated and anxious to improve her standards. More vitality and more vision are displayed in Virginia's efforts for better schools and colleges than in anything else she undertakes. She knows that this is fundamental and that her hopes for the future are only as well-founded as her education is thorough. She smiles—and only smiles—when Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, long-time president of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, says half humorously and half with a sigh, "They do not agree with me any longer about education. They

want to teach everything. I believe a lot of people are better off if they are not taught anything but reading, writing and arithmetic and—of course—Virginia history."

The political education of her sons is Virginia's other worry. Public life in Virginia is dominated today by a political machine, built up about the "courthouse rings" of county administrative officers. Their Juggernaut car is rather easy-going and is not often used for political joy-riding. The machine politicians do little to arouse antagonism. Those whom they cannot defeat they usually conciliate. Former Governor Westmoreland Davis is the only man who has defeated the machine in recent years and has not in time yielded to it. Usually the machine is content to guard the interests of the county-rings, to fatten their fees, to reject or to cripple with amendments the bills Liberals offer and, for the rest, to move only when prodded. Occasionally, as in the recent defeat of a proposal to issue $50,000,000 of bonds for roads, the machine shows itself capable of effective organization and contentious debate.

The rule of the machine, which is made possible by the form of local government, is rendered easy by the limitations on the franchise. Virginia's constitution was adopted in 1902 primarily to remove the Negro from politics and thereby to put an end to election frauds. The Negro has been eliminated effectually enough. Frauds have been reduced. But the price has been too high for the benefits received. Tens of thousands of whites have been disfranchised. Interest has died with contest. In most sections of the State, the general election is farcical and perfunctory, with

no Republican opposition to the Democratic ticket. The real fight is in the Democratic primary, to which the regular election requirements apply. Owing to the restrictions on the ballot, the total poll in the primary does not often exceed 150,000. As few as 80,000 voters, supporting the winner in a close primary, select the officers for a State of 2,300,000. The result is stagnation. The State of the great American political philosophers, Jefferson, Marshall and Madison, is ceasing to be politically minded. The best young men are not entering the life for which, by tradition and temperament, they are or should be best qualified.

Virginia would be satisfied with her very substantial industrial progress, and would not list the dollar among her concerns, were it not for North Carolina. Virginia has not reached the acute sensitiveness of the apocryphal South Carolina legislator who proposed a bill making it a misdemeanor for any person to compare the Palmetto State with North Carolina in education and in roads. Virginia is not a little proud of her Southern sister—proud and impressed and somewhat awed by her remarkable advance. Whenever North Carolina is mentioned among Virginians, a debate begins that chooses the cleavage within the State between conservative and liberal, between those whose first thought is of the past and those who are turning in mind more to the future. The dispute begins with the warning that Virginia is being left behind by North Carolina. To this the stock answer is that Virginia has a spiritual heritage in great names and history that North Carolina never can equal. The favorite retort is that it is not enough to have Abraham for a father, that Virginia herself is proof that a prosperous society

breeds great men, and that if North Carolina continues as now, she will make her own tradition rival Virginia's. When the argument reaches this point, the conservative as likely as not puts logic aside with the statement that those who are not satisfied with Virginia can go to North Carolina or to hell! That's one trouble now—too many Virginians have gone from her already. The 1920 census showed some 680,000 of them in other States, while nearly half her land is untilled.

Most of Virginia's characteristics are plain to the traveler who has eyes for differences among the States. Whatever his approach, he has not long crossed the frontier before he knows he is in the Gentle Dominion. If he has sped down overnight from the North he notes as soon as he has crossed the Potomac that the foreign type has disappeared, that Catholic churches are not seen, that the Negro is more numerous, that all white men talk in terms of equality with the unmistakable elision of the "g" in all sounds of "ing" and with the telltale pronunciation of "ou." He will find life not as ostentatiously hurried as in the North, and, if he penetrates the first reserve of natives, he will discover State pride, a conscious relation to the past and, if one may stress it again, consideration for the feeling of others. This last—if all distinctions must be resolved into one—is the most noteworthy quality of the people. Should one's journey be eastward into Virginia, by any of the great coal-carrying railroads, one finds no change until one rolls down from the Alleghany Mountains into the valley of the Shenandoah, where the stock of eastern Virginia and that of the old Pennsylvania Germans have met but have not yet fused. As contrasted with West Virginia, more

urbanity and tolerance, a slighter class-prejudice and, as a rule, a less absorbing interest in the making of money. If, finally, one's way into Virginia be through North Carolina, cotton fields become fewer and then disappear altogether, the roads are not as good, the drawl is not as pronounced. Something less of new agricultural prosperity but, if it may be said without offense, perhaps something more of old culture.

And tomorrow? When the widow thinks of that, it seems strangely apart from herself. The new world is not her world. Already, when she uses the familiar phrase, "before the war," youth asks, "Which war?" She hears, and in a way she shares, a reconstruction different from that of the later 'sixties, which proved scarcely less terrible than the slaughter itself. Perhaps Virginia realizes that in the era begun in 1914, as in that which was opened in 1865, she is not to have the rôle that once was hers. Alone among American states, she has suffered that which has been the equivalent, in a sense, of the "territorial compensation" the victorious demand in the struggles of imperialism. In the loss of West Virginia, which was taken from her during the war between the States, she paid an indemnity of billions, and even then had difficulty in making the newer State assume a part of the ante-bellum debt. Had Virginia come through the war with her borders unchanged, she would today be not far behind Texas as the richest Southern commonwealth, and instead of being the twentieth in population she would be next after Massachusetts and ahead of Michigan as the seventh. But violations of the constitution in time become part of the constitution. What's done is not to be undone by laments and lingering over

might-have-beens. The State still is peopled with the descendants of those who cleared the wilderness and fought the revolution, who have, somehow, the confidence of their race, the belief that in ways not yet plain and through powers they do not pretend to understand, the State again will serve the nation in more than mere production and man-power. They may be right; it is possible they are mistaken. If they are, it is not altogether loss. Some think it will be more of gain than of loss. For there is need in noisy America for a commonwealth of quietness. There is place among forty-eight grasping States for a Gentle Dominion. There is room off the crowded speedways for a garden of memories.

MINNESOTA

THE NORSE STATE

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

On May 9, 1922, Mr. Henry Lorenz of Pleasantdale, Saskatchewan, milked the cows and fed the horses and received the calls of his next farm neighbors. Obviously he was still young and lively, though it did happen that on May 9 he was one hundred and seventeen years old. When St. Paul, Mendota, and Marine, the first towns in Minnesota, were established, Henry was a man in his mid-thirties—yes, and President Eliot was seven and Uncle Joe Cannon was five. As for Minneapolis, now a city of four hundred thousand people, seventy-five years ago it consisted of one cabin. Before 1837, there were less than three hundred whites and mixed breeds in all this Minnesotan domain of eighty thousand square miles—the size of England and Scotland put together.

It is so incredibly new; it has grown so dizzyingly. Here is a village which during the Civil War was merely a stockade with two or three log stores and a company of infantry, a refuge for the settlers when the Sioux came raiding. During a raid in 1863, a settler was scalped within sight of the stockade.

Now, on the spot where the settler was scalped, is a bungalow farmhouse, with leaded casement windows, with radio and phonograph, and electric lights in house and garage and barns. A hundred blooded cows are milked there by machinery. The farmer

goes into town for Kiwanis Club meetings, and last year he drove his Buick to Los Angeles. He is, or was, too prosperous to belong to the Nonpartisan League or to vote the Farmer-Labor ticket.

Minnesota is unknown to the Average Easterner, say to a Hartford insurance man or to a New York garment-worker, not so much because it is new as because it is neither Western and violent, nor Eastern and crystallized. Factories and shore hotels are inevitably associated with New Jersey, cowpunchers and buttes with Montana; California is apparent, and Florida and Maine. But Minnesota is unplaced. I have heard a Yale junior speculate: "Now you take those Minnesota cities—say take Milwaukee, for instance. Why, it must have a couple of hundred thousand population, hasn't it?" (Nor is this fiction. He really said it.)

This would be a composite Eastern impression of Minnesota: a vastness of wind-beaten prairie, flat as a parade ground, wholly given up to wheat-growing save for a fringe of pines at the north and a few market-towns at the south; these steppes inhabited by a few splendid Yankees—one's own sort of people—and by Swedes who always begin sentences with "Vell, Aye tank," who are farmhands, kitchen-maids, and icemen, and who are invariably humorous.

This popular outline bears examination as well as most popular beliefs; quite as well as the concept that Negroes born in Chicago are less courteous than those born in Alabama. Minnesota is not flat. It is far less flat than the province of Quebec. Most of it is prairie, but the prairie rolls and dips and curves; it lures the motorist like the English roads of Broad

Highway fiction. Along the skyline the cumulus clouds forever belly and, with our dry air, nothing is more spectacular than the crimson chaos of our sunsets. But our most obvious beauty is the lakes. There are thousands of them—nine or ten thousand—brilliant among suave grain fields or masked by cool birch and maples. On the dozen-mile-wide lakes of the north are summer cottages of the prosperous from Missouri, Illinois, even Texas.

Leagues of the prairie are utterly treeless, except for artificial windbreaks of willows and cottonwoods encircling the farmhouses. Here the German Catholic spire can be seen a dozen miles off, and the smoke of the Soo Line freight two stations away. But from this plains country you come into a northern pine wilderness, "the Big Woods," a land of lumber camps and reservation Indians and lonely tote-roads, kingdom of Paul Bunyan, the mythical hero of the lumberjacks.

The second error is to suppose that Minnesota is entirely a wheat State. It was, at one time, and the Minneapolis flour-mills are still the largest in the world. Not even Castoria is hymned by more billboards than is Minneapolis flour. But today it is Montana and Saskatchewan and the Dakotas which produce most of the wheat for our mills, while the Minnesota farmers, building tall red silos which adorn their barns like the turrets of Picardy, turn increasingly to dairying. We ship beef to London, butter to Philadelphia. The iron from our Mesaba mines is in Alaskan rails and South African bridges, and as to manufacturing, our refrigerators and heat-regulators comfort Park Avenue apartment-houses, while

our chief underwear factory would satisfy a Massachusetts Brahmin or even a Chicago advertising-man.

Greatest error of all is to believe that Minnesota is entirely Yankee and Scandinavian, and that the Swedes are helots and somehow ludicrous.

A school principal in New Duluth analyzed his three hundred and thirty children as Slovene, 49; Italian, 47; Serbian, 39; American, 37; Polish, 30; Austrian and Swedish, 22 each; Croatian, 20; colored, 9 (it is instructive to note that he did not include them among the "Americans"); Finnish, 7; Scotch, 6; Slav unspecified, 5; German, French, Bohemian, and Jewish, 4 each; Rumanian, Norwegian, and Canadian, 3 each; Scandinavian, unspecified; Lithuanian, Irish, Ukrainian, and Greek, 2 each; Russian and English, 1 each—60 per cent of them from Southern and Eastern Europe!

Such a Slavification would, of course, be true only of an industrial or mining community, but it does indicate that the whole Mid-Western population may alter as much as has the East. In most of the State there is a predomination of Yankees, Germans, Irish, and all branches of Scandinavians, Icelanders and Danes as well as Swedes and Norwegians. And among all racial misconceptions none is more vigorously absurd than the belief that the Minnesota Scandinavians are, no matter how long they remain here, like the characters of that estimable old stock-company play "Yon Yonson"—a tribe humorous, inferior, and unassimilable. To generalize, any popular generalization about Scandinavians in America is completely and ingeniously and always wrong.

In Minnesota itself one does not hear (from the

superior Yankees whom one questions about that sort of thing) that the Scandinavians are a comic people, but rather that they are surly, that they are Socialistic, that they "won't Americanize." Manufacturers and employing lumbermen speak of their Swedish employees precisely as wealthy Seattleites speak of the Japs, Bostonians of the Irish, Southwesterners of the Mexicans, New Yorkers of the Jews, marine officers of the Haitians, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling of nationalist Hindus—or nationalist Americans. Unconsciously, all of them give away the Inferior Race Theory, which is this: An inferior race is one whose members work for me. They are treacherous, ungrateful, ignorant, lazy, and agitator-ridden, because they ask for higher wages and thus seek to rob me of the dollars which I desire for my wife's frocks and for the charities which glorify me. This inferiority is inherent. Never can they become Good Americans (or English Gentlemen, or Highwellborn Prussians). I know that this is so, because all my university classmates and bridge-partners agree with me.

The truth is that the Scandinavians Americanize only too quickly. They Americanize much more quickly than Americans. For generation after generation there is a remnant of stubborn American abolitionist stock which either supports forlorn causes and in jail sings low ballads in a Harvard accent, or else upholds, like Lodge, an Adams tradition which is as poisonous as communism to a joy in brotherly boosting. So thorough are the Scandinavians about it that in 1963 we shall be hearing Norwegian Trygavasons and Icelandic Gislasons saying of the Montenegrins and Letts: "They're reg'lar hogs about

wages, but the worst is, they simply won't Americanize. They won't vote either the Rotary or the Ku Klux ticket. They keep hollering about wanting some kind of a doggone Third Party."

Scandinavians take to American commerce and schooling and journalism as do Scotsmen or Cockneys. Particularly they take to American politics, the good old politics of Harrison and McKinley and Charley Murphy. Usually, they bring nothing new from their own experimental countries. They permit their traditions to be snatched away. True, many of them have labored for the Nonpartisan League, for woman suffrage, for coöperative societies. The late Governor John Johnson of Minnesota seems to have been a man of destiny; had he lived he would probably have been President, and possibly a President of power and originality. But again—there was Senator Knute Nelson, who made McCumber look like a left-wing syndicalist and Judge Gary like François Villon. There is Congressman Steenerson of Minnesota, chairman of the House postal committee. Mr. Steenerson once produced, out of a rich talent matured by a quarter of a century in the House, an immortal sentence. He had been complaining at lunch that the Nonpartisan League had introduced the obscene writings of "this Russian woman, Ellen Key," into the innocent public schools. Someone hinted to the Scandinavian Mr. Steenerson, "But I thought she was a Swede."

He answered: *"No, the Key woman comes from Finland and the rest of Red Russia, where they nationalize the women."*

Naturally it is the two new Senators, Hendrik Shipstead and Magnus Johnson, who now represent

to the world the Scandinavian element in Minnesota. How much they may bring to the cautious respectability of the Senate cannot be predicted but certainly, like John Johnson, they vigorously represent everything that is pioneer, democratic, realistic, *American* in our history.

Good and bad, the Scandinavians monopolize Minnesota politics. Of the last nine governors of the State, including Senatorial-Candidate Preus, six have been Scandinavians. So is Harold Knutson, Republican whip of the House. Scandinavians make up a large proportion of the Minnesota State Legislature, and while in Santa Fé the Mexican legislators speak Spanish, while in Quebec the representatives still debate in French though for generations they have been citizens of a British dominion, in Minnesota the politicians who were born abroad are zealous to speak nothing but Americanese. Thus it is in business and the home. Though a man may not have left Scandinavia till he was twenty, his sons will use the same English, good and bad, as the sons of settlers from Maine, and his daughters will go into music clubs or into cocktail sets, into college or into factories, with the same prejudices and ideals and intonations as girls named Smith and Brewster.

The curious newness of Minnesota has been suggested, but the really astonishing thing is not the newness—it is the oldness, the solid, traditionalized, cotton-wrapped oldness. A study of it would be damaging to the Free and Fluid Young America theory. While parts of the State are still so raw that the villages among the furrows or the dusty pines are but frontier camps, in the cities and in a

few of the towns there is as firm a financial obligarchy and almost as definite a social system as London, and this power is behind all Sound Politics, in direct or indirect control of all business. It has its Old Families, who tend to marry only within their set. Anywhere in the world, an Old Family is one which has had wealth for at least thirty years longer than average families of the same neighborhood. In England, it takes (at most) five generations to absorb "parvenus" and "profiteers" into the gentry, whether they were steel profiteers in the Great War or yet untitled land profiteers under William the Conqueror. In New York it takes three generations—often. In the Middle West it takes one and a half.

No fable is more bracing, or more absurd, than that all the sons and grandsons of the pioneers, in Minnesota or in California, in Arizona or Nebraska, are racy and breezy, unmannerly but intoxicatingly free. The grandchildren of men who in 1862 fought the Minnesota Indians, who dogtrotted a hundred miles over swamp-blurred trails to bear the alarm to the nearest troops—some of them are still clearing the land, but some of them are complaining of the un-English quality of the Orange Pekoe in dainty painty city tea-rooms which stand where three generations ago the Red River fur-carts rested; their chauffeurs await them in Pierce Arrow limousines (special bodies by Kimball, silver fittings from Tiffany); they present Schnitzler and St. John Ervine at their Little Theaters; between rehearsals they chatter of meeting James Joyce in Paris; and always in high-pitched Mayfair laughter they ridicule the Scandinavians and Finns who

are trying to shoulder into their sacred, ancient Yankee caste. A good many of their names are German.

Naturally, beneath this Junker class there is a useful, sophisticated, and growing company of doctors, teachers, newspapermen, liberal lawyers, musicians who have given up Munich and Milan for the interest of developing orchestras in the new land. There is a scientific body of farmers. The agricultural school of the huge University of Minnesota is sound and creative. And still more naturally, between Labor and Aristocracy there is an army of the peppy, poker-playing, sales-hustling He-men who are our most characteristic Americans. But even the He-men are not so obvious as they seem. What their future is, no man knows—and no woman dares believe. It is conceivable that, instead of being a menace in their naïve boosting and their fear of the unusual, they may pass only too soon; it is possible that their standardized bathrooms and Overlands will change to an equally standardized and formula-bound culture—yearning Culture, arty Art. We have been hurled from tobacco-chewing to tea-drinking with gasping speed; we may as quickly dash from boosting to a beautiful and languorous death. If it is necessary to be Fabian in politics, to keep the reformers (left wing or rigid right) from making us perfect too rapidly, it is yet more necessary to be a little doubtful about the ardent souls who would sell Culture; and if the Tired Business Man is unlovely and a little dull, at least he is real, and we shall build only on reality.

Small is the ducal set which controls these other classes. It need be but small. In our rapid accumulation of wealth we have been able to create an oli-

garchy with ease and efficiency, with none of the vulgar risks which sword-girt Norfolks and Percys encountered. This is one of the jests which we have perpetrated. The nimbler among our pioneering grandfathers appropriated to their private uses some thousands of square miles in northern Minnesota, and cut off—or cheerfully lost by forest fire—certain billions of feet of such lumber as will never be seen again. When the lumber was gone, the land seemed worthless. It was good for nothing but agriculture, which is an unromantic occupation, incapable of making millionaires in one generation. The owners had few of them acquired more than a million dollars, and now they could scarcely give their holdings away. Suddenly, on parts of this scraggly land, iron was discovered, iron in preposterous quantities, to be mined in the open pit, as easily as hauling out gravel. Here is the chief supply of the Gary and South Chicago mills. The owners of the land do not mine the ore. They have gracefully leased it—though we are but Westerners, we have our subsidiary of the United States Steel Company. The landowner himself has only to go abroad and sit in beauty like a flower, and every time a steam shovel dips into the ore, a quarter drops into his pocket.

So at last our iron-lumber-flour railroad aristocracy has begun to rival the beef barons of Chicago, the coal lords of Pennsylvania, and the bond princes of New York.

This article is intended to be a secret but flagrant boost. It is meant to increase civic pride and the value of Minnesota real estate. Yet the writer wonders if he will completely satisfy his chambers of com-

merce. There is a chance that they would prefer a statement of the value of our dairy products, the number of our admirable new school-buildings, the number of motor tourists visiting our lakes, and an account of James J. Hill's encouraging progress from poverty to magnificence. But a skilled press agent knows that this would not be a boost; it would be an admission of commerce-ruled barrenness. The interesting thing in Minnesota is the swift evolution of a complex social system, and, since in two generations we have changed from wilderness to country clubs, the question is what the next two generations will produce. It defies certain answer; it demands a scrupulous speculation free equally from the bland certitudes of chambers of commerce and the sardonic impatience of professional radicals. To a realistic philosopher, the existence of an aristocracy is not (since it does exist) a thing to be bewailed, but to be examined as a fact.

There is one merit not of Minnesota alone but of all the Middle West which must be considered. The rulers of our new land may to the eye seem altogether like the rulers of the East—of New England, New York, Pennsylvania. Both groups are chiefly reverent toward banking, sound Republicanism, the playing of golf and bridge, and the possession of large motors. But whereas the Easterner is content with these symbols and smugly desires nothing else, the Westerner, however golfocentric he may be, is not altogether satisfied; and raucously though he may snortle at his wife's "fool suffrage ideas" and "all this highbrow junk the lecture-hounds spring on you," yet secretly, wistfully he desires a beauty that he does not understand.

As a pendant, to hint that our society has become somewhat involved in the few years since Mr. Henry Lorenz of Saskatchewan was seventy, let me illogically lump a few personal observations of Minnesota:

Here is an ex-professor of history in the State University, an excellent scholar who, retiring after many years of service, cheerfully grows potatoes in a backwoods farm among the northern Minnesota pines, and builds up coöperative selling for all the farmers of his district.

Here is the head of a Minneapolis school for kindergartners, a woman who is summoned all over the country to address teachers' associations. She will not admit candidates for matriculation until she is sure that they have a gift for teaching. She does something of the work of a Montessori, with none of the trumpeting and anguish of the dottoressa.

Here is the greatest, or certainly the largest, medical clinic in the world—the Mayo clinic, with over a hundred medical specialists besides the clerks and nurses. It is the supreme court of diagnosis. Though it is situated in a small town, off the through rail routes, it is besieged by patients from Utah and Ontario and New York as much as by Minnesotans. When the famous European doctors come to America, they may look at the Rockefeller Institute, they may stop at Harvard and Rush and Johns Hopkins and the headquarters of the American Medical Association, but certainly they will go on to Rochester. The names of "Charley" and "Will" have something of the familiarity of "R. L. S." and "T. R."

Here is a Chippewa as silent and swart as his grandfather, an active person whom the cavalry used

to hunt every open season. The grandson conducts a garage, and he actually understands ignition. His farm among the lowering Norway pines he plows with a tractor.

Here is a new bookshop which is publishing the first English translation of the letters of Abélard. The translator, Henry Bellows, is a Ph.D., an editor, and a colonel of militia.

Here are really glorious buildings: the Minneapolis Art Institute, the State Capitol, the St. Paul Public Library, and Ralph Adams Cram's loveliest church. Here, on the shore of Lake of the Isles, is an Italian palace built by a wheat speculator. Here where five years ago were muddy ruts are perfect cement roads.

Here is a small town, a "typical prairie town," which has just constructed a competent golf course. From this town came a minister to Siam and a professor of history in Columbia.

And here are certain Minnesota authors. You know what Mid-Western authors are—rough fellows but vigorous, ignorant of the classics and of Burgundy, yet close to the heart of humanity. They write about farmyards and wear flannel shirts. Let us confirm this portrait by a sketch of eleven Minnesota authors, most of them born in the State:

Charles Flandrau, author of "Harvard Episodes" and "Viva Mexico," one-time Harvard instructor, now wandering in Spain. Agnes Repplier has called him the swiftest blade among American essayists. Scott Fitzgerald, very much a Minnesotan, yet the father of the Long Island flapper, the prophet of the Ritz, the idol of every Junior League. Alice Ames Winter, recently president of the General Federation of

Women's Clubs. Claude Washburn, author of "The Lonely Warrior" and several other novels which, though they are laid in America, imply a European background. He has lived for years now in France and Italy. Margaret Banning, author of "Spell-binders." Thomas Boyd, author of that valiant impression of youth in battle, "Through the Wheat." Grace Flandrau, of "Being Respectable" and other authentically sophisticated novels. Woodward Boyd, whose first novel, "The Love Legend," is a raid on the domestic sentimentalists. Carlton Miles, a dramatic critic who gives his Minnesota readers the latest news of the continental stage. He is just back from a European year spent with such men as Shaw, Drinkwater, and the director of La Scala. Brenda Ueland, who lives in Greenwich Village and writes for the *Atlantic Monthly*. Sinclair Lewis, known publicly as a scolding corn-belt realist, but actually (as betrayed by the samite-yclad, Tennyson-and-water verse which he wrote when he was in college) a yearner over what in private life he probably calls "quaint ivied cottages."

Seventy-five years ago—a Chippewa-haunted wilderness. Today—a complex civilization with a future which, stirring or dismaying or both, is altogether unknowable. To understand America, it is merely necessary to understand Minnesota. But to understand Minnesota you must be an historian, an ethnologist, a poet, a cynic, and a graduate prophet all in one.

MONTANA

LAND OF THE COPPER COLLAR

By ARTHUR FISHER

Six months is the longest one may live in Montana without making the decision whether one is "for the Company" or "against the Company." Even some members of that ever-growing stream of automobile pilgrims which enters our hot sage-brush plains from North Dakota's prairies and threads its way westward through the irrigated valley of the Yellowstone are frequently to be found enlisted in one camp or the other before they have zigzagged down from some pass over the Rockies and crept along a narrow ledge above a roaring stream through the canyon into Idaho. The all-pervading and unrelenting nature of the Montana struggle admits of no neutrals. Since the territory's admission to statehood in 1889 the conflict has continued. On the one hand, firmly intrenched, stand the ramifying and interlinked corporate interests centering in the copper industry, now under the leadership of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company. On the other stands the rest of the population which feels it has no stake in the Company's prosperity but suffers from the Company's exploitation of every natural resource and profitable privilege, its avoidance of taxation, and its dominance of the political and educational life of the State. The latter side has the largest potential man-power, although the forces of the Company, including all officers, henchmen, agents, sub-

agents, employees who feel their livelihood is dependent upon their public attitude, unaffiliated business interests who sell to the Company and its subsidiaries or who must secure banking credits, and professional men to whom business can be thrown and who desire to rise in the social world—all these total a considerable number. The opposition is only partially united by farmer and labor organizations led by intermittent crusaders for the democratic idea. Commonly such leaders are not entirely devoid of personal political ambition, although even for these the risks and the sacrifices are by no means small. But the Company is led by a single united command of professional soldiers designated in Montana by the term "on the pay roll." The local field office in Butte is popularly known as "The Sixth Floor of the Hennesey Building"—awe-inspiring title. Of the general headquarters back of the lines, ultimate source of all authority, Montanans are never reminded by the local press except when a short news item announces that the private car of Mr. John D. Ryan or Mr. Con Kelly arrived on the Missoula or Great Falls or Butte siding last night—from New York City.

This important event usually occurs just prior to the breaking out of one of the big engagements, the biennial election, when the heavy guns are brought up and the very heavens are torn by the thunder of the campaign artillery and illumined by the fireworks of the press. Money is poured out like water; and men fall by the hundred before the temptations of the bribe-giver or the promise of future preferment, and the fear of the consequences if they do not yield. Frequently the atmosphere is charged to such a point

that neighbor hardly dares speak to neighbor, and entire communities are rent in two by passion and fear.

Between the major campaigns ceaseless guerrilla warfare is waged, now and then breaking out in the form of a labor battle in the mining camps, the ambushing of a teacher in the State University, or the shooting in the back of some small business man who talked too independently. In addition a continuous flood of propaganda is poured out by the Company press, which includes nearly every daily paper and most of the weeklies, to maintain morale and win new recruits. Every newcomer to the State is approached through suggestion and advice, through business pressure and social temptation, until the day when he expresses some sentiment which henceforth throws him definitely into one camp or the other. Thereafter he is fair game for the side which he has slighted. And there are no closed seasons. The struggle of the Company to maintain its rule and its privileges against the people's attempts to subject it to democratic control is an economic and political conflict in which the entire social development of the State is inextricably interwoven. But the conflict is more than that. It is the leading sporting event in Montana life.

What the Harvard-Yale game is to intercollegiate football, what the Davis Cup matches are to international tennis, what the Grand National is to the English racing world, the World Series to baseball, the Mardi Gras to New Orleans, or the Rose Festival to Portland, what a good county court-house trial used to be before the days of the movie, all this and more the battles with the Company are to Montana.

They form Montana's epic; an epic told through ten thousand newspaper editorials, ten thousand stump speeches, ten thousand unwritten anecdotes. The universal topic of conversation, it serves as a common interest to unite the people of the State even as at the same time it separates them into two warring camps.

For years the key to the major operations in the conflict has been a short clause in the State constitution, adopted when Montana entered the Union for the purpose of encouraging the mining industry to develop the State, and remaining unchanged since then. This clause provides that mineral lands shall not be assessed for purposes of taxation at a higher value than the price at which the lands were acquired from the Federal Government. As in no case did this amount exceed $5 an acre, and as today many of these holdings in "the richest hill in the world," as Butte proudly boasts, are worth many hundreds of thousands of dollars, it is not difficult to understand why the Company considers expenditure of unmeasured sums for the purpose of winning an election or for "publicity and education" justified by the strictest business considerations.

Just at present the severe agricultural depression through which the State is passing has brought all tax issues to the front and has united the forces demanding a revision of the constitutional provision, so that the Company has succeeded in blocking reform only by the narrowest of margins. Prosperity may disunite the people before the change is effected. But some day, perhaps in five years, perhaps in twenty, this peculiarly crude and obviously discriminatory constitutional privilege is certain to be remedied. It is by

no means as certain, however, that this will end the struggle between the people and the Company. The situation in Montana is not the same or as simple as that which formerly existed in most of the Middle Western States in the old days of railway rule. In Montana the railways have long since yielded first place to the Company. They still, of course, employ expert lobbyists, but they attempt no wholesale winning of elections nor purchase of legislatures. In a State with only half a million population, which it takes as long to cross by limited train as it does to go from Chicago to New York, the influence of three transcontinental railway systems is by no means slight. And although there is considerable talk of taking the public into the railways' confidence, there is good reason for suspicion that the bonds of unity of interest reaching out from higher banking circles lead the railways to take the Company more often into its confidence than the public—and to find reasons for siding with the Company in its hottest battles.

These battles will not end so long as the Company remains a combination of all the really profitable privileges and large-scale undertakings in the State. Copper is only the core. Surrounding this core are the largest lumber interests in the State; and the untouched timber resources in the jumble of mountain ranges which cross Montana, reaching their highest point in the Continental Divide, are extensive and are controlled by the Anaconda Company. So also are the principal banks, the largest water-power company, the smelters, coal companies, land companies, public utilities, newspapers, mercantile concerns. Where there is not outright ownership by the Company there is

identity of interest and an affiliation which reaches the same end of harmonious and united action. All this is the Company; and the Company is more than this; for it controls in Connecticut the largest American brass company and domestic user of copper, and controls extensive ore deposits in South America and other parts of the world. When the constitutional mining-tax clause is a thing of the past, the struggle will still go on, widened, more complex, more difficult to dramatize, but no less vital to the success of the democratic ideal in our third largest State.

Unlike the situation in some other States, such as Delaware, where the power of the Du Ponts is perhaps even more complete and no less ramifying and carefully protected by every outwork and fortification of control of education and public opinion, the Montana fight is characterized by its openness and the vigor of the champions on either side. Senator Burton K. Wheeler in the national arena has recently aroused the spectators by his direct methods and energy. Wheeler was trained in the Montana school. And in Montana there has never been supine admission of the hopelessness of the struggle, no silent submission to an insidious all-embracing octopus. In Montana the copper collar shines brazenly forth for all to see. Davids go bravely forth to the blare of trumpets to battle with Goliath. And their whitening bones strew the wayside like the skulls of the bison which once in countless thousands roamed Montana's plains.

The tradition of the open fight began in Montana in the days before the copper industry had been brought under one single dominant control as it is today. The mining interests worked together against

the live-stock men and the rest of the State, but within their own ranks there were vigorous clashes in which Irish labor followed Irish mine owner against opposing operators with the traditional loyalty and fighting spirit of the old country clans. The occasion for these sanguinary battles between companies has passed and the Irish blood has been largely replaced by immigrants from Southern Europe but the fighting spirit and much of the Irish leadership lives on. Nor has the fighting spirit failed to draw some sustenance in blood and traditions from districts removed from the mining camps. Montana cherishes her traditions and has developed a form of ancestor worship of which hardly less is heard than in Massachusetts Bay itself —albeit the canvas of Montana's Mayflowers was nailed down on the hoops topping heavy prairie schooners, and her pilgrim fathers bear the locally revered title of "the pioneers." These traditions speak much of vigilantes, of posses, of hangings after quick trials, of cattle wars against homesteaders and sheep men, of Indian wars and Custer's last stand.

The hand-to-hand engagements of most of the battles of today occur in or about the trenches of the Butte hill—that city in size and downtown appearance, perched on a gashed and torn foothill of the Rockies, shafts and drifts and tunnels and ore dumps cropping up between skyscrapers and prosperous downtown clubs and churches, a city, yet no more than "the biggest mining camp in the world." Seen from a distance at night as the limited train starts crawling down from the crest of the Continental Divide it is not unbeautiful, a hill of sparkling lights under a cloudless heaven of stars. At noon with a hot sun beat-

ing down from that same cloudless sky upon a jumble of tall buildings and shacks, not a spear of grass or other vegetation in sight, clouds of dust swirling through the streets filled with miners idle through a lay-off, the blacklist, or a preference for bumming to going back into the deep hot mines, it is as forbidding a town as any in the United States. Either in the heat of summer or in the severe cold of the winter it is a town where the thin air of the high altitude stimulates men's nerves and their appetites for the night life of the mining camp; and readily turns the hard-faced restless crowd full of injured, limbless, and diseased men into a mob.

These physical conditions and the nature of the occupation have had none of their raw edges smoothed by the labor policies of the Company. The temperature in the mines is commonly above 100 degrees, and the men's lungs are eaten by the dust and their skin by the drip of the copper-impregnated water on bare, stooping backs. Following periods of tremendous profits, such as that enjoyed during the war, the mines and smelters have been closed without the slightest provision for the mass of the employees or their families. It is not strange that few men undertake the burden of a family which must almost of necessity transform them into abject slaves of the Company. The intemperance, instability, and violence of the Butte labor movement and its publications—foremost of these the sometimes brilliant and always radical Butte *Bulletin*—are the natural result of conditions in Butte and of the labor policies of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company and the personnel of local managers selected by absentee ownership.

But Butte is not Montana, nor are even the smelter towns of Anaconda and Great Falls and other lesser mining districts Montana in any other sense than that they caricature the ultimate product of the Montana conflict, the symbol of which is the body of the union organizer Frank Little hanging from a railway trestle, or the office of the Butte *Daily Bulletin* in an abandoned church guarded by a "red guard" of rifles through a night of battle, a night, be it said, not entirely unwelcomed by the members of that "red guard," the fiery writers of the *Bulletin,* and the officers of the local O.B.U. and I.W.W.

But there are other figures also symbolic of Montana, lesser figures at the pedestal of the statue and in low relief around it.

A tall quiet-faced farmer with sleeves rolled above the bulging muscles of his tanned forearm stands in knee boots in the mud of an irrigated wheat field. A river winds through the flat below the ditch; above roll endlessly treeless hills cut by treeless gulches.

A slouching rider walks an ambling cow-pony along a straight wire fence which disappears both ahead and behind over the same silver gray sage-covered hills. A few red steers look up from the sparse bunch grass at the bottom of a sandy hollow.

A sharp-eared and alert sheep dog trots behind a dusty cloud of bleating sheep, in the midst of which walks a dark Basque with a crook, looking less human and less intelligent than the dog. In the dim distance vague dark shadows stretch along the horizon, spotted with white cloudlike patches at their tops—snow peaks of the mountains!

A smiling round-cheeked girl in a blue gingham

apron stands on a ladder in a great orchard of evenly-placed trees specked with red. At her feet is a box full of red apples. Above her, so sheer as to seem to overhang the valley, are jagged saw-tooth peaks of black rock, a white finger of snow lying in a gulch between. The air is full of the sweet, cool smell of pine woods.

A crowd of lumberjacks and harvest hands in mackinaw coats sit about a small camp fire on the edge of a railway yard. Tin cans are propped over the fire, and dirty blanket rolls lie near by. One of the "bos" reads from a small red paper-covered book entitled "Songs of the I.W.W." A railway switchman walks along the cinder track to his home in an abandoned box car; he waves a friendly hand to the men by the fire.

A square tar-paper shack stands on a slight ridge. Several windows are broken in; sand has drifted over the wooden box branded "Carnation Milk" which serves as a doorstep; a rusty tractor stands in the yard around which a barbed wire fence is broken down; weeds waist-high grow in all the surrounding hollows and on all the treeless hills. A dry-land farmer once thought here was to be his Eldorado.

Up to the outbreak of the World War, and even for a year or so thereafter, almost anyone in Montana would have risked the prophecy that another decade would see agriculture the dominant interest of the State. It seemed certain that a new weight was to be thrown into the scales of battle and that the Company would soon have to yield to the new battalions arriving by the trainload, lured by the vivid recruiting literature and enticements of the railroads

and the State immigration service—lawyers, mechanics, teachers, factory hands, clerks, doctors, farmers from the Middle West, none familiar with the peculiar problems either of dry-farming or irrigation. For a few years those who first turned the sparse desert sod in this new migration prospered. They enjoyed better than normal rainfall and better than normal prices for wheat. Then followed four years in which the rainfall dropped from the 16-inch average to 8 inches, and the price of wheat was cut more than in half. Many a dry-land home miles from water or tree knew actual hunger, and all knew privation, disappointment, and misery as they saw green fields wither and die before the hot winds. And even the irrigated districts saw all profits disappear before low prices, high transportation rates, and burdensome charges for water.

So today these acres on the margin of profitable cultivation which are Montana—on the margin both because of scanty rainfall and the cost of placing water on the land—are being foreclosed and abandoned wholesale. In some dry counties of Montana 80 per cent of the farm lands have reverted to the State for failure to pay taxes, and bank after bank has closed its doors. Pressure of population is almost certain to make the irrigated districts ultimately profitable for those who can hang on, or for their successors. In the meantime the Federal irrigation service will have to wait for repayment of its expenditure and even for interest on the money. But whether the great dry-land area of Montana will ever be more than a siren temptress to the uninformed—one good crop year and two failures—remains to be seen. The possibilities of science in soil culture and in plant

breeding are beyond prediction; western Nebraska and Kansas, with hardly more rainfall than eastern Montana's average, were once abandoned by the first disillusioned victims of the railway settlers' bureaus. Science in marketing methods and coöperative distributing may also do much. But in the meantime the once-tilled lands of dry Montana are going back to the cattle range, a range scarred and ruined for years to come by the turning of the natural sod.

"Montana's real trouble," said an old rancher to me, "is that her graveyards aren't big enough." He explained that he was not advocating a general resort to the hangings of vigilante days, nor even waiting until a new generation came on the scene, but that more Montanans must come to look upon the State as their permanent home and final resting place. From the first pioneers who washed their fortunes out of the gold placers, with hydraulic pressure turning pleasant hillsides into desolate wastes of boulders, nearly all who have come to Montana have looked forward to the day when they would have accumulated sufficient funds to permit them to live out the remainder of their days in southern California, Florida, or New York. Now and then a big brown stone house is erected on the hilly streets of Helena as a monument to financial success; but the owners are usually found living elsewhere. And the mansion of Montana's richest citizen, who still keeps his local legal residence (whether out of sentiment or to avoid income and inheritance taxes is not known), stands on Fifth Avenue, New York City—the "home" of ex-Senator W. A. Clark.

Unlike such a State as Colorado, where the tourist

population almost exceeds the resident population and is one of the State's leading industries, Montana has done little to promote tourist traffic. Glacier Park is the advertising product of one railway and the plaything of the son of a great railway pioneer who opened up northern Montana, James J. Hill. It has hardly yet repaid interest on the investment, though its striking beauty may before long do so. Other sections of Montana's mountains are hardly less attractive; yet they have not been capitalized to the extent even of the establishment of the "dude ranches" of Wyoming. Nevertheless every Montana rancher feels he has neglected his family if he is unable to find some period between planting or irrigating or harvesting or fall plowing when he can pack them all into a car or wagon, leave the stock in charge of relatives or neighbors, and take a camping, fishing, or hunting trip in the hills.

Indeed, a symbol of Montana second only to the copper collar itself is that of a fisherman whipping a trout stream. No single subject in the legislature evokes the statewide attention, the enthusiasm, or the intelligent interest of a debate on the biennial revision of the fish and game laws. But even in this fact the coils of the Anaconda may be seen; for fishing is a pleasanter and more diverting subject to discuss than taxation. Native Montanans who can sell nothing directly to the tourist trade are not enthusiastic about poachers on their fishing preserves; and it is expensive to build roads which will stand up under the wheels of the endless chain of cars which goes trekking across the State piled high and bulging sidewise with tents, extra cans of oil and gas, blanket rolls,

and every sort of paraphernalia, the dust hardly given time to settle before it is stirred up by the Ford behind. Although rain may turn this dust into a quagmire of mud—the famous gumbo—in the course of a few moments' shower, and all automobile traffic of whatever nature be forced to suspend, no trip or family picnic is ever spoiled for a native Montanan by rain. In the midst of the hardest downpour or the most prolonged drizzle, whether in town or country, he greets everyone he meets with a broad smile.

"Fine weather, isn't it?" he beams.

"Another million-dollar shower," is the response. "If we get one more like this the crop is made."

Doubtless even the officials of the Company welcome a real Montana soaker, and watch with satisfaction the official rain gauge creep upwards, in the critical time of year, above the 8-inch minimum to the 16-inch average, even though they never find time to say so in the midst of their praises of the benefits to the State of A.C.M. development and their denunciations as dangerous radicals of every member of farmer organization, labor union, or independent political group. For in a personal way the Company's officialdom and subordinates are for the most part "good fellows" who have risen from the ranks; something of the free and easy ways of the mining camp or the open range still clinging to them; and Montana is still too young and too near to the frontier to have yet produced those worst of human products, snobbery and the glowering resentment of a long-submerged people. In Montana one may still speak to a man as a man—before drilling him or his business or his reputation full of holes.

FLORIDA

THE DESERT AND THE ROSE

By CLARA G. STILLMAN

A FLAT, sandy, sun-bathed plain sprinkled with a sparse monotony of pine, punctuated here and there with vague swamplands and thick, rich forests intricate with interlacings of hardwood, scrub and vine, and jeweled with thousands of sparkling lakes, streams and fountains—such is Florida, a paradise for invalids, sportsmen and naturalists. To the east the far-flung coast line harbors still other waterways, great salt rivers and lakes formed by shallow sandbars and peninsulas lying parallel with the mainland. To the south lies the vast region of the Everglades, eight thousand square miles of swamp and partly submerged prairie bristling with rapier-edged sawgrass eight feet high, a panoplied wilderness only recently penetrated by white men, through which Indians have traveled swiftly from time immemorial. The west coast, curving widely around the gulf, crumbles away at its southern end into the archipelago of the Ten Thousand Islands, a land of mystery, a labyrinth of woods, swamps, mud flats, beaches, bays, channels and fierce tidal rivers that has never been completely explored. Most of the southern shore, too, is a little known wilderness. Florida preserves for us, though probably not for long, our last remnant of virgin soil.

No other State thrusts down into the Tropics. No other contains so many kinds of climate and soil, such

an elongated and diversified coastline, such a widely distributed and easily tapped water supply, such varied luxuriance of native and naturalized vegetation. As a final unique gesture there are the Keys, that exotic flourish beyond the mainland's southern tip, of coral and limestone reefs and prickly island jungles, swept and sculptured into jagged grotesqueness by wild tropic tides, eternally being built up and dissolved away by the fierce action of wind and sea—remote repositories of curious and entrancing forms of life.

Physically then, Florida has everything except mountains—there are even hills, rising between three and four hundred feet in its center and its rolling northwest corner—and it can produce almost anything except apples and wheat. What the landscape lacks in plastic beauty it compensates for by its suave and delicate coloring, the luminous cloud pictures that lift its flatness into the soaring magic of argosies and Walhallas, and the sparkling caress of its air, woven of sea tang, sunbeam and pine, with something indescribably mellow that is at once languorous and inspiriting and pleasantly confusing to the senses; so that one soon feasts one's eyes on the warmth about one and feels the healing radiance of color soak into one's highly sensitized pores.

In 1513 came Ponce de Leon seeking the fabled island of Bimini, its fountain of youth and its mythical treasure far surpassing the known splendors of Mexico and Peru. Other Spaniards soon followed. The search for renewed youth, the desire for gold were the lures that first brought white men to these shores, and in a somewhat changed form still continue to bring them. The Spaniards held the land with

one short interruption for two hundred and fifty years. They found and left it a teeming wilderness. For three hundred and fifty years the smiling region was tossed about like a football among the nations. From Spain to England, from England back to Spain, from Spain in part to France, finally from France and Spain to the United States. It became a territory distracted by Indian wars, then a State entering the Union only to secede a few months later, then a State once more, enfeebled by civil war and racked with war-born hatreds and maladjustments. During all this time the face of Florida changed but little, but always blood ran in plenty. Blood of Catholic and Huguenot, of Spaniard and Frenchman, of Briton and Indian, of Negro and white American soaked into the sterile sands or fertilized the tangled growth of swamp and hammock. The history of the State shows little continuity or coherence. When Britain took possession nearly the whole Spanish population emigrated. When Spain returned there was a general exodus of British. Hardly a trace of either occupation persisted. Northwest Florida, with the exception of St. Augustine and the St. John's River country, the earliest settled section, was ravaged by invasions French, Spanish, American. Three times Pensacola was taken and finally burned to the ground. Crudity, disorganization and bloodshed were for centuries the normal condition.

During the Revolution the State was a base for loyalist plots. Seven thousand Tories fled there. The wilderness beyond the frontier became a refuge for fugitive slaves and other outlaws. To the more accessible regions there was a trickle of immigration from the North, from Alabama and Georgia, mainly

a low grade of white squatter, but conditions were not such as to attract wealth or culture. Florida had so far been a place from which men thought to carry away something they wanted or to which to escape from something they did not want. They went but rarely with the idea of founding homes and stable communities. Such germs of social life and refinement as existed were concentrated in the great cotton plantations and the few small towns in the North. The least developed territory admitted to statehood, Florida was at the outbreak of the Civil War the poorest of the Southern States, with the fewest towns, plantations and slaves. Its population was about 140,000. Its life was of the most primitively rural type. Its whole productiveness consisted of a few staples such as cotton, turpentine and lumber for export and vegetables for home consumption. It had no social, political or religious traditions, such as went to the founding of Massachusetts, Maryland, Virginia or South Carolina, and no homogeneous group of citizens bound by common ideals to develop it in any particular direction. To other obstacles to its development may be added the various epidemics, fires and frosts which at one time or another wiped out struggling or established communities and promising ventures in orange culture. Immigration for the culture of oranges and the taking up of land for homes began seriously about 1870. "The orange craze has developed within the last six or eight years," says an investigator who visited the county in 1880.[1] In the eighties, too, were discovered the great phosphate fields of the Southwest. But long before that St. Augustine and the St. John's River had

[1] G. M. Barbour, Florida for Tourists, Invalids and Settlers, 1882.

been centers of winter travel for health and amusement. In 1869, "At St. Augustine," a tourist of that day relates,[2] "the fashionable belle of Newport and Saratoga and the pale, thoughtful and furloughed clergyman of New England were at all points encountered. . . . Invalids have long sought this portion of the Union and its general reputation has steadily increased." Hotels were few and bad, roads wretched and travel difficult and uncomfortable. "We had completed a long journey seldom taken—a ride across the heart of South Florida from the Atlantic to the Gulf," writes the traveler of 1880. He had journeyed from Rockledge to Tampa, hardly what would now be called the heart of Southern Florida. Palm Beach was non-existent, Miami slumbered in the womb of time, Tampa itself had only 1,500 inhabitants, and St. Petersburg was not. There were almost no railroads except one or two short mule power affairs with wooden ties that frequently collapsed, upon which the passengers turned out and helped the conductor find and fashion new ones. Yet even then our traveler notes that "Florida is rapidly becoming a Northern Colony."

But it was in the nineties, with the beginning of the great railway systems, the East Coast of which Henry M. Flagler was the presiding genius, and the Atlantic Coast Line carried down to Tampa by Henry B. Plant, that Florida's history as a modern State actually began. The railroads made all things possible. As they pushed farther south the railroad companies built the huge, elaborate hotels so well known to all tourists at least from the outside, which were to be

[2] Ledyard Bill, A Winter in Florida, 1869.

the last word in comfort, elegance and expense. Plant died before completing all that he had planned, but the Flagler system pushed on, passing beyond the last small pioneer settlements, taming wildernesses and planting palaces in lonely deserts and jungles. Palm Beach arose to snatch from St. Augustine its social eminence as the Winter Newport. By '96 the railroad had reached Miami, dropped another hotel into the wilds, and proceeded on its way to perform one of the most romantic of modern engineering feats—the Overseas Route that joins Key West and the intervening keys to the mainland, snaring wild islands and binding turbulent seas with concrete and steel, and stopping finally only because there were no more keys to conquer.

Now began a period of sensational economic development. Tourists overran the State. East coast, west coast and center sprouted resorts like mushrooms. A thousand and one agencies sprang up to cater to their needs. A huge floating population of invalids and pleasure-seekers that had to be housed, fed, clothed, doctored, nursed, entertained. A secondary throng of floaters arriving to help serve the first. A great stock-taking and overhauling of regional resources. A hectic competition of road building and developing schemes. Great swamp areas drained and turned into fertile farm and fruit lands. The most ambitious of these projects, the draining of the Everglades, has been going on for some eighteen years, and is not yet completed. While tourists continue to be enthusiastically cultivated, settlers and investors are a still greater need. In spite of the large volume of immigration from other states, there are still only

17.7 inhabitants to the square mile, and planned improvements are constantly outstripping taxes and bond issues. Hence an endless, vociferous campaign of real estate enterprise, of building and boosting, of pushing, piping and hornblowing, of slogans and speculations and bonuses and appeals and invitations to free trips with free luncheons and free eloquence thrown in.

Perhaps because of an inferiority complex due to her long history of frustration and her lack of traditions, Florida has suddenly discovered an enormous pride and faith in herself, an unlimited appetite for wealth and power. Her climate is unrivaled, her soil unsurpassed. She can produce three crops a year and some that can be grown nowhere else in the country. To her long list of products and manufactures—fish, sponges, cigars, lumber, rosin and turpentine, phosphates, tobacco, citrus fruits, peaches, pineapples, potatoes, tomatoes and other vegetables, sugar and forage grasses—new items are constantly added. For her growing commerce she is busily deepening harbors in which she expects to do an increasingly great business with Central and South America and the world at large. Nothing less than everything that any other State has, with a few slight exceptions such as mountains and glaciers, and as many things as possible that other States have not is her economic ideal. A great world playground. But this is not enough. A great agricultural commonwealth unrivaled in the quantity, quality and variety of its products. But this is not enough. A great focus of world trade with opulent cities strewn along its splendid coasts, cities that shall combine 100 per cent industrialism with 100 per cent American home atmosphere and 100 per cent op-

portunities for luxury and pleasure. If anything has been omitted let the reader supply it and be sure that Florida includes that, too, in her vision of greatness.

Material greatness, of course. For Florida, mixture of infant prodigy, spoiled prima donna and nouveau riche, has the engaging and disheartening qualities of all three. Forced into adult ways beyond her years, what wonder that she frequently lapses into corners to play with dolls or to make faces, what wonder that like the slattern who is beautiful only for company, she decks herself gorgeously, according to her lights, in her tourist centers and rich agricultural regions, with wastes of slovenly, burned-out, swamp-gutted rural destitution and decay between. Nothing can exceed the forlornness of some of her aspects, with windowless cabins and crazy leantos in the midst of a sandy waste containing a few stricken pines, anemically sharing a bog with weedy, undaunted razorbacks and discouraged cattle mournfully nosing among inhospitable cypress roots. Then there are Florida's beautiful schoolhouses—for her white children—which she has scattered about with a prodigal hand. Only the best is good enough for these. And naïvely to her the best is always something to be seen, touched and financially rated. But school terms are short, teachers few and poor and money for their salaries not always forthcoming. Here is the antithesis of the little red schoolhouse of New England tradition with its proud poverty conscious of inner worth, and its meager equipment dedicated to high purposes. Florida has many splendid shells but whether anything is to come out of them remains to be seen. So far education, boomed and boosted

of late like every other acknowledged desideratum, is less an inner necessity than an economic asset. The trail of the Rotarian is over it all as well as over everything else. Nothing distinguished has yet emerged from Florida, whether in statesmanship, scholarship, letters or arts, and whatever comes in the future will have to struggle through a pall of American provincialism, Protestant white supremacy, economic ruthlessness and religious obscurantism. Florida took William Jennings Bryan to her bosom with the instant mutual recognition that they were made for each other. But Florida is the melting pot of all the States. So what one finds there is after all not only typically southern but a composite of typically small town and rural Americanism with an infusion of pioneer crudeness and youthful bumptiousness. The States and sections of the country are, however, not equally represented. The southern cracker type still rules in politics which are narrowly local and unprogressive. Florida, after years of agitation, still retains the antiquated open range for cattle, still finds in abuse of the Negro the master key to political office, and would still be farming her county prisoners to the highest bidder, had not recent sensational disclosures, made by another State, of the murderous brutalities practiced upon her unhappy convict slaves, forced her about a year ago to abolish the lash and sweep the leasing system out of existence. These abuses had persisted for years with little protest from her own citizens.

There are, indeed, many Floridas within the boundaries of the State, and some of them know little of some of the others. There is, for instance, the pro-

posed political division along geographical lines which frequently comes up for discussion. The northern part of the State was settled long before the rest, the center is but of yesterday, the south barely of today and partly of tomorrow. United only in their common envy of California whose minutest blizzard, seismic tremor or other liability is enthusiastically featured on every Florida newspaper's front page, these parts are jealous of each other. The north has the State capital and all the public institutions. In 1885, when the constitution was established, representation was according to population which was much denser in the northern counties. The constitution allowed for a change in the number of representatives, according to growth, but such changes have never been made in spite of strenuous efforts of the southern counties to bring them about. In the last twenty-five years the increase in population in the southern half of the State and in political and economic consciousness has been phenomenal. South Florida feels that it is different, unique, indeed, among all parts of the Union. It is tropical, differing by gentle degrees but still differing, from the rest of the State in climate, aspect, agricultural and structural possibilities. It is developing a regional self-consciousness and dreams of a regional culture. So one hears talk sometimes of a separation into two States—North and South Florida. It is only the absence of serious political issues that gives an apparent importance to such questions. Bills providing for separation are periodically introduced by legislators anxious to display some innocuous activity, but they arouse little interest.

The jealousies of Florida, however, exist not only

between north and south, but between east and west coast and individual resorts in the same or different regions. Miami and Jupiter "merely cling to the outer skirts of Palm Beach" a booklet informs us which compares Palm Beach to Egypt, Venice, Honolulu, Algiers, Mandalay, Constantinople, Greece and Mecca, "the Mecca of the pilgrim with his face turned towards Society, and perhaps praying equally as fervently as his Bedouin brother," a Mecca, moreover, to which one makes "a journey of de luxe idealism."

But tourist Florida is not all extravagance and fashion. It may be a small room with a kitchenette in which a Northern farm couple are passing a thrifty and comfortable winter. One sees them mainly in the center and on the west coast—for the east goes after bigger game—but actually they are everywhere, strong, ungainly, weather and work-worn, or cadaverous and pale, sitting about on park benches, pitching horseshoes in shirt sleeves, or forcing huge fists used to more rugged employment, to guide treacherous pens over the gay stationery provided by paternal boards of trade. They are from Vermont, New Hampshire, Iowa, Michigan, Kansas, from everywhere where farmers in winter sit by the stove behind the snowdrifts. They have found a better way to wait for planting time. "Like it? Wall, I guess I do. Four feet o' snow to hum," and they smile, crinkling little red eyes, sharing with you the picture and the subjective shiver in the rosy well being of sun-warmed blood and appeased "rheumatics." "Yes, they'd like fust rate to settle if they was twenty years younger. But there't is. Ma'n' me's too old to start fresh." Sometimes they do settle, fail wretchedly and are fortunate

if they can return to their frostbound northern haven. Sometimes with efficiency and luck they reap a golden harvest in spite of the real estate man. For them and for the many others who need the sun—the too thin, too white, too fat, or too ruddy, those who have lived too long or too much, or not enough, Florida is all golden, with nothing more sinister than the possibility of an incomplete cure or a too complete investment.

Then there is the naturalists' Florida, far different from that of the railroad folder and the realtor's snappy blurb; unimproved, unmanicured, devoid of sleekness and comfort, full of hardship, danger, adventure and beauty, now being pushed ever farther south and fast disappearing. The stories of these men are not, more's the pity, published by live boards of trade—but hidden from the public gaze in the journals of museums and scientific societies. Only one that I know of, Charles Torrey Simpson, a veteran explorer of thirty years' standing, has emerged into the open with a delightful book, "In Lower Florida Wilds," which is at once a pæan to the wild life he knows so well, and a protest against its passing. Through its pages one may come to see in the vanishing tropic and semi-tropic forests, the rich, wild hammocks, Florida's unique treasure, whose like is not in any other State, and will soon be little more than a memory in this. His is a voice crying for the wilderness fast turning into tomato farms, pineapple fields and cocoanut groves, and with him one learns to mourn the departing man-grove, most human of trees, whose primitive methods of land building are giving way before the concrete sea wall, the dredge and the suction pump, the gentle, colorful race of tree snails, the flamingo,

the roseate spoonbill, and other wild things that die in the presence of civilized man.

Still another Florida, least known of any, through which most travelers and natives walk blindfold or upon which they bestow the cursory attention and facile generalizations of the "car window sociologist." This is the colored man's Florida, which differs more from all the other Floridas than they do from each other. What does Florida mean to its Negro inhabitants? It is "the best of the bad states" one will tell you. On the whole it used to be better before there were so many people and so much competition. Of course, this means some increase in economic opportunity, but also increased discrimination and bitterness. In Miami, the wonder city, pride of South Florida, where some of its citizens dream a new culture is to be born, we have this extraordinary situation, extraordinary even for the South. A curfew regulation: No Negroes except those needed as night bell boys, porters and the like by hotels, allowed out of the colored section of the city after nine p. m. No Negroes permitted to act as public chauffeurs, or, in the winters at least, in any but unskilled jobs connected with building. In winter, when building is at a standstill in the North, northern workmen, "snow birds" or "white doves" in Negro parlance, flock South. Work must be found for the white doves, so out go the blackbirds. It is hardly within the power of any builder to retain his colored workmen, even if he wishes to. In summer, when pressure relaxes, one may find Negro workmen again on the job, but the uncertainty and seasonal character of the work discourages them, as it is intended to. Miami is proud of its "solution" of the race problem. They

"keep them down," and "you must hand it to the Southerners," remarks many as admiring Yankee; "they know how to treat the Niggers." Odd this, for Miami is anywhere from 75 to 85 per cent Northern. What becomes, then, of the pleasant myth that the presence of so many Northerners in Florida has perceptibly lightened the Negro's lot? Nothing. It continues to be a pleasant myth. "Some of the Northerners are worse than the Southerners," you will be told. Why? Well, they want to be popular, stand in with the others, show they're desirable business and social associates. And then it's always pleasant to oppress someone with the approval of public opinion. It's the line of least resistance and the easiest way to feel superior.

But even Miami, to return to that hardboiled center of future sweetness and light, even Miami was unable to be quite as hardboiled to its Negroes as it wished to be. In the days when bicycles were fashionable, it forbade them bicycles. When automobiles came in, it ruled that no colored man should drive one. It went so far as to offer white chauffeurs free of charge for the period of their stay to visitors who brought their colored ones with them. A few years ago a Negro could not rent a locked box in the Miami Post Office. But all this created too much friction both with the colored population and with white tourists who wished to retain their own chauffeurs. Miami had to relent. A colored man may now drive members of his own race, and he may be brought into the city as the private chauffeur of a white man, but his employer is expected to take him back with him.

Miami is, of course, the extreme. As everywhere in

the South the Negro's condition varies greatly in various sections. Places are "good" and "bad" from the Negro point of view, and it is not always easy to know why some should be one and some the other. Thus Miami is bad, Tampa is good. St. Augustine is good, Jacksonville less so. In the northwest there is a certain amount of peonage—white peons as well as black—caught in the net of tenant farming with all its attendant evils in remote rural districts where conditions are always at their worst. If the white schools throughout the State are poorly developed except architecturally, colored schools have not even architecture to boast of. Brick buildings are rare and matter for some pride. In all the State there is not a single standard colored high school. In all South Florida there is only one high school, so-called, for colored children, the one at Tampa, which shares a somewhat down-at-heel brick building outside the city limits, and its principal, with a grammar school. The equipment for this school did not include chairs. The money for these was recently raised by colored citizens. They still have no desks for some classes. They have themselves put in electricity, so they can use the building for evening meetings. Chemistry is in the curriculum, but it has to be taught theoretically because there is no apparatus. School terms are everywhere shorter than those of the white schools, which are themselves in some cases shorter than they should be. There are several counties that have no colored schools at all. The Florida Agricultural and Mechanical College, the State College for Negroes at Tallahassee has Carnegie Libraries and at Jacksonville there is a Negro reading room in the Public Library building containing

some eight thousand volumes, which cannot grow because there is no budget for its expansion. This is the only public library provision for Negroes in the State.

The colored public school system is supplemented by several large educational institutions supported by denominational and individual contributions. These schools are the soil for a certain timid optimism that is beginning to raise a somewhat paradoxical head among Florida Negroes. It consists of the feeling that although racial conditions are growing worse, they are also growing better. Violence and lesser forms of oppression have of late years increased, but there is also an increasing number of Negroes technically and intellectually equipped to improve the primitive social conditions under which most of the race lives. There is the rising financial status, and the growing spirit of racial responsibility and self-help so much needed, which is fostered by these schools. If increased education and prosperity sometimes bring with them an increase of persecution, this is to be faced and overcome with still further progress.

Taking it all in all, Florida is, physically and spiritually, both the desert and the rose, and strangely, when it appears to be one, it often turns out to be the other. Its gray sands and malarial swamps are potential treasure houses of fertility and health, its bustling surface life, its expansive self-satisfaction, hide a profound mental and spiritual sterility. In this it is, of course, like a great many other States, and there is no reason why we should expect it to be different. Fine climates do not necessarily make fine peoples, and the best States in the world, like the most beautiful woman of the French proverb, can give only what they have.

ILLINOIS

FIRST PROVINCE OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM

By HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN

"In tres partes divisa est" the State of Illinois: (a) Chicago; (b) "down state"; (c) the circulation of the Chicago *Tribune*—a domain of resentful serfs who pay their tributary coppers even beyond the Mississippi. The distillation of such complexity into the compass of a few thousand words presents difficulties, because, though the three parts have a semblance of geographic and political identity, they are really in no way related. Chicago is a part of Illinois only as Rome was a part of the Italian peninsula; and the "World's Greatest Newspaper," as it modestly calls itself, belongs only to its owners.

If one write of Illinois, with subordinate consideration of Chicago and the County of Cook, the citizenry of the metropolis will rise as one man to point out that he has rather absurdly discussed the dog's tail, with only incidental mention of the dog. On the other hand, if he set forth Chicago, with Illinois as the side dish, he offers insult to half the population of a sovereign State. Nor can he straddle: to be neutral is to enjoy the unhappy ignominy of one in Dublin who is neither green nor orange.

To personalize the situation, one may picture a farmer, white and native born, who can read and write, but doesn't—much—with a son who ran away and more or less accidentally got very rich. Relations be-

tween parent and offspring are a trifle strained, son being somewhat contemptuous of dad, and dad in a constant state of irritation with son, because the latter appears to think he's going to run the whole gosh blamed farm. There were other children, of greater filial piety, some of whom went into manufacturing, and have done very well, such as Rockford and Moline and Joliet. There was also Peoria, a dubious source of pride, which took to distilling, and until the advent of a statesman of Scandinavian descent, from Minnesota, was one of the most prosperous of the family.

But to characterize Illinois as a farmer is only in part accurate. True, it ranks second in the production of corn and in the South is a land of *dolce far niente,* a low, hot region, with extraordinarily fertile soil, known, for various reasons, as "Egypt." One of the reasons is the name of its principal city, which is Cairo. It would be impolitic to specify the other reasons. But as one proceeds northward, though the semblance is beautiful to the agricultural eye, the beauty is quite literally "skin deep," for immediately below the green and smiling prairie lies a vast bed of bituminous coal, and the pick becomes almost as symbolical of the State as is the hoe.

Statistics are dreadful things. But they are as inseparable from a statement of Illinois as figures are from a bank. A European or a New Englander would consider Illinois as very sparsely populated. But the relative handful of people who inhabit it are extremely busy. With a population of six million odd, and a size less than the average of the Union—56,000 square miles—it ranks among the first three in manufacturing, savings-bank deposits, soft coal, pig iron, and corn.

And in the *value* of its agricultural produce, as distinguished from mere quantity, it ranks first.

Contrary to Eastern notions of the Middle West, merely material distinctions are held of less moment than those which must be measured on finer scales. Illinois is proud of its rating in dollars and tonnage, but it is very much prouder of the fact that although the density of its population is about three times that of the average of the country as a whole, its percentage of illiteracy is only 4.2 per cent, as opposed to 10.7 per cent in the country at large.

The farmers, the miners, the artisans, and the shopkeepers of Illinois share an obsession with education. Scratch the average citizen, and you find an individual who has, or has had, or is about to have, a son or daughter in the University of Illinois. Eastern eyebrows may elevate at mention of this provincial seat of learning, and Eastern lips may curl at sheepskins awarded for excellence in hippology and Ph.D.'s in animal husbandry, and Eastern skin may creep at the spectacle of uncouth youths roaming what should be cloistered solitudes in sweaters. But the citizen of Illinois is placid. He knows the opulence his university enjoys, as a consequence of the provisions for education in the establishment of the Western Reserve. Through his legislature he is ever ready to supplement that wealth. And when legal methods are too slow, he is quick to dig down into his blue-jeans for what may be needed. At the moment, it is a stadium—an enormous affair, costing millions, and every penny provided by private subscription.

In Winnetka, a suburb of Chicago, when the school problem became acute and the bonding capacity of the

village was exhausted, the citizens, led by a lawyer who was serving as the head of the school board, stepped in and built a magnificent *public* school. The principal contributor was a wealthy Jewish clothing manufacturer: the others were Tom, Dick, and Harry.

The man of Illinois is a practical man, and he knows that money talks. It enables him to provide his university with better buildings and more of them than any seaboard seat of learning can boast, and it enables him to offer financial inducements to professorial skill that are beyond resisting. To an Eastern observer there is something appalling in the positive enormity of everything at the University of Illinois. After seeing the armory, an edifice large enough to house the old Yale campus, he is too numbed for comment when he hears that the student band alone is almost half the size of the entire Princeton undergraduate body. A bell rings, and from a huge building come a swarm of girls and boys, like ants from a burning log. Ten thousand students, he mutters, and when he is told that the bass drum, used by the aforementioned student band, is of such magnitude that it requires a special flat car for its transport, he shivers and flees from further Brobdingnagian data.

Illinois has a placid exterior. But there is turbulence within its bosom. It can run to extremes. It can, for instance, run a temperature as high as 107 degrees, and in a few weeks or hours—it is done by *minutes* in Chicago—drop to 24 below. This mercuric climate may, perhaps, be held accountable for Illinois's rather distinguished record for violence. Excluding minor lynchings, which, after all, are of importance chiefly to the individual concerned, Illinois has attained

the front page of the yellower journals, and the editorial columns of the fireside press, several times of late years. There were, several years ago, the Springfield riots, of a racial character, with fire, murder, and rapine flourishing in the very shadow of the State Capitol. There was, later, the outburst in Chicago, in which black men were murdered somewhat more atrociously than white men usually murder white men, and during which, in the heart of the city where the Great Emancipator was nominated, it was unsafe for a man of color to show himself on the street. And, most recently, there was the Herrin "massacre," in which the ever-present emotional dynamite of the coal fields was bloodily detonated.

The real feature of this last affair, in which murder was followed by mutilations worthy of Armenia, was the lineage of the malefactors. As in the great railway strike, the devilment was not the work of alien "reds," but of more or less direct descendants of Mayflower stock. Much editorial comment damned the atrocities at Herrin as "un-American," whereas, like the anarchy which ruled the streets of Chicago in the summer of 1894, it was as thoroughly American as the Declaration of Independence. The people of Herrin are singularly free from any consciousness of sin. They recently reëlected to office, by an overwhelming majority, a local official admittedly involved in the affair. This gave great pain to Chicago, which, having forgotten the race riots of 1919, refers piously to the Herrin incident as a blot on the State's escutcheon.

Chicago is old enough to have forgotten a number of things. One of them is its origin. Everyone knows that Chicago is the greatest railway center in the world.

But no one can really explain why. The fact is that Chicago is an accident. It did not begin, as most cities do, as an answer to the needs of commerce. Its nucleus was not a trading-post, but a military one—Fort Dearborn—situated (the military methods of the period apparently not differing from those now current) in a peculiarly disagreeable and unhealthful swamp, beside a wretched little river, the Indian name of which was Wild Onion.

One likes to picture the pioneers, those sparks from Plymouth Rock, as foreseeing the greatness of Chicago. But unfortunately some of them made the mistake of committing their views to paper. One, for instance, came to the little hamlet, tarried a while, studying its possibilities with all his Yankee caution, and then, when he had satisfied himself, moving on to a village in the neighboring Fox River Valley, where he settled. That village, he said, was destined to be the metropolis of the Western Reserve. The Fox River still flows, and the village is still there—no larger than when he found it! Another, owning a lot on what is today Michigan Avenue, Chicago's principal boulevard, allowed it to be sold for taxes, and moved his family to Milwaukee, a city, he said, which had a "future." A third offered a piece of land in what is now the heart of the downtown business district, in settlement of a debt, refused to accept it, because it was under water.

The first Chicago railroad was the Galena and Chicago Union, later to become the Northwestern. It was chartered in 1836, when, in the words of the historian, "Galena was the leading city of the West," and for that reason its name took precedence in the title of the road. Ten years later, the Michigan Central, strug-

gling westward, at last reached the edge of Lake Michigan. It did not trouble to work around and up to the inconsequential town of Chicago: it was satisfied with its terminus in the thriving and populous city of New Buffalo!

The Chicago city seal is graced by a somewhat portly female of Grecian origin, whose motto is "I will." The words are better than the picture. There is nothing feminine or Hellenic about Chicago. A better personalization of it would be the type so familiar in the recent era of high prices and labor scarcity—hands rough and a little soiled, wearing a silk shirt and diamonds, who ordered two pianos at a time, stripping bills from the "wad" extracted from his "pants," to pay for them.

It is, in short, a gross lout of a city, long on health and vigor and ruthlessness and imagination and money, and with less sign of sprouting what is known as "culture" than a cement sidewalk shows of sprouting grass. H. G. Wells called it a "lapse from civilization." An Oriental undoubtedly had it in mind when he spoke of America as being inhabited by the flattest-minded people on the globe. Interest in babies, prohibition, and the stock market is widespread. Interest in other things is not so widespread.

And yet—there is a population of some four hundred thousand Jews. Where there are Jews, the cultural spark is never quite extinguished. Under the glossy concrete shell of commercialism there is evidence of a warm lush soil in which good seed will one day flourish. There are pianos. The fathers bought them for decorative purposes: signs are not wanting that sons and daughters are learning to play them. The bluff scorn of

the pioneers for effete things like opera has softened. Opera has had the accolade of "civic" accorded it, and the plain people are beginning to give it the respect they give the Cubs and the Stock Yards and the Municipal Pier. It has lost something of its mere social significance, and the gallery sells out before the boxes. The Symphony Orchestra—still referred to by ladies of the old school as the Thomas orchestra—and Ravinia, that extraordinary outdoor temple to the muse, on the North Shore—nothing like it this side of Germany—are known wherever music matters. Not long ago, a fountain by a famous sculptor was unveiled on a city thoroughfare. Every city, of course, has fountains by famous sculptors. But the significant thing about this one was the fact that it was paid for from a fund bequeathed by an utter unknown—a man of the people who had amassed riches out of lumber, a Mæcenas of the democratic order. Near the river, on the West Side, is a grim pile of red brick—a monument to that refinement of modernism, the mail-order business. It is quintessential of merchandising and turnover and distribution and profit. And in the Art Institute, held worthy of place on walls with Corot and VanDyke, are canvases painted by the active head of that mail-order business. Nor is his case isolated. There is an active and not inconsiderable group of business men who paint pictures—many of them painting extremely well.

The visitor to Chicago receives a welcome as brisk as the ceaseless wind from the lake. A crisp handshake, and he finds himself helpless. Whether he wants to or not, he is going to see the Stock Yards, the boulevard link, State and Madison at noon, the Wrigley Building, the Field Museum, and the North

Shore. In Chicago hospitality has retained its small-town quality. Unlike the New Yorker, the Parisian, and the Londoner, the Chicagoan does not dine his outlander friend at a restaurant and take him to theater—he takes him home. That is one of the reasons why the visitor does not see the "night life" of Chicago. The other reason is that there isn't any. Nightfall sees the streets deserted, save on what the newspapers call the Rialto, ordinarily known as Randolph Street, where one may see some of the New York shows, acted by the kind of actor that doesn't mind traveling. There are also several places for circumspect dancing, after twelve. And at Huyler's, if you go early enough, you can secure excellent soda water.

A decade or so ago any article about Chicago would have mentioned the Drainage Canal, an ingenious piece of engineering whereby the course of the river was reversed, and the city sewage, instead of entering Lake Michigan, was carried by canal and a network of streams eventually to the Mississippi. Current activity concerns itself with nothing less than the fundamental reorganization of the city, for greater beauty, greater comfort, and the expedition of traffic. A complete "plan" has been worked out, extraordinary as to detail and magnitude. One of those details recently came to completion in the shape of a broad, two-level bridge of great practicality and some beauty, connecting the North and South Sides.

These "sides"—three in number—form the background to the city's history. They are formed by the branching of the river, a mile or so inland, but no one can explain why the aristocracy of two generations ago should have dwelt on the West Side, the aristocracy of

the last, on the South Side, and that of the present, on the North. An address on Ashland Boulevard, Prairie Avenue, or Astor Street, with accompanying dates, gives as clear a definition of social status as England has in Burke's Peerage.

With her vast littoral on the lake Chicago has a number of bathing beaches for its citizens and their visitors. One of them, at Oak Street, on the North Side, presents the same difficulties to the current plutocracy that bread and circuses did to the Roman patricians. Skirting the shore, at this point, is the Lake Shore Drive, or, in local jargon, the "Gold Coast." This is a focal point of opulence. Here aristocracy dwells. Here is the Drake Hotel—the city's most luxurious. And here, when the weather is warm, repair the alien and unwashed from the hinterlands of the West Side. There being no shelter, the proletariat comes thronging in natatorial costume, or does its disrobing *en route*. Extremes meet at Oak Street. The pensioners of pelf sit behind drawn shades, their ears scandalized by the clamor of the joyous mob below, their eyes—for they *do* peep—shocked by what they see, and their nostrils —something, declare the aristocrats, must be done about it. *Some*thing. Meanwhile, of a summer evening, the throngs grow larger, like flies around an arc light. Chicago, of late years, has rediscovered the lake. From one end of the city to the other summer finds the streets jammed with parked automobiles, curtains drawn—more or less—bath-houses of a new genre. Ordinances are passed by the Council, shocked policemen protest and pinch, preachers thunder at the peril of the bath-robe—and each year sees the lake front grow more like the edge of a duck pond.

The lake front is an evidence of the profound foresight the city's forefathers did not have. One wonders what was in their minds—or in their pockets—when they allowed the Illinois Central Railroad to lay its tracks in the municipal front yard, quite literally under their very noses. This civic Helgoland was, until recently, both in figure and in fact, nothing more than a dump. But as time passed it became evident that rubbish is objectionable only when there is not enough of it; for the dreadful litter of dirt and garbage and tin cans presently became a considerable area of new land. The water was driven back, and beyond the railroad tracks lies the broad expanse of Grand Park.

It is here that the circus is held, and spectacles of all variety, on land and water, and in the air. And at the noon hour, from the offices in the "Loop"—that Isle de la Cité formed by the structure of the Elevated—pours forth a throng of youths to play ball, and their gentler coadjutors to disport themselves in the sun. The cindery waste—on a foggy, rainy day it looks like nothing so much as the Somme country in 1918—is a treasure such as no other city can boast. It is the village common magnified—coarsened in the process, unlovely, noisy, and very dirty—but a precious thing to office-fettered youth.

The only building ever raised on the lake side of Michigan Avenue between Randolph and Twelfth Street—or, as it is now called, Roosevelt Road, was the Art Institute. But some years ago all the realtors of the city, as if moved by a common impulse, suddenly announced their intention of putting up new, large, incomparably magnificent edifices to flank the institute. There was great jubilation. "Boosting" attained the

proportions of a delirium. The Avenue, which about this time became the Boulevard, or as B.L.T. dubbed it, the "Boul Mich," was in the familiar American hyperbole, to be the finest in the world. But into the iridescent dream stepped the unpleasant reality of one Montgomery Ward, another man who had made a success of the mail-order business. His weapons were law-suits and injunctions: his purpose to keep the far side of the Boulevard forever free of buildings. The litigation was endless, and to a cheated and outraged public the name of Ward became anathema. But the Watch Dog of the Lake Front never let go, and the city can still see the blue waters of the lake. And today there is a widespread contention that Grant Park ought to be Ward Park. The beautification of the land which this obstinate old man preserved for the people against their will continues steadily. The Illinois Central is to be put under ground and electrified. There are to be flowers, plashing fountains, gondolas on the silver bosom of a lake tamed into lagoons, a stadium, museums, and what not—all for the pleasure and edification of the common people. It is all planned, some of it actually in work, and if you express any doubt of its ultimate completion a Chicagoan will promptly remind you that the city's motto is "I will."

The quality of paradox in the composition of Chicago reached its climax in the person of its erstwhile mayor, Mr. William Hale Thompson, who gained international fame during the war, for quite accurately, but with poor judgment, characterizing the place he governed as the "sixth German city of the world."

Chicago, like other American cities, has always enjoyed varying degrees of bad government. But several

years ago the "better element" was roused to reform. It was time, they said, to take the city out of politics. So, very carefully, they picked a man with no political affiliations, of independent means, and of good, sound American stock to raise the banner of civic virtue. Their candidate was duly elected. Whereupon he put a sombrero on his head and became "Big Bill"—prince of demagogues. Before the ink was dry on the felicitations of press and pulpit, Chicago was in the grip of a political machine that made the efforts of such men as Tweed seem bungling and experimental.

Thompson has now passed from the scene. But what may be called Thompsonism, remains. It is a kind of bond between Chicago and Illinois, because it rules both. The governor of the State, Len Small, yields fealty to the "organization." Not long ago he was tried for the unromantic crime of embezzlement —and acquitted. Those who acquitted him were thereupon tried—and acquitted. When members of the Chicago school board were under a similar indictment the case could not be brought to trial because the attorney general of the State lacked the funds necessary to prosecute it. And he lacked them because the governor had vetoed the necessary appropriations. No, this is not a scene from the "Mikado"—it is just Illinois politics.

Thompsonism has many friends and apologists. But their loyalty is for the most part negative—inspired by their dislike to the *Tribune,* which is bitterly hostile to Thompsonism. But why is it so hostile and so bitter? Well, dear children, that goes back to its feud with Senator Lorimer, who, not a little from its efforts, was chased out of the United States Senate. Mr. Lorimer

was, in a way, the progenitor of Thompsonism, and a little verse which appeared in the "Line o' Type" summarizes the whole matter:

> You may ventilate, fumigate, douche if you will,
> But the odor of Lorimer will cling to you still!

The *Tribune* is vindictive, clever, and irreconcilable. It is rich beyond computation, and enormously powerful. It is as personal and unstable as a country weekly —which is natural, since its owners are also its active editors. It is less popular than prohibition. A great many people hate it violently. Those who have anything like affection for it are negligible. And yet one out of every five families, in five States, subscribes to it. The people of Illinois have no enthusiasm for Thompsonism, and less for the *Tribune.* But they vote for the one, and buy the other. They would shed no tears at the downfall of either. But the fact remains that the *Tribune,* if not the world's greatest newspaper, certainly is one of them, and Thompsonism does build roads and bridges and supply fêtes, even if they cost more than they should. And there is therefore no immediate prospect that Mr. Hearst will dominate Illinois journalism, or that the new brooms which from time to time are installed in Illinois politics will do much more than sweep dust into the eyes of the people.

One of the most striking things about Chicago is the fact that it has grown to be what it is in the span of a single lifetime. There are people, now living in the city, who lived in it when it was a trading post. One of them, a dear old lady, enlivens her declining years by perusal of the "society" items in the newspapers. Nothing delights her more than mention of an "old

family." To her no Chicago family is hallowed by any sanctity of tradition. And until she and her kind are all gone the social life of the city will not dare to crystallize and stratify—she knows too much!

Youthful and masculine is Chicago—generous, impulsive, and somewhat skeptical of "dog." It takes a person of great hardihood to stroll down the Boulevard carrying a cane. Though that skepticism is more for the stroll than the stick. One does not stroll in Chicago. Neither does one contemplate. One *goes* and one *does*—at the greatest possible speed. The Frenchman, sipping his *sirop grenadine* and discussing Balkan politics, and the German, with his beer, listening to Wagner, are alike beyond the comprehension of Chicago. The Chicagoan does not discuss politics—he takes sides; and he would rather dance to music than listen to it. And he regards his watch more highly than his imagination.

And yet, he has a boundless imagination. His dreams have magnitude, if not intensity, and he has the energy to bring great plans to fruition. His city is all compact of the yea and nay which is in him. It is tolerant of graft, and prudish about art. It is liberal as regards business ethics, and bigoted as regards social ethics. It is polyglot and conservative. It welcomes new people, and mistrusts new ideas. And though, unlike other great cities, it has no leisure class, and the sons of wealth are obliged by the pressure of public opinion to toil as sweatily as their grandfathers did, there is a certain unmistakable wistfulness for the things which set human life apart from the beasts of the field, and make of the human economy something more than a digestive tube.

Chicago has the feeling for Illinois that the dweller within gates has always had for the outlander; and Illinois fears and dislikes Chicago because it is "foreign." But under the surface of mutual distrust, of vainglorious pride, of crude commercialism on the one hand and smug ruralism on the other, lies a questioning and hopeful pessimism. It is like the coal beds under the fields of smiling corn—latent fire. Illinois, by the record, has done well in all the ways of the flesh. To the historian, if not the prophet, it is clear that she will presently flower into achievement in the things of the spirit.

WEST VIRGINIA

A MINE-FIELD MELODRAMA

By JAMES M. CAIN

I

ROUGH mountains rise all about, beautiful in their bleak ugliness. They are hard and barren, save for a scrubby, whiskery growth of trees that only half conceal the hard rock beneath. Yet they have their moods. On gray days they are heavy and sullen, but on sunny mornings they are dizzy with color: flat canvases painted in gaudy hues, here and there soft black pines showing against a blue sky. At night, if the moon shines through a haze, they hang far above you, dim outlines of smoke; you could throw a stone right through them. They are gashed everywhere with watercourses, roaring rivers and burbling creeks. Along these you plod, a crawling midge, while ever the mountains shut you in. Now and then you top a ridge and look about. Miles and miles of billowing peaks, miles and miles of color softly melting into color. Bright reds and yellows give way to greens and misty grays, until they all fade into faint lavender and horizon blue. . . . A setting for a Nibelungen epic—but it mounts a sordid melodrama.

A melodrama where men carry pistols, often in leather holsters, and wear big black hats of the kind affected by the late William Frederick Cody. Where they give each other three-fingered handshakes, and slips of paper pass from palm to palm. Where

hoarsely whispered plots are met by counter-plots, and detective agencies flourish. Where personal differences are settled by guns, and letters taken from bodies designate persons by initials and numbers. Where the most casual visitor is a mysterious stranger. Where murder, dynamiting, arson, and insurrection are too common to attract more than passing notice. In brief, where life is a hodge-podge of two-gun heroes, snarling villains, and find-the-papers mysteries—a peanut-and-hisses melodrama of coal.

For it is coal that has brought this state of affairs into being. In West Virginia it is the staff of life. The State is a huge layer cake, hacked into great slices by the elements; the slices are mountains, the layers are rocks, and the filling is coal. Coal, coal, coal; everywhere coal. The seams run for miles, jumping across rivers and creeks, now broken by some convulsion an eternity ago, now tilted at crazy angles, but for the most part flat, regular, rich, and thick. Railroads, indispensable adjunct of mining, run beside every creek. A grimy structure of steel, a ribbon of rails up the mountain side, a grinding and clanking, and you are at a tipple. It is coal on which a third of the population depends directly for a living; it is coal on which probably another third depends indirectly. It is coal that has converted the State into one great pock-work of mines.

This coal development, however, is relatively recent. Only in the two closing decades of the last century was it of much importance; the richest fields of all are scarcely twenty years old. Before that, the State was a sort of wilderness, carved out of the backwoods of Virginia in the turmoil of the Civil War. Indigenous

to it was a unique type of human being—the mountaineer. Here and there he survives today, and, in spite of his baffling idiosyncrasies, is a likable person. If you have won his regard, he will take you into his home and seat you before his rude fireplace as the guest of honor. He will listen with respect to your discourse, and reply with homely comment of his own. He speaks a quaint language. It recalls an America that is fast passing, the America of the timber trail and the cabin in the hills; it has echoes of James Fenimore Cooper in it, and recalls a forgotten generation of leather-shirted woodsmen. It uses "ary" and "nary," "cayn't" and "hayn't," "done" and "done been" with verbs, instead of "have" and "had." It has odd words peculiar to itself, such as "swag" for a small marsh, and retains words long discarded in other parts of the world, such as "poke" for bag. It is spoken with a plaintive drawl, gentle and unassertive. A language arresting and haunting, pathetically and insistently American. That, probably, is because the mountaineer who speaks it is one of the oldest and purest American types extant. He drifted westward with the migration of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and finding habitable creek bottoms, loitered by the wayside, while his more energetic brethren pushed on to the Ohio River and the West. For a century he stayed here, and raised a few hogs, and corn for hominy, and carried on a small traffic in illicit whisky. He was his own law, and his rifle was his last court of appeal. . . . As time went on, he and his kind interbred, the strain grew weaker and weaker, and he developed unusual ideas and customs. Personal grudges obsessed him. He nursed them for years, and prosecuted them

with his rifle, until the outside world began to hear of strange feuds, such as the one between the Hatfields and the McCoys, that arose from trivial and incomprehensible causes. Whole families were exterminated in these feuds, and the rifle came forward with more and more sinister prominence in the West Virginia scheme of things.

About all this was the flavor of a queer, half-savage code, a *cavalleria montagnola* that was at least picturesque. Then came coal and the ever-advancing railroads. Mining companies bought the hillside cabin and dispossessed its lodger. The gaunt mountaineer, waiting for days, rifle on knees, eyes starry with hate, until his enemy should come up the creek bottom, was forced inevitably to enter the coal bank and toil for his living. Moreover, his new masters took leaves out of his own book and used them against him. They adopted the law of the rifle themselves. They hired armed gentry to watch him and police him and curtail his liberties. They told him where to go to church and where to send his children to school. They told him what he must take for his labor, how much he must pay for his food, and where he must buy it. Lastly they told him what organizations he might join, and those that he might not join; and prominent among the latter were labor unions. In vain he arose in his wrath. He oiled his rifle, but there was no dignity in it. He swore his vendettas against the mine guards, but the old heroic venom was gone. He killed his man, and it was a blowsy murder. He had brought all his former stage trappings, and they had become tawdry overnight. He was degraded, a serf: the last of the Mohicans turned tourists' cook.

II

Thus his condition when the United Mineworkers of America undertook to strike off his shackles. In this valiant enterprise the union was also helping itself a bit, for by the early years of the present century its pristine security in the Central Competitive Field was being seriously threatened by the growth on all sides of large non-union fields, and the largest of these was West Virginia. So it set about organizing the State. It was repulsed ferociously by the operators, who could make more money if they didn't have to pay the union scale. But it kept on, and eventually gained a membership of a few thousand. And to the occasional whisperings and shootings in the mining camp there was added a new and bigger kind of plotting. The union soon saw that the mine-guard system was the main bar to its organization; if the guards persistently ejected union organizers, there wasn't much hope of getting very far. So it saw to it that the mine guards became anathema to all union miners; they were dubbed thugs, and took their places as permanent members of the cast, upstage, right, striding scowlishly about slapping their holsters while the trembling miner signed the open-shop agreement. . . . The first phase of the union's fight came to an end in 1912 and 1913, with strikes on Paint and Cabin Creeks, and with three hundred guards imported by the companies, some of whom didn't get out alive. In all, nearly two score men lost their lives in these strikes, and people began to take gunplay and dynamiting for granted.

In 1918, the union, through a political deal, was allowed to organize the Fairmont field. By securing

this territory and consolidating in the central part of the State, it pushed its membership to some fifty thousand. But ever the coal frontier receded over the horizon—and now Southern West Virginia was producing enough coal to undermine the union power, to render any national strike largely ineffective. The southern part of the State was a big non-union stronghold, with the mine-guard system functioning perfectly. It embraced Mingo, Logan, McDowell, Raleigh, Mercer, and Wyoming counties. The union tackled Logan first—in 1919.

As usual, it met with armed resistance. Here was a mine-guard system, paid for by coal operators, its main duty to eject union organizers. Its guards were invested with all the majesty of the law; they were deputy sheriffs of the county, duly sworn in under the Logan high sheriff, Don Chafin, who directed their activities and paid them out of a pool assessed against the operators. Mr. Chafin's deputies did their work thoroughly, and soon a wail came drifting over the Guyon Ridge: "They're a-murderin' the women an' children!" This is an important line in the West Virginia libretto. It is always the cue for the big scene, of which more in a moment. So far as I know the deputies have never murdered any women or children, but art is art, and it is a good line—why sacrifice it? . . . Taking their cue, the union miners to the north assembled at a place called Marmet, within a dozen miles of Charleston, the State capital, and marched about a thousand strong on Logan. Then ensued the spectacle of the Governor of the State, John J. Cornwell, hoisting the gubernatorial robes aboard a wagon, beseeching the miners to go home, promising an investigation, and

finally threatening troops. The miners went home, and their effort was abortive. But the West Virginian, a regular attendant at Western feature films and a diligent student of the Pluck and Luck series, had noted the possibilities of the scene.

So all energy was bent toward a successful staging of the great drama. The operators hired extra guards and howled defiance at the union. The union girded its loins, counted its money, and swore that might should not conquer right. It sent its organizers into Mingo. A number of camps were organized. The union demanded recognition, the operators refused it. The union called its men out on strike, the operators evicted the strikers. As fast as the operators evicted them the union set them out in tents. Guerrilla warfare broke out. There were massacres, ten men being killed in a one-minute battle at Matewan. The operators set spies to watch the miners and the miners potshotted the operators' spies. Plots were hatched by the dozen and card indices were needed to keep track of vendettas. Federal troops were called in twice. The new governor, E. F. Morgan, declared martial law, and the State military commandant began clapping union men in jail. Finally, two union sympathizers, Sid Hatfield and Ed Chambers, as the result of a quasi-official feud, were shot down at Welch. This, with heavy mutterings and alarms sounding off in the North, rang down the curtain on Act I—in August, 1921.

When Act II opened, two weeks later, union miners were assembling again at Marmet for another march. This time the plan was to march through Logan, kill Don Chafin on the way, continue to Mingo, liberate the prisoners in jail, nullify martial law, and proclaim lib-

erty and justice once more in the land. . . . For days they gathered and the press of the country screamed their purpose far and wide. Then they started, and as they swung down the road to Racine they sang:

> Hang Don Chafin to the sour-apple tree,
> Hang Don Chafin to the sour-apple tree,
> Hang Don Chafin to the sour-apple tree,
> As we go marching on!

They were halted once when their president addressed them at Madison. They threatened to hang him, but they went home—at least, some of them did. Some of them stayed, commandeered a locomotive and flat cars and played with them—and waited. They didn't wait in vain. Down at Sharples, in Logan county, there came a clash between union miners and a party of Logan deputies and State police, coming, 250 strong, to serve warrants—at midnight (*sh! sh! sh!*). Two miners were killed. Then the long-delayed cue that had been holding up the show: "They're a-murderin' the women an' children." The miners reassembled, eight thousand strong. They flung out battle lines and donned red brassards. They gave out a password:

"Who's there?" whispered the sentries.

"I come creepin'," replied the miners, *misterioso.*

"Pass," said the sentries.

They drilled around the schoolhouse at Blair, while coal company officialdom snooped and took notes in memorandum books. They brought in food and rifles on trucks. They shouted hoarse commands, and ran hither and yon to make sure this had been attended to, and that had not been overlooked. . . . And on the other side of the ridge all was a-buzz, too. Don

Chafin issued a call for volunteers, and several thousand sprang forward. He imported four airplanes. The volunteers dug trenches on the military crest of Blair Mountain. All now being in readiness, both sides entered their positions and shot at each other for three days. The airplanes zoomed and dropped bombs on the rocks. Machine guns went *put, put, put*; the rifle fire never ceased. The noise was superb. On the fourth day a regiment of federal troops arrived—and everybody went home. It was the best second act that had ever been staged, and was marred by only one unpleasant event. Three men were killed. It is true they were killed in a purely accidental encounter between scouting parties, but the incident shows that great care must be exercised in the future, if this march is to become a permanent institution in West Virginia. . . .

You rise in your seat. Stay. There is another act, the great courtroom scene.

Hardly had the last miner handed in his gun than the Logan County grand jury met in special session. It indicted whole payrolls. It indicted for murder, conspiracy, and unlawful assembly. Then it rested, met in regular session, and indicted some more. It met yet again, and to the indictments already found, it added a score or so for treason. And so, after a few months, after a change of venue, court opened to try these cases. The first case was a treason case, and oddly enough the court sat in the same courtroom at Charles Town where John Brown had been convicted of treason. . . . Well, the first defendant, as I recall, was acquitted. Then followed convictions and acquittals and possibly even a few hung juries—I don't exactly recall. The

trials have been going on for two years now, and Charles Town was long ago left behind and the hearings moved on to one place after another. Berkeley Springs, Lewisburg, Fayetteville—trials have been held in all these places, and I don't guarantee that they make a complete list. . . . I attended one of these trials, and it quite appalls me to think of the amount of breath that has been consumed in their prosecution. Breath and spittle. Most of the lawyers retained are the spittley kind, and it flies all about, mainly over the jury.

Thus life in West Virginia in this era of Christian progress. In addition to the big show there are innumerable little shows. In all the coal counties the plots, counter-plots, vendettas, murders, and trials go on incessantly. The Federal court at Charles Town is a never-ending round of restraining orders, injunctions, and citations for contempt. The sterile conflict overshadows and paralyzes everything else. Before it the State government is impotent. The State police, organized *bona fide* to enforce the law, are animated by no maturer ideal than to posture as moving picture editions of the Canadian Mounted, i.e., to wear pretty uniforms, carry pistols, and growl sidewise that they always get their man. They are now quite as detested as the mine guards; the miners call them the "Governor's Cossacks," and charge openly that they are on the side of the operators. . . . Culture is at a standstill; the only theaters are those that show five-reel shooting features; there are few libraries, hardly ever a concert.

III

Well, well, well. I have certainly grown a luxuriant set of sneers. I may as well out with the truth

now, and confess that I like the place. Sordid and witless this war certainly is, but the State itself pulls on something inside of me—I should like to go back there. Possibly it is the big outdoor poetry of it all. Things are organized on a gigantic scale there. To see it is to get the feeling of it: the great iron machinery of coal and oil, the never-ending railroads and strings of black steel cars, eternally groaning and creaking towards somewhere. . . . You are drawn close to these big inanimate things. A plume of smoke "down the holler," and a locomotive comes stealing around the bend. The locomotive has long since ceased to be a terrifying pile of steam jets and puffing, but has become "she"; and when she comes to a stop you lean affectionately against her and spit on her drivers while you swap talk with the engineer.

There is something about these great cruel industries, too, which eats away the soft spots of the human beings that man them, that leaves them gnarled and seamed, but flintier than people who live in a land less bleak. . . . When the labor train rattles up the creek, in the foggy hour before dawn, and hundreds of blurred shapes pile out on the cinders, and a half dozen lines of bobbing points of light crawl slowly up the mountain side, as the miners seek their various mines,—that is something which, seen once, is never to be forgotten. And when, at the end of the day, they all pile aboard the same old train, and settle vacantly on the hard boards while they bump down to a bleary mining camp, —that is something not to be forgotten either. Faces stamp themselves on you indelibly, you seem to be seeing incarnations of Toil itself. . . . The Hungarian with the slash across his nose, hardly recognizable for

the grime of coal dust that covers him. . . . The man with the wooden leg, and delicate, thin hatchet face, and soft, resigned eyes. . . . An old Negro, a little bit looney. . . . Two young loaders, roaring badinage at each other the full length of the car. Why is there pathos in all this? Why is there a different quality in it from anything else you will find in the United States? I am sure I don't know. Yet it leaves its impression on you, and there is something about it which shames your contempt. . . . I have said something about libraries and concerts. I give myself airs. What have libraries and concerts to do with it, anyhow? They are for a sleeker civilization. These people live with more primitive things. When they no longer have to break their backs throwing coal lumps on mine cars, when they no longer pass into eternity after being "rolled agin' the rib," or after "he hit his head agin' the big feed cable, and it singed all the hair offen his head, took the soles offen his feet, an' melted all the gold fillin's outen his teeth"; when the women folk no longer sit dumbly on the front stoop after the corpse has been carried in,— when all these things have come about, then it will be time to talk about libraries and concerts and such things. . . . But that will be a long time.

As I ponder over West Virginia, I find myself wondering more and more what the State will eventually become. The present conflict, of course, will not go on forever. Eventually the union will organize the whole State, or get thrown out completely, and there will be an end of the fighting. Then what? As the coal development becomes more and more intense, and as wealth concentrates there, and as some of the wealthy find leisure to realize that the world is a little larger

than West Virginia, what kind of civilization will that be? A charming but conventional culture, like what you find in the hard coal regions, around Wilkes-Barre and Scranton, Pennsylvania? Or something more interesting? I imagine the latter. Now, of course, it is terribly crude. The upper stratum of the State is as blatant as it well can be. It is brutal Babbittry at its worst. But in a few generations, with the growth of a feeling of *noblesse oblige* toward that raw, crude mass of humanity below, something may come that will be worth having.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

NOT YET ABANDONED

By RALPH D. PAINE

THE literary tradition of a rural New England consisting of abandoned farms, queer, flat-chested spinsters, and faded wives who go insane because of solitude and Puritan complexes has found its focus, to a large extent, in rock-ribbed New Hampshire. Contending with a hard climate has made us a patient folk, unemotionally enduring the buffets of fortune, but we grow a little weary of a certain condescension among outsiders. It is quite the fashion to ask what's the matter with New Hampshire and then start another survey or investigation.

During the brief summer thousands of motor tourists stream over our highways to visit the White Mountains. They come from regions as remote as the Pacific Coast. It is a flamboyant invasion that scatters millions of dollars among hotels, camps, tea houses, garages, and small-town merchants. New Hampshire piously thanks God for this bountiful source of revenue, but reserves comment. Of this multitude of transients some are decent people who deserve to be at large. They have manners and intelligence. Many others, however, offend the landscape which they have not eyes to see while they step on the gas in order to arrive somewhere else for no particular purpose. And as they go tearing through noble gorges and verdant valleys or

pass lakes whose ripples brightly beckon they glance with pity at the natives of New Hampshire.

In their opinion we are the ultimate hicks. Poor stupid clods who have never learned to put pep into life and jazz it up! Slaves to a plain white farmhouse on a windy hill, and a hundred acres of tillage, woodland, and meadow, with a thousand a year cash income as the measure of material comfort. Always struggling to pay off the mortgage on the old homestead, so it is alleged, speaking a curious Yankee dialect, counting a journey as far away as Boston as the event of a lifetime.

Do we envy these birds of passage? Well, not enough to say so. Your New Hampshire farmer is not easily fooled by the buncombe and bluff which the city dweller accepts as a doctrine of existence. He is not sufficiently up to date to live beyond his income and be satisfied with keeping one jump ahead of his creditors. As one result, the tenant farming which has blighted the Middle West is a negligible factor. Ninety-three per cent of our farmers own their land. Only 37 per cent of the farms are mortgaged, the literary tradition notwithstanding.

The rural population is steadily decreasing, no doubt of that—12 per cent since 1900, or 22,000 fewer sturdy men, women, and children on the soil of their ancestors, but the total valuation of the farming lands of the State has increased considerably during this time. The picture has its melancholy aspects, but it is not so dark as the sentimental fictionist delights to paint it. It was sagacious to abandon a great many of these farms. They belonged to the pioneering era of American history. Changing economic conditions have made it im-

possible to wrest a livelihood from them. They are too small, insolated, and sterile. It is better to let them grow up in timber for the benefit of posterity. The pathetic cellar hole by the roadside or the weather-beaten set of buildings given over to decay are often mute memorials of an obsolete social fabric, like the sod house of the prairie or the log hut of the Kentucky frontier. They may invoke the tribute of a sigh, but their day is done excepting as they attract the pilgrim in search of a summer home.

But wherever in New Hampshire there is mellow soil and convenient access to markets you will still find modest prosperity and contentment. Few good farms are being abandoned. The older generation is able to make both ends meet and a little more. New Hampshire was almost untouched by the adverse conditions which have put the Western farmer flat on his back in recent years. Never affluent and with little to lose, it steers a course that avoids the rocks and manages to pinch through. The State University is sending its agricultural experts into every rural nook and corner to teach better methods of farming. Other agencies are working in the same direction. New Hampshire will not surrender without a stiff battle. It does not have to be told that its one asset beyond price is the people of its farms and villages and the things they stand for.

The drift to the industrial cities is slowly devitalizing the old stock with its rugged virtues of industry, thrift, stubborn independence, and respect for law. This is the profound tragedy of it. If the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? Certainly not in the polyglot mill communities of Manchester, Berlin,

or Dover. These are in no wise typical of New Hampshire. Their rotary clubs or chambers of commerce shout the get-together, booster jargon of Seattle or Dallas. Their politicians are as fat-witted, selfish, and inefficient as elsewhere. Their backgrounds of dignity and tradition have been obliterated by the rising tide of French Canadians, Irish, Greeks, and Slavs. Massachusetts is ever so much worse off. Vermont has almost escaped the curse. Maine has preserved much of its native integrity because it is still a vast wilderness province.

New Hampshire is a small State of 450,000 people who reflect, to an intimate degree, the prevailing currents of an American life which had its rise in the very beginnings of the nation. Past and present rub elbows. Industrialism is a canker and the summer tourist has been both a bane and a blessing. The countryside has been infected with shabby ideals, a vulgar code of behavior, and a slangy, slipshod dialect from New York and Chicago that is spoiling the English speech, pure and undefiled, which New Hampshire received as a heritage from its forbears. The younger generation imitates these invaders and refuses to be buried alive on a farm. It prefers the bondage of a white-collar job with small hope of advancement. For an eloquent comment, the average age of the owner of a New Hampshire farm is fifty-three years. One-fifth of them are sixty-five or over. They have grown old behind the plow. And yet it heartens one to find a certain number of educated, upstanding young men returning to the acres that their childhood knew. With their practical knowledge and wider point of view they are the hope of rural New Hampshire. One of them, a neigh-

bor of mine, started a poultry farm and cleared $10,000 in the third year of operation.

There is an automobile in almost every country dooryard and few of them are bought on the installment plan. The next time you are driving through New Hampshire, please note how trim, well-painted, and comfortable most of these farmhouses are. Grinding poverty is not reflected from such homes as these. Miracles of economy are performed. It is in the blood. There has never been enough money to go round. But what percentage of city folks are as well off at the end of the year?

More than half the population is still rural, living on farms or in the villages whose characteristics have survived the changes of the modern scene. This is the real New Hampshire, when you sift it from the urban rubbish. Nowhere can it be observed to such advantage as in the State legislature, which meets every two years. This assemblage has made New Hampshire famous, like Mount Washington and Lake Winnepesaukee. We have long boasted of it as the largest legislative body in the world, with 416 members in the lower house. It supplied Winston Churchill with excellent material for novels written after the fact. Gone is the epoch, however, when the Boston and Maine Railroad was said to purchase New Hampshire patriots in carload lots and a Jethro Bass could deliver the goods in the room of the Phœnix Hotel, renowned for its red plush furniture. The legislature has become honest and unromantic. There are no more leaders, good or bad. Politically New Hampshire is as unproductive as an abandoned farm. It once sired a Daniel

Webster. Now it sends a George H. Moses to the United States Senate.

A novelist would find poor pickings under the State House dome at Concord. The lobbyist is branded as a suspicious character who has to watch his step. Several years ago the writer served a term as a member of the Appropriations Committee. The chairman was the last of the old guard which had carried New Hampshire in its breeches pockets. A patriarchal person, white-bearded, soft-spoken, he maintained the ancient rites, a secluded room in the Eagle Hotel, whispered conferences, confidential bargains.

But a progressive Speaker of the House, young and unterrified, defied this "Uncle Jim," mocked his dynasty, and figuratively stood him upon his ancient head. He was outvoted in the very committee which he had hand-picked and dominated for a generation. The State finances were snatched from under his thumb. He became no more than a ghostly reminder of a time when New Hampshire politics had been intensely practical. He was no better and no worse than the other leaders of his day. A zealous watch-dog of the treasury, he opposed every modern scheme of welfare for the common good.

Shorn of the glamour of that picaresque era, the New Hampshire Legislature is a social club for the plain people, a biennial party for getting acquainted in a leisurely manner. In this respect it is worth all its costs. Numerous bills are passed, most of which are superfluous and inconsequential. They are never extravagant. The rural members see to that. Every dollar appropriated is squeezed until its shrieks echo along the Merrimac Valley. The pleasant familiarity

of a session whose weeks stretch into months is seldom disturbed by a Governor with brains or gumption enough to make himself seriously annoying. If an able man happens to hold the chair, it is the exception to prove the rule. The average type is a rather elderly banker or lawyer who desires the honor for the sake of his progeny and is willing to foot the bills. The salary of $2,500 is not apt to attract younger men of parts who have to make their way in the world.

The Senate, of twenty-four members, is cut more or less from the same cloth for the reason that its electoral districts are divided according to taxable wealth, and not population. This makes the worthy senators view with alarm any departure from things as they are. Their chief pastime is killing what may be called popular legislation as passed by the lower house. Membership in a State senate of this description means boredom to tears unless one happens to be built that way.

The teeming House of Representatives is the place to study and enjoy mankind. As a body it mills about with a vast deal of waste motion because of its unwieldy size. It grinds a small amount of grist for the number of hands employed. Every attempt to decrease its numbers by the enactment of a constitutional amendment has been pugnaciously defeated. The men from the farms and villages refuse to be robbed of the prize of going to the legislature. It is an honor which custom decrees should pass in rotation from one substantial citizen to another. As a rule it shows a greedy spirit to expect more than one term at Concord. The emoluments consist of $200 for a term of perhaps three months and railroad transportation. It is to the

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credit of some of these incredibly thrifty legislators that they save a few dollars of this impressive salary after paying their living expenses in Concord. A population of 600 entitles a village to send a representative regularly. Three hundred people rate a member every other session, or one-half member per session, to work it out arithmetically. Above the 600 mark the community acquires another representative for every increase of 1,200 souls. As a consequence, Manchester sends 68 representatives, Nashua 23, and Concord 18. This is absurd. It might be inferred that the few cities, with such topheavy delegations, could control legislation for their own ends. It doesn't work out that way.

The Manchester contingent, composed largely of French Canadians and Irish ward politicians, is usually rent by internal dissension and too ignorant to achieve results. The balance of power is held by the canny men from the rural districts. The brains and common sense of New Hampshire still come from close to the soil or from the simple environment of the small town. A refreshing, interesting lot of men they are. In a benighted age of standardization, they have maintained an individualism which refuses to be card-indexed. They cannot be led unless they know precisely where they are going. Many of them were isolated from neighbors until the "flivver" banished the barriers of poor roads, intervening hills and mountains, and sparsely settled regions. They have had unhurried rainy days in the barn or long winter evenings by the fireside to think and talk. They are self-taught in the best sense of the word.

The wives and daughters, no longer shut in and

deprived of stimulating contacts, are more energetic and ambitious than the menfolk. Nowhere will you find groups of women more genuinely cultivated and alive to modern trends and values than among the clubs of the little New Hampshire towns. They do not belong on Sinclair Lewis's Main Street nor are their husbands Babbitts. It was Waldo Frank whose lively fancy depicted the wretched New Hampshire housewife as gazing from her kitchen window only to pick out a tree from which to hang herself. This was not meant to be humorous. It was in line with the accepted legend.

And so our farmer comes to Concord with a pretty keen desire to make himself useful, realizing that his women will prod him on and scrutinize his legislative record with great care. He is mostly interested in keeping taxes down and diverting the available funds toward good roads and better schools. It is appealing, in a way, to find how heavily this question of taxation weighs upon him. In the districts where rural depopulation is going on the burden falls more heavily each year upon those who are left behind. And the chief fiscal problem of the household is gathering together enough cash to pay the tax bill.

However, when a new educational law was passed in 1918 whose purpose was to reorganize the public-school system of New Hampshire and raise it to a par with far richer States, these legislators from the farms and hamlets supported it earnestly. They were willing to pay the price as soon as they felt they would receive their money's worth. It signified that they hoped, more than anything else, to make their children contented at home and to give them some of the ad-

vantages of the city-bred youngster. For once rural New Hampshire was pulling together.

The writer was appointed a member of the State Board of Education, which had the task of putting this new system in operation. He made a speech at a meeting of the State Grange to an audience of a thousand farmers and their wives. Flattering himself that he had put the argument across, he sat down with that specious glow of satisfaction that sometimes rewards the amateur spellbinder. Later a competent-looking woman with a piercing eye cornered him in the hallway and spoke as follows: "I have had to attend a lot of meetings this year, Mr. Paine, as president of our woman's club. And it does seem as if 'most everywhere I go I have to listen to you make a speech. Of course that can't be helped. But I must say I do get sick and tired of hearing you say this new Board of Education serves without any salary. Now, you know as well as I do that if you were worth anything the State would pay you for it."

There you have the genuine New Hampshire flavor. This admirably candid woman wasted no breath in counterfeit words but went straight to the point. Alas, she was quick to suspect the other person's motives and wonder what there was in it for him. This is a flaw in a catalogue of splendid native qualities. It has thwarted most of the efforts to bring about coöperation in government, in improving the conditions of agriculture, in reducing the cost of living. It is found in rural communities elsewhere, but New Hampshire has been a soil peculiarly congenial.

Some of these legislators come from the North Country, beyond the White Mountains, where little

towns exist twenty to forty miles from a railroad with great stretches of forest between them. This is a stalwart, clannish breed, with force of character above the average. The north countrymen have always been conspicuous in New Hampshire affairs. One may fitly call them the Highlanders of this old New England commonwealth.

Others come from the southeastern border, where the sea pounds the reefs and forelands of a granite coast. They recall the stately mansions of Portsmouth, built by shipping merchants and captains whose topsails gleamed in ports exotic and far distant, or Paul Jones and the Ranger fitting out for a famous cruise in the English Channel. New Hampshire wrote its pages in the briny chronicle of Yankee ships and sailors that won maritime supremacy for this nation in its infancy. Now Portsmouth is awakened from its drowsy peace by the crews of the gray warships at the Kittery Navy Yard and the wealthy cottagers of Rye Beach, whose motors fill the old square in July and August.

To Concord also come the men from the western counties of the Connecticut Valley, whose farms are fertile and never abandoned unless for a goodly sum per acre. They ask no sympathy and are doing very well, thank you. The White Mountains sends its hotelkeepers and merchants to the Legislature, dapper, worldly persons who have learned how to capitalize scenery for all the traffic will bear.

Most worth while are the farmers from the hills, slow-spoken, round-shouldered, who strive tenaciously to keep their places going with a few cows, a gnarled orchard, some hay to sell, an acre or two of potatoes.

Their social center at home is often the little red schoolhouse. They look askance at new-fangled ideas. They are cast in the mold of their ancestors, who marched from Nottingham Square and Durham to the battle of Bunker Hill.

These are the folks for whom a term in the Legislature is a memorable experience. It is inaccurate to call them taciturn. They are not given to incessant chatter, but they love to sit and talk. And it is good talk, shrewd, seasoned, meaty. The outside world has accepted Calvin Coolidge as the typical Vermonter, compared with whom a clam is fairly garrulous. The New Hampshire folks are not like that, the Lord be praised. There is blood in their veins and not ice-water. And in other respects they are quite human and likable. Their so-called reserve is merely a habit of having something to say before they say it.

New Hampshire is very much in transition between the old and new, somewhat fettered to the past, but by no means blind to the future. Its textile mills, which are the sinews of its industrial life, are seriously menaced by Southern competition. It is not impossible that the cities may be sapped of their strength by an economic revolution of this kind, and the conditions of former days more or less restored. This would mean various industries fostered among the smaller towns, employing native labor amid wholesome surroundings. The undeveloped or abandoned water power of a hundred little rivers is waiting to be utilized. Meanwhile tired business men buy New Hampshire farms and the campers flock to every wooded lake.

On the whole, New Hampshire is not yet bound over the hill to the poorhouse nor is its vigorous native

stock submerged beyond rescue. It utters no loud cries for help and intends to work out its own salvation. Robert Frost has said it very well in these lines:

The glorious bards of Massachusetts seem
To want to make New Hampshire people over.
They taunt the lofty land with little men.
I don't know what to say about the people.
For art's sake one could almost wish them worse
Rather than better. How are we to write
The Russian novel in America
As long as life goes so unterribly?
There is the pinch from which our only outcry
In literature is heard to come.
We get what little misery we can
Out of not having cause for misery.

WYOMING

A MAVERICK CITIZENRY

By WALTER C. HAWES

When the roaring middle years of the nineteenth century were witnessing a mighty trekking to and fro of young and turbulent manhood in search of virgin lands of gold in these United States, one particular stretch of murderous desert in the western part of the territory of Dakotah baffled the quest of the frontiersmen for anything worth development. For a full quarter of the century these torrents of humanity surged this way and that, to California, to Pike's Peak, to Nevada, to Montana, and all that while the district that was to be Wyoming was regarded only as a desolate place along the trails which men traversed for the sole purpose of reaching some place beyond. Twenty years of flood-tide emigration along the Oregon Trail left no residue save the soldiers in the military posts and the keepers of the road houses. Indeed had it not been for a break in the Rocky Mountains and a welling up of the plains which caught the eye of the searchers for easy passage to the Pacific Coast, there is no telling when the attention of men would have been turned this way.

It was this low place in the hills that brought to the district in the summer of 1867 the two creeping lines of steel which represented the westward progress of the first coast-to-coast railway. And keeping pace with the breaking plows of the contractors went the first

towns of the district, the riotous "hells on wheels" that sprang up overnight and went as quickly, populated with the huge construction gangs and the motley horde which preyed upon them. At intervals behind these moving vanguard settlements sprang up the division-point towns, permanent but almost as rough and ready as their mushroom predecessors.

The violence that prevailed in those towns during the first year made it certain that if continuous rail traffic was to be assured, there must be some seat of government nearer than the capital of Dakotah territory. And thus it was that Wyoming, child of the cross-continental trails, came into being as a unit of administration to serve the needs of the Union Pacific Railroad.

There being no other reason for the existence of the Territory, it was not unnatural that the railroad corporation regarded the new division of the United States much as it regarded the huge land grants to which the federal government had given its full title. By a shrewd manipulation of these land grants it secured legal possession of the immense coal deposits bordering its right-of-way which then seemed the only part of the Territory worth owning. For many decades it was common report that the Union Pacific was the power behind the throne in territorial politics, and results went to show that it had ways and means of exerting strong persuasion wherever its interests were vitally involved. Until the present year the assessments of Union Pacific properties in Wyoming were fractional as compared with the assessment of that corporation's properties in other States. In 1922 the line across the prairies of Nebraska was assessed at

$133,155 per mile, while the same line in Wyoming, with long stretches of mountain construction and with tunnels and snowsheds costing millions, was assessed at $62,376.20 per mile. That same year a former division superintendent and known business ally of the Union Pacific running for governor on the single plank platform of economy and tax reduction was defeated by 723 votes. His defeat was followed by the appointment of a State board of equalization which ordered a sharp raise in the assessment of Union Pacific properties.

In the period immediately following construction no one was interested in disputing the suzerainty of the railroad. Viewed from the window of a railway coach the Territory seemed through most of its extent a land as desolate as the surface of an extinct planet. To the eye accustomed to the rational, water-molded topography of the East the land was beyond comprehension. A precipitately tilted ledge of rock would cut across the trail without reference to the rest of the landscape, and the route would skirt along its base to a V-shaped water-gap through which a bewildered river found its way. These rivers following circuitous routes through the bad lands eventually gave the State its value as one of the finest cattle ranges in the world. From the high central plateau seated like the cupola of a continent they radiate east, north, west, southwest like the spokes of a wheel, paying the State's tribute of waters to the Gulf of California and Puget Sound as well as to the Missouri and Mississippi on the east.

But it required someone other than a New York farmer's son to discover the land's value. Cattlemen of the Texas and Panhandle ranges driving their herds

hundreds of miles north to a railroad outlet found that the seemingly scanty grasses had a strength unknown to forage of more rainy lands. They soon were trailing hundreds of thousands of cattle here in the early summer to fatten on the nutritious Northern grasses and be shipped to market in the fall. Not a fence intervened along their route, and under ordinary conditions the cattle were brought the whole way for not more than $1 per head.

It was not until the middle seventies that the dangers from hostile Indians were removed and headquarters ranches were established. The perils were still so great that they were reflected in interest rates as high as from 24 to 36 per cent required by the Texas and Cheyenne banks. The result was that large stock-selling companies were formed which enlisted capital in the Eastern States and in England and Scotland. Scotch money was especially active in the West those days, so much so that at one time Edinburgh was practically the financial capital of Wyoming. The chief agency directing the flow of Scottish finance here was the Scottish-American Investment Company, formed originally to take advantage of the heavy financial needs of the United States during the development period following the Civil War. Money was secured from investors at a rate of from four to four and a half per cent, and reloaned to stockmen at rates of from six to eight per cent. Many cattle companies were also floated across the Atlantic, most famous of them being the Swan Land & Cattle Company, which is still in existence. This outfit was at one time capitalized at $4,500,000, with a book count of 120,000 cattle and nearly 600,000 acres of land under contract of pur-

chase from the original locators or the Union Pacific Railway. All actions of any consequence were subject to the review of the Scotch board of directors, and the manager of the company made annual trips across the water to report to this board in the shadow of King Arthur's seat in Edinburgh.

Many cosmopolitans of the clubs of New York and London gathered to this playground of the western continent to indulge young men's tastes for action in their business. Among the names now deeply grounded in the history of the State was that of Sir Horace Plunkett, now world renowned Irish statesman, who ranched in the Powder River section from 1879 to 1889, and who financed the State's first large irrigation project—the Wheatland colony.

There were Morton and Dick Frewen, English gentlemen who developed a ranch in the Hole-in-the-Wall country, naming that famous landmark after a spot in their native London. There were Arthur Teschmaker and Hubert De Billier, Harvard '78, who bought a string of ranches along the Laramie River in 1879, and who for years were leaders in that brilliant and dashing assembly of young men who made the old Cheyenne Club their headquarters.

At this famous hostelry, nicknamed "Little Lunnon" from the many Englishmen who frequented it, lived these gentlemen of blood and breeding, leaving the management of their ranches to foremen who had grown up in the industry. They fitted the place in sumptuous style, decorating the walls with prints of British racing horses, with the large copy of Paul Potter's "Bull," marked with a revolver shot, and with the fine steel engraving, "In the Heart of The Big

Horns" by Bierstahdt, presented to the club by the artist himself.

Despite the ravings of the romanticists over the freedom and the larger manners of the days of the unfenced range the plains cattle-industry of those days was no pure democracy. All conditions made for the success of the large outfit. Under the provisions of the federal land laws legal title to the range was out of the question save in small amounts beneath notice in a pastoral country. Consequently the range was no-man's land, and anyone who could get money could flood it with cattle. An estimate of that day states that a herd of 5,000 cattle could be maintained there for $1 per head, a herd of 10,000 for 75 or 80 cents per head, and a herd of 25,000 for not much over 50 cents per head the year round. Large herds, running as high as 75,000 head, became the rule. When the Wyoming Live Stock Association was formed in 1879 it was reputed to be the largest organized body of stockmen in the world, comprising 400 members representing over half the States in the Union and several foreign countries, and possessing stock and equipment valued well up toward $100,000,000. The foreign-owned companies employed foremen who were often stockholders and managed as many as 150 men. Only part of this force was resident on the range the year round; and every spring there was an influx of riders. After the beef round-ups in the fall these transients would "hole up" in the towns with the stake they had earned, or in many cases they went to Eastern States, where they followed more prosaic occupations during the winter.

This was the Wyoming beloved of the romanticist—a community of roistering young bachelors without a

stake in the land and with little aim other than to enjoy the spice of adventure that went with the cattle industry. Among them prevailed the open-handed camaraderie of the adventurer. Even among their employers, while the reserves of the bank of nature were more than equal to the demands there was no reason for tight-fistedness or thieving. Thus it was that for a decade or less there prevailed an atmosphere of open-handed generosity and honorable dealings.

It was inevitable that this seemingly idyllic period should be no more than an evanescent phase of the land's development; and sober consideration will reveal that its perpetuation was not desirable. The life of the cow-hand alternated between long periods of hard work, when he was the very moderately paid employee of a large outfit, and brief seasons of hard dissipation in the sordid little cow towns composed of a store or two and several saloons about a loading chute. The social institutions of the country were crude. Well into the twentieth century the barkeepers outnumbered the doctors, lawyers, and ministers of the State combined. There were few decent women back in the range country and many reasons for not bringing them there.

When the abler men aspired to homes and outfits of their own they came into conflict with the interests already in control of the range. The syndicates discouraged ownership on the part of their employees, unless they wished to buy stock in the companies. It was true that an employee with a brand of his own could steal without limit from his employer. It was accordingly a rule with many companies that the employee with his own brand was blacklisted.

But the large concerns were unable to compete with these new rivals who had grown up in their employ and were the real cattlemen on whom they had depended for the rough and ready work. For once the man on the ground doing the work of production held the advantage, for he knew the industry from every angle. The chief weakness of the syndicates lay in their inability to get undisputed control of any considerable acreage. The homestead law allowed each man a title to 160 acres of land, to be acquired by actual residence. For a foreign company this was a poser. Twenty average acres of range land were required to maintain one cow the year round. Consequently a homestead would carry eight cows. If the outfit owned 5,000 cattle, which was a small herd in the open-range days, it needed the equivalent of 625 homesteads to run them on. The large companies laid their case before Congress, asking for legislation permitting long-term leases of large tracts of arid land as a matter of range conservation. There were strong arguments in favor of such legislation. Notwithstanding the larger gross returns reported from later systems of mixed small ranching and farming, it seems probable that more clear money was taken from the country during the day of the large company than at any time since. For the changes since have involved much costly controversy and expensive education, however valuable they may be in the long run. The odium attaching to the exploitation of the public lands by foreign capital was emphasized with good effect by the opponents of leasing, however, and the lawmakers were unwilling, for political reasons if for no other, to lay themselves open to that charge.

Overstocking and disorganization ensued, and the severe winter of 1886-87 was sufficient to bring the old order to an abrupt end. From 50 to 60 per cent of the cattle were lost that season before summer opened. Such companies as did not immediately go out of business reduced their operations to bedrock, and in the ensuing decade the number of cattle in Wyoming fell from 900,000 to 300,000.

At the close of the disorganized period the return of better times found the hated "nester," the small rancher, in full control. For a period of ten years the men who had grown up with the country and who had been identified with its development more than any other class of men before or since were in possession. At the close of that decade there were reported to be 3,200 horse and cattle raisers in the State, with herds ranging from 100 to 1,000. But even with these smaller holdings, the legal title to sufficient range was out of reach. They managed as best they could with gentlemen's agreements; several ranchers would fence in a tract for a common pasture. But the time came when these men, in their turn, found themselves helpless before a new invasion.

The new heir to the range was the homesteader who proposed to take the 160 acres allowed by law and make his living on it by agriculture. For him it seemed the federal government had been waiting as the rightful owner who was to develop the arid lands along a policy which it could sanction—the policy which had been tested in the fertile rain belt.

In reality the movement was engineered by land boomers who took advantage of the land fever which resulted from the prosperous farming period which

came with the opening of the twentieth century. The boomer saw and grasped his golden opportunity to exploit the cheap lands of the West. He took up the systems, so called, of dry-farming developed by experimenters and expanded them in a literature that reeked with the patter of "dust mulches" and "subsoil packing" warranted to retain in gravel beds every drop of moisture and hold it the year round payable on demand. He acquired title to cheap railway lands, or he offered to "locate" settlers on homesteads for fees ranging from $25 to $100.

The wage slave and the tenant farmer of the East leaped hungrily to the bait, and there ensued that crusade of the innocents that shattered its ranks in vain against the stubborn desert. Heeding not the warnings of the experienced ranchers, which they held to be inspired by their selfish interests, and armed with a dry-farming manual furnished gratis by the promoter as a buckler against disaster, these knights errant of the soil essayed their high emprise of making a bushel of wheat grow where nature had produced but a tuft of bunch-grass.

During a few years conditions favored them. World War prices enabled settlers on the better lands to make ends meet and even show a margin of profit. But the fitting symbol of the whole movement was the shack which the homesteader built for his home. All houses in the dry-farming districts were "shacks" in name and most of them were that in fact. Mere little paper-lined shells they were, to be blown away at the first puff of disaster. When disaster did strike the farming industry in 1920, it transpired that the dry-farming movement was also a shell of another type,

loaded with dynamite. Eastern loan companies had over-financed the movement, advancing $8, $10, even $12 per acre on lands that now go begging for purchasers at any price. It is true that these loan companies had managed to get usurious rates of interest by the expedient of withholding a good sum from the principal as a "commission" for making the loan. But that availed them nothing when the owner of the land elected to call the transaction a sale and decamped with the money, leaving the company to reimburse itself as best it might from the lands which it had accepted as security. The companies now hold the nests but the birds are flown. When the collapse came the dry-farmers who had been holding on precariously during the best years scattered to the four winds. A few restricted localities were favored with a soil actually adapted to producing crops under arid conditions, and here a remnant held on. A county agent whose business takes him into a number of dry-farming communities estimates that in the neighborhood of 10 per cent of the farmers who came in the boom period are left. In one section where originally 125 farmers settled there are five left; in another there are two left out of twenty-four. The 90 per cent who let go bettered their condition, and are now for the most part in the oil fields and railway towns, earning good wages and living better than at any time in their experience.

But he who concludes from the above recital that there is nothing left to do but to inscribe R.I.P. over the departed glories of the land is very much mistaken. For as the dry-farming industry was just about to burst like the overblown bubble it was, and as the live-stock industry was entering a temporary eclipse, a new

dynamic more potent than was ever known in rangeland before entered this arena of seemingly spent forces. Far below the grass roots once considered the State's sole wealth the adventuring drills of the wildcatters discovered the miracle of petroleum. As early as the nineties there had been a small production from the shallow sand of Salt Creek, but it was not until 1914 that the presence of the deeper and richer sands was determined.

The first result was a rush of the oil companies for holdings, and a battle of giants ensued, from which the Standard group emerged victor. By virtue of its position as the owner of the only pipe-lines out of the fields in the early development, the Standard was able to throttle competition to an unusual degree. Crude prices in the Wyoming field were hammered down to a fraction of the mid-continent prices. When the product of the latter fields was selling for $3.50 per barrel during the war, the higher grade Salt Creek product was selling for around $2 per barrel. When mid-continent prices slumped to about $1, Salt Creek crude was selling for barely more than half that amount. When the independent company was not crowded to the wall by these methods, the Standard bored from within until it secured control of the majority of the stock.

In September, 1921, a faction of the independent operators under the lead of attorney George Brimmer of Rawlins demanded a special session of the legislature to enact laws curbing the monopolistic tendencies of large companies, but nothing was done, and the hold of the Standard on the oil industry of the State is practically complete.

As the oil was discovered almost entirely on Federal or State lands, the companies hold these lands under lease, paying loyalties to those governments. As the laws require that the bids be open to competition, the companies sometimes fail to make previous arrangements, and there is spirited bidding. Such was the case with the famous Section 16, located in the heart of Salt Creek and owned by the State. When the date came to release in 1923, there entered the lists a defeated candidate who ascribed his downfall in the election of the previous year to Standard machinations. As a consequence the Standard interests were forced to raise the royalty for the lease of Section 16 from 35 per cent to 65 per cent of the production.

But an oil monopoly has ways and means of recouping such losses. The royalties paid to the State are largely recovered by higher charges on gasoline within the State's borders. Since the beginning of the industry, Wyoming gasoline has sold cheaper at Missouri River points than within the State. At the present time the gasoline that is selling in towns neighboring the oil fields at 21 cents per gallon is selling in Colorado at 16 cents. Glaring as this practice is, there is no concerted move to check it.

The discovery of oil did more, however, than to enrich a large corporation. It served to turn the attention of the entire State inward for the first time. At last there is a universal center of interest—Salt Creek. About that oil field and the young city of Casper which has developed from it there has crowded a population of 50,000, the first industrial center of any consequence in the State. Previously it had been a State without cities, a ragged fringe of settlements around a central

desert. Economically the State had been as thoroughly partitioned into spheres of influence as ever was Poland or darkest Africa.

Due to the development of Salt Creek there is now under construction the first railway line designed to serve the interior needs of the State—the road being built by the Haskell interests from Sheridan to Casper, and is eventually to connect with the Union Pacific at Rawlins. Eventually Salt Creek seems destined to become the hub of a system of railways radiating to every region of the State, which will bind together all sections about this rich central empire. Then this meaningless geographical rectangle, this oblong satire on rational map-making, may become at last a unified commonwealth, a State among States, instead of a mere tribute payer to a usurious sisterhood. And then may arise the organized will to resist the exploitation of resources by monopolies without regard to the rights of the citizens.

Yet is there any assurance of such outcome? Will the imprisoned genii of the earth which were released through the casings with the roaring gas and thundering crude when the wild-catter's bit pierced the wealthy lower sands of Salt Creek effect any real social and political development? Or will the State merely experience a change of corporate allegiance, and become known as a province of Standard Oil?

He would be a hardy prophet who would venture a definite prediction. A medley of cross currents and clashing interests typifies the political as well as the industrial stage. There is no longer an outstanding element of population which dominates as did the ranchers until two decades ago. Those former masters

of the scene are for the most part pushed to the background—old men, their ranges gone, their trusty cowhands scattered into other places and other walks of life, their herds decimated year after year to pay the interest on the debts that seem as permanent as Gibraltar. Not given to voluble complaint, their sufferings have not received the same advertisement accorded to the wheat farmers of the Northwest, whose losses were fractional in comparison.

The combined number of farmers and ranchers in the State, according to the census of 1920, was 15,748. This number has been reduced by shoals of desertions, especially among the younger ranchers and the dry farmers, who went principally to swell the ranks of the refinery workers. The agricultural element remaining comprises three distinct classes—ranchers, dry farmers, and farmers on the irrigation projects—all with widely different and partially conflicting interests. Add to these the seven thousand coal miners of half a hundred nationalities, and the several thousand railway workers, whose economic creed has become sharply defined in the course of several years of industrial warfare—and it is plain why State and national elections today are battles in the mist for the old leaders.

Once Frank Mondell and Frances E. Warren were Wyoming, as far as national politics were concerned. For twelve straight terms Gentleman Frank had been returned to the House of Representatives, until he was withdrawn from that contest in 1922 to defeat John B. Kendrick and make it unanimous for the Republicans in the Wyoming delegation to the Senate. The result of that election was in the nature of a revolution in the political history of the State. Mondell had been con-

sidered unbeatable. In the prime of his popularity he had an immense personal following, built up by individual services to his various constituents. He had sensed the political importance of the homestead vote and spared no pains to work for their interests. His office had served as an information bureau to the new settler; many a Gordian knot of red tape had been severed by a word from him. Every new settler received a letter from Mondell offering his services.

But title to a homestead was scarce a matter for gratulation in 1922, and Mondell's old following had left him for new gods. Touted to win by a comfortable margin, he was decisively defeated. When the smoke of that conflict had rolled away, his discomfited backers took cognizance for the first time of the revolution in progress.

In the 1924 elections the seat of Senator Warren is at stake. With 81 years behind him, 34 of them spent in continuous service in the United States Senate, the leader of the Old Guard goes into his last fight with a divided opposition as his best asset. A united opposition would have assured his defeat. But with a dirt farmer candidate and a liberal Democrat with a strong labor following in the field against him, he is conceded a good chance to round out his full four decades in the upper chamber at Washington. Win or lose, the day of his real leadership is a part of that lamented past when Wyoming may have been wild and woolly in a social way but as dependable as a crime wave after war in matters political.

This division in the opposition to Warren is typical of the heterogeneous and disorganized character of the new elements of population. Weak in their state

allegiance, these newer elements are more interested in oil developments than in civic affairs. They are more interested in lobbying in the offices of oil company managers in behalf of exploration in their respective communities than in legislative relief. Harry Sinclair and the directorates of the Midwest Oil Company are men of more consequence than puny State officials, and have more desirable favors in their grant. A few cents per gallon of extortion in gasoline can be condoned if only the oil companies can be induced to recognize the advantages of their communities as fields for wildcatting.

And so the homesteader mails his semi-annual tax payments to keep his title clear against the coming of the wildcatter. The rancher is casting a desperate eye that same way for relief from the impending auctioneer's hammer. And all the ragged little cow towns forget the halcyon epoch when Wyoming was "a territory with a future, rather than a state with a past," dreaming on the sunbrowned prairie of the day when the oil rig will be unloaded on the side track and they will take their rightful place with Tulsa and with Casper.

NORTH CAROLINA

A MILITANT MEDIOCRACY

By ROBERT WATSON WINSTON

WHEN Bancroft wrote that North Carolina was the freest of the free he might have added "the slowest of the slow." She got into the Union too late to vote for George Washington, she got out too late to vote for Jefferson Davis. Until recently she was provincial and proud of it. Lying between Virginia and South Carolina, it amused and pleased her to be called a valley of humility between two mountains of conceit. No F. F. V.'s for her! Her early settlers were plain people, neither rich nor aristocratic. "Esse quam videri" her motto, the old Tar Heel State would fight, but she would not brag about it, Sir. She wanted no archives, no Historical Associations, no written history. What good was State pride, anyhow,? She began life as a tail to Thomas Jefferson's kite, and was quite willing to do the work and let Virginia have the glory.

This is the way that we North Carolinians have been wont to put it. One does not fail to detect a note of aggressiveness in these declarations of modesty. A citizen of a neighboring commonwealth once said, in the course of a good-humored dispute with a Tar Heel: "The trouble with you fellows is that you're so d——d proud of your humility." But, anyway, the self-abasement is a thing of the past now. The former valley is becoming a pretty good mountain itself when it comes to telling the world. No longer does there take

place this sort of colloquy, which one could hear at Virginia Springs back in the days when there were no North Carolina resorts:

"Oh, you are a Virginian, of course?"

[Apologetically] "No, Madam; but I was born quite near the Virginia line."

The late Governor Aycock summed up the educational status in these words: "Thank God for South Carolina! She keeps North Carolina from the foot of the column of illiteracy." The press made no contribution to the problem. The task of Josephus Daniels's daily paper, for instance, was to turn everything to political advantage, in its own words to "save the State." The two following citations are illustrative: "Who discovered the North Pole? Dr. Cook, of course, and it's the usual Republican trick to take the glory from Cook because he is a Democrat, and give it to Peary, a Republican." The efforts of the Rockefeller Foundation to eradicate hook-worm with its deadly consequences Mr. Daniels declared to be nothing less than a reflection upon the State whose people were the healthiest on earth and had no such disease as hook-worm—the whole thing being another illustration of meddling Northern philanthropy.

The best philosophy the State could boast for a long time was that of Nathaniel Macon, Speaker of the National House in the early days of the Republic. "Bury me," he said, "in the rockiest spot of my plantation, cover me over with white flint rocks, and do not mark my grave." And among his wise saws were: "Hold elections every year," "Don't live near enough to your neighbor to hear his dog bark," "Poor land is the best neighbor," "Pay as you go—that is the phi-

losopher's stone." Governor Vance followed with the wisdom that "When a man left the farm for the factory he ceased to be a free man and became a slave."

How could there be outstanding men or commerce in these circumstances? And great cities, such as Atlanta, Georgia; Richmond, Virginia, or Charleston, South Carolina, would be a menace to liberty and not to be thought of for a moment. North Carolina hasn't them today—uniquely among Southern States.

This is a far cry indeed from today, when we find Virginia and South Carolina and Georgia newspapers asking, almost plaintively, why North Carolina goes ahead so much faster than her Southern sisters in education, good roads, industrial development. I shall not encumber this discussion with statistics, but the records will show the following facts:

The taxable wealth of North Carolina is $4,543,110,000—an increase of 176 per cent in ten years. Twenty years ago her total tax values were $300,000,000; today two counties out of a hundred—Guilford and Forsyth—have a taxable valuation of three hundred million. Last year North Carolina communities voted $11,000,000 for school buildings—more than Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee combined. The last two legislatures voted $65,000,000 for good roads which nearly equals the combined outlay for roads in all the other Southern States south of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi. In addition to $65,000,000 voted for public roads by the State the individual counties have voted an aggregate amount of $45,000,000 for the same purpose. In crop values North Carolina holds fifth place. Texas comes first, then Iowa—$475,000,000,

Illinois — $459,000,000, California — $447,000,000 and North Carolina—$415,000,000. She has 505 cotton mills with a spindleage of 5,540,000; her 80,000 cotton mill operatives turn out $318,000,000 of output; her total factory output is a billion dollars.

North Carolina leads the South in the number of factory establishments; in the number of wage earners; in capital employed—Texas, her nearest competitor, is a hundred million dollars behind.

North Carolina leads the world in tobacco manufacture as well as in tobacco crop value. Her factories consume nearly a third of all leaf tobacco raised in the United States; she pays nearly a third of the national tobacco taxes. At Kannapolis are the largest towel mills in the world; at Durham the largest hosiery mills in the world; at Winston-Salem, the world's largest tobacco factory, and underwear mills; at Canton the largest pulp mill in the world, and at Badin the largest aluminum plant. Greensboro has the largest denim mills in the United States, and Roanoke Rapids, the largest damask mills in the Nation; in textile manufacturing she is second in the Nation only to Massachusetts. In twenty years industrial wages have increased from 14 to 137 millions of dollars, and capital employed from 68 to 669 millions. The State has been conspicuously generous, in comparison with other States in the same section of the country, in supporting institutions of higher education, notably the University, colleges for women, and the College of Agriculture and Engineering.

Turning to the dark side of the picture, we are faced with the living and working conditions of a great part of North Carolina's agricultural population. Tens of

thousands of small farmers are owned body and soul by the landowner and the money-lender. Their crop is mortgaged before it sprouts, and if cotton and tobacco prices reach a low level, which happens many years, not only is there no margin over and above the debt, but a deficit which leaves the farmers deeper in the mire than ever. It is these Americans sunk in poverty of whom Walter Hines Page wrote in "The Forgotten Man." Competent observers have estimated that between two and three hundred thousand of these tenant farmers—"croppers," as they are called—and their families are not possessed of the wherewithal for even the simplest sort of decent life.

Another condition of which North Carolina has no cause to be proud is the low state of culture reflected both in the creation and in the appreciation of literature, painting, sculpture, and music. True, there is a cultured class around the colleges and in some of the cities, with scattered points of light in the villages and the country, but it is a deplorably insignificant showing. A recent report upon the small number of books bought, and borrowed from public libraries, brought forth avowals of mortification and vehement self-criticism from the State's organs of news and opinion.

The saving factor, as regards both tenant farmer and the neglect of literature and the arts, is that North Carolina is working to remove both these reproaches. It is decreasingly trying to distract attention or blind its own eyes by rhapsodic allusions to its Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence in 1775 and the gallant deeds of '61 to '65. The leaders of the State's thought are zealously striving to remedy its weaknesses, and they are supported by an active forward-looking ele-

ment the absence of which thirty-five or forty years ago was so vividly recorded by Mr. Page. A State literary and historical association, an active library association, and an organization at the university to develop dramatic talent are leading manifestations of the will-to-progress in one direction. In the other direction, the farm-tenancy evil is being attacked by experts in rural sociology, a public-welfare department, farm-demonstration agents, and of course through the steady expansion of the schools.

To the outsider the question at once occurs—what has made this State different from the rest, what explains its going ahead more rapidly than other Southern States in education and industrial development and road-building?

Now, let us not take too much credit to ourselves, but give some of it to Providence. The State of North Carolina is so placed that it escapes the rigors of severe cold and yet is free from the oppression that prolonged intense heat visits upon mind and body. Soil, the seasons, the temperature, and the distribution of rainfall enable us to grow every important crop grown in the United States. North Carolina alone in the Union is both a big cotton and a big tobacco-growing State. In cotton it stands with South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, in tobacco with Virginia and Kentucky. This circumstance in itself would explain the millions by which its agricultural products exceed in value those of other States of about the same area.

Another natural advantage of capital importance to industrial expansion is water power, in which North Carolina leads all other States east of the Mississippi,

excepting only New York with its Niagara. Hundreds of thousands of horse-power are already used for mills and public utilities, and a great deal more await development. In manufacturing North Carolina would never have been able to forge ahead as she has without the rivers tumbling down from the heights of the Appalachian chain. Here is wealth in inexhaustible form. Coal is burned up, and even the fishes of the sea are numbered, but water keeps on coming out of the clouds.

But advantages of climate and soil, beauties of mountain and plain were hid to the world until recent circumstances uncovered Asheville and Pinehurst, now overwhelmed with tourists and home seekers. Asheville's apotheosis and the erection "of the costliest resort hotel in the world" were synchronous. A certain Dr. Grove, having amassed a fortune from a patent medicine, chanced to pass through the Land of the Sky. The château of George W. Vanderbilt and its magnificent grounds attracted his attention. He investigated the Thermal Belt, well-nigh immune to frost and especially adapted to the growth of choice apples. He traveled over the Yonnalasee highway, skirting the Grandfather Mountain, with its great cascades tumbling through rhododendron and mountain laurel; his eyes dwelt on Mt. Mitchell, 6,800 feet above sea level, with a hundred sister peaks of more than 5,000 feet each; he caught rainbow trout in the Oconolufty, the Cataloochee, the Tuckasegee. He found, notably at Tryon and Flat Rock, cultivated families from Chicago, Charleston, New Orleans, and remoter sections, writers, authors, scholars, Army and Navy men, seeking an all-the-year-climate and finding it. He compared western North Carolina, with its

dry climate and gorgeous scenery, with New England or the playgrounds of the Old World. To his appraising eye the Blue Ridge and the Craggies seemed superior to the White Mountains or the Green, the Adirondacks or the Berkshires; the sylvan Wye and the gentle Afton inferior to the rippling French Broad, the picturesque Swannanoa, the romantic Nantahala, dashing over pebbly bottoms. His mind was made up—Asheville would be his headquarters. And so at Asheville he constructed the costliest resort hotel in the world. To Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic let us rise and sing! Last year 300,000 people visited the Asheville region with its long stretches of hard-surfaced roads. Near by the Government had two hospitals for soldiers; and Black Mountain, Hendersonville, Montreat, and Junaluska are assembly grounds for religious bodies of all kinds. Two boys' schools, one with patronage extending from South Carolina to Texas; the other filled with the picked youth of New England, Chicago, and the West, are the pride of this metropolis of the mountains. Camps for boy and girl scouts are plentiful. Through the newly created Pisgah National Forest and Game Reserve runs the national highway to Pisgah, 5,700 feet above the sea, furnishing a panorama of mountain scenery of marvelous beauty and grandeur. Perhaps the greatest playground for the people east of the Mississippi has come into being.

The birth of Pinehurst and Southern Pines, home of winter sports, was even more accidental than that of Asheville. In the nineties a native of the Pine Barrens of Central North Carolina, where land went begging at 50 cents an acre, was sitting in his cabin door when a stranger, driving over roads hub deep in sand, halted

near by. The stranger was Leonard Tufts, a soda water manufacturer of Boston. He called:

"Hello, friend! Do you own this entire farm?"

"Well, that's what the folks say."

"Then I'm truly sorry for you."

"Well, now, stranger, you needn't be wasting yer sympathy, there ain't as much land in this piece as you think thar is."

Today the Sand Hill Red-Skinned Peach Association, the Page family, and other peach growers own great tracts in this region which are hard to get at $100 an acre, and from Cameron to Hamlet are flourishing orchards of peaches, grapes, dewberries, and blackberries.

This transformation came about because of Leonard Tufs's visit in search of an ideal winter climate, and Pinehurst and Southern Pines, in consequence of his work, are better known than the State itself. And what a stimulus they have been to the State, with their herds of blooded Berkshires and Ayrshires and their community fairs! But, true to the "esse quam videri" motto of the State, these good people have not made it known that they are raising a peach more luscious and more costly than the Georgia peach, and that they shipped this season nearly a million crates, together with hundreds of thousands of crates of berries.

So much for the help of nature. But that is not the whole story. Another great cause of this State's progress has to do with men, men much in earnest for education and for industrial development. About 1875 the father of a barefoot lad, Charles B. Aycock, had sold a little piece of land and the County Squire had come to take the signature of the boy's mother. "You sign on the second line, Madam, just under your hus-

band, please." "I cannot write my name, I will have to make my mark"; and the boy was listening to the conversation. Not boastingly, but just to show the impelling power which made him pledge his life to the cause of education, Governor Charles B. Aycock, North Carolina's "educational Governor," once related this story, and added—"I then and there made a vow that every man and woman in North Carolina should have a chance to read and write."

The new amendment to the Constitution required that white boys and black boys alike, after January, 1908, possess certain educational qualifications as a prerequisite to the ballot. It was then that the voice of Aycock, like the crack of a new saddle, aroused the people as never before, bringing compulsory education, a six months' school term, and farm-life schools throughout the State: "I tell you men that from this good hour opposition to the cause of education must be regarded as treason to the State. People charge me with spending great sums of money in the cause of education. I admit it; I am going to keep on doing it, and if I don't spend more it will be because I haven't got any more to spend."

McIver, laboring for the education of women, himself a college-mate of Aycock, declared: "When you educate a man, you educate one person; when you educate a woman, you educate an entire family." These men died young, died with their boots on, died spurring their hobby-horses—and these galloped on.

Then came James Buchanan Duke, tobacco king; and Walter Clark, smasher of idols. Duke, now the wealthiest man in all Dixie, loves to tell this story of his boyhood.

Just after the Civil War, Duke's father, living in the hill country, drove a covered wagon loaded with tobacco, which he had manufactured by hand, to the Capehart herring fishery on the Albemarle Sound. The two mules required the better part of a week for the journey, for the roads were muddy and rough. The venture was a success; his tobacco had been bartered for corned herring and the herring in turn had been traded for fresh pork, which the merchants in Raleigh bought at good prices. Out of his double profit our small tobacco manufacturer could afford to be generous, even lavish, so he laid out a dollar in brown sugar, bought a tin bucket, a dozen shiny pewter spoons, and, on reaching home, proudly bade his three sons pitch in and eat all they wanted. In about half an hour the second lad called out: "Daddy, they've cheated you on this sugar, the bottom isn't half as good as the top."

While Duke was eating his first sugar another lad, somewhat older and of gentle birth, lately returned from Lee's army, was sitting on the generous veranda of his ancestral home regretting the fate which brought him into the world too late to have been a major general, and asking himself "What next?" This was Walter Clark, a Confederate colonel at 17, now, and for the last third of a century, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, the most talked-of man in the State's history.[1]

These two men, Clark and Duke, differing *toto cælo,* have taught the State to think in terms of millions. Before the coming of Duke and Clark "Pay as you go" was the fixed policy of the State, good

[1] While this volume is in press word comes of the death of Chief Justice Clark.

roads or bad roads, education or no education. Macon had promulgated it, Vance advocated it, Aycock got roundly abused for violating it in the cause of universal education, Daniels's paper frightened legislature after legislature into following it. But "Pay as you go" is no more. Dead are the old leaders—and eight years in Washington have educated Josephus Daniels. It should be set down in his favor that for a long time now he has been a consistent champion of progress. No longer does he fight bond issues in behalf of great enterprises; and at this time, cities, counties, and the State, released from the dead hand of the past, are using their credit, marketing bonds by the millions, for roads and schools, for waterworks and other public necessities.

All this pleases the Chief Justice immensely. It dwarfs the individual and magnifies the State. "Give the people all comforts, all conveniences," says Clark. When Circuit Judge, his standing orders in a hundred counties were: "Remove those uncomfortable chairs from the jury box, replace them with the latest revolving chairs; tear up that ill-smelling carpet; put a clock on the wall; bring the county law library into the courtroom; transact public business in a business way." In one county, where the commissioners refused to obey, he called the matter to the attention of an admiring grand jury with satisfactory results. Asked what will become of our grandchildren, burdened with the weight of debt, he smiles and says: "Don't you worry about the grandchildren, they will take care of themselves, much better than you or I did."

When the late Bishop Kilgo, then president of Trinity College, praised Washington Duke for a large

gift to the college, Clark, a trustee, took offense, spurned the money, sought to expel Kilgo from the faculty, and in a ringing article parodied President Kilgo's speech of acceptance: "My Lord Duke, give us money; thou art the greatest man in this our Southland; thy little finger is thicker than the loins of the law; money, money, all else is but as dust in the balance." After these plain words the atmosphere of Clark's city church, its stewards being also Trinity trustees, grew decidedly cold. The fight got into the courts and threatened to disrupt the Methodist church. Clark suggested that to the Trinity College motto "Eruditio et Religio" should be added "et Tobacco." Following hard on this episode, Brother Kilgo was made Methodist bishop, while Brother Clark continued to do business as usual.

Chief Justice Taft recently declared that he would not trust Judge Clark with the Constitution overnight, and it is said that on one occasion when a writ of error was demanded of former Chief Justice White, the following conversation took place:

Railroad Attorney: "We are asking a writ of error to the Supreme Court of North Carolina, Mr. Chief Justice."

Chief Justice White: "What is the nature of the action, and who wrote the opinion?"

Railroad Attorney: "The action is against a railroad for damages for personal injury and the opinion was written by Chief Justice Clark."

Chief Justice White: "You need not trouble to read the record. I will sign your writ."

The corporation papers often charge that Clark is trailing the judicial ermine in the dust. He likes

this. It calls the people's attention sharply to the fact that corporations dislike him. Tireless years has Clark labored to improve sanitary conditions in factories, protect the health and life of the wage-earner, throw safeguards about women and children, bring about woman's suffrage, and explode an opinion, in Hoke *vs.* Henderson, that a public office is a contract. "The people gave, the people can take away," said Clark, Chief Justice. To Walter Clark the Constitution of the United States is but a buffer to protect the rich in their ill-gotten gains. Washington, Henry, Marshall, Adams, Franklin were land-grabbers, time-servers. Jefferson was the honest man of the Revolution. The greatest usurpation in judicial history was Marshall's declaring an Act of Congress unconstitutional. Whatever the people say is the law. He admires fighters like La Follette and Tom Johnson. As for the trusts they are snakes which must be killed, not scotched. Shall a handful of Rockefellers and Dukes be suffered to possess the wealth which, of right, belongs to one hundred and twenty million free men? The people will never get their dues until the government acquires all natural resources, coal, iron, and oil fields, the means of transportation and of disseminating news, all railroads, steamboats, telegraphs and telephones, and the like. Squeeze every drop of water out of this stock, issue millions of bonds if necessary, and purchase those properties at prime cost, restoring them to the people. Perhaps you inquire why the Chief Justice is so busy about these matters; why is he not solemn and dignified and like other wearers of the ermine? He is not made that way. He wants these changes to take place in his life-

time, and he verily believes that they will be. If in the pursuit of them he becomes lonesome, unsocial, cut off from companionship with his class, run out of the aristocratic city church to the little Methodist chapel in the outskirts, a man without party, friends, pleasures, or vices—what of it? That way duty and destiny lie.

And "Buck" Duke? He does not know that Judge Clark is after him. He started life with nothing, and if he is the most powerful capitalist in the South he achieved it all himself. Before he organized the tobacco trust and put cigarettes in the mouths of Chinese and Japanese, the tobacco crop of North Carolina was a pitiful sixty million pounds—today it is four hundred million pounds, for which he pays the farmer the tidy sum of one hundred and fifteen million dollars annually. It was he, he contends, who gave the State a standing in the financial world. From his brain and energy have sprung mill-towns and cities and great wealth for thousands of North Carolina associates, and into State and national coffers millions upon millions of taxes have been poured, so that all property in North Carolina today is exempt from taxation for State purposes. Before he built his cotton mills many a poor family in mountain cove or in the valley was eking out a living, rearing children pale and underfed. Today the same family has some money in the bank, ample food and clothing, and the blessings of schooled offspring.

Not long ago Duke's imagination was aroused by the hydro-electric possibilities of his State and he formulated plans for the Southern Power Company. "I shall develop," said he recently, "millions of horsepower, sufficient to heat and light the State; and our

people will no longer pay tribute to the coal barons. Of Piedmont, Carolina, I shall make a garden spot where there will be ample work for all; and agriculture shall be brought out of its long bondage. Trinity College, founded by my father, shall become the most heavily endowed college in America. Do you see that hydro-electric plant there?" pointing to his Catawba development. "It has cost me eighty million dollars."

"What do you expect to get out of it, Mr. Duke?" he was asked.

"Nothing. I was born in North Carolina. It is about time I was beginning to think of a monument. I want to leave something in the State that five hundred years from now people can look at and say 'Duke did that.' Everyone owes something to the State he was born in, and this is what I want to leave to North Carolina. Do I look like a dangerous man to be let loose in the State?" he concluded. In this fierce fight between Clark and Duke, which will win? Shall it be Clark's "Dream of John Ball," or the dream of "Buck" Duke? In either case there will be progress.

But after all neither natural advantages nor wise leadership accounts for North Carolina's recent growth. The credit must go largely to the "get together" spirit of a people 99 per cent native born. The average Tar Heel owns his little farm, "lives at home and boards at the same place." North Carolina's development is the triumph of a vigorous middle class. The State never had the aristocratic tradition of either Virginia or South Carolina. To be sure, it had its planter class, the members of which cherished their escutcheons and family trees as the Virginia and South Carolina grandees cherished theirs; but this

favored company never established itself so firmly in a holy of holies as its blood brethren to the north or south. It was closer to the ground, and when the big smash came the aura which had surrounded it was dissipated more quickly.

The more complete dominance of an upper class in Virginia had its advantages. It was favorable to leisure for a privileged few, and that leisure in turn was favorable to the growth of culture. No unbiased observer of the life of these two neighbors, no student of their history, can fail to find that North Carolina has been behind Virginia in polish, in the amenities of intercourse, in devotion to things literary and artistic.

The lesser gap between high and low in North Carolina in ante-bellum days has been reflected in a greater readiness to welcome new ideas, a lack of reverence for old allegiances and preconceptions. True, the dead hand of the past seemed to have as firm a grip here as elsewhere in the first quarter of a century after Appomattox, but more recent events have proved that this was not so.

There are those who will say: "You are wrong; there is no difference between the mass of the people in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. They are from the same stock. Your faster march is due to your luck in having the right leaders at the right time." A good deal may be said for that view. While South Carolina and Georgia have been worshiping at the altars of such gods as Blease and Tom Watson, North Carolina has been heeding the advice of Aycock, McIver, Alderman, and others with a passion for real democracy and democratic education. Whatever the reason, there arose in the nineties

a few leaders who answered miraculously to the need of the hour. They had to combat a vast ignorance—the heritage of slavery, war, and subsequent dire poverty—as well as sectarian prejudices fanned by persons who knew better. They attacked inertia and reaction with the fervor of crusaders and with much success.

But the hardest battle of all is yet to be fought—the battle for religious, political and intellectual freedom. Incredible, for instance, is it that the State Board of Education has just now excluded from the public schools all text books teaching evolution. "Only the Bible account of man's creation shall be taught," they declare. Heretofore the University has been our greatest agency for good. Now its trustees, some two hundred active politicians, are insisting that in the future only "red blooded North Carolinians" shall be added to the faculty. Instead of endeavoring to raise up the people to the standard of a college worthy a great State they are demanding that the course of instruction be lowered to the level of the crowd. "How would Mr. Lincoln have got his license to practice law if a three-year law course had been required of him?" they ask; and there is no Aycock to set them right. The recent marvelous growth, the exceptionally fine climate and other natural advantages of this State will turn to ashes unless she take another forward step.

If intellectual freedom is to be barred and a cheap-John system of education, based on prejudice and dependent upon popular applause, insisted upon, North Carolina must remain a militant mediocracy, for undoubtedly the history of the world is nothing but the development of the idea of freedom.

NEBRASKA

THE END OF THE FIRST CYCLE

By WILLA SIBERT CATHER

THE State of Nebraska is part of the great plain which stretches west of the Missouri River, gradually rising until it reaches the Rocky Mountains. The character of all this country between the river and the mountains is essentially the same throughout its extent: a rolling, alluvial plain, growing gradually more sandy toward the west, until it breaks into the white sand-hills of western Nebraska and Kansas and eastern Colorado. From east to west this plain measures something over five hundred miles; in appearance it resembles the wheat lands of Russia, which fed the continent of Europe for so many years. Like Little Russia it is watered by slow-flowing, muddy rivers, which run full in the spring, often cutting into the farm lands along their banks; but by midsummer they lie low and shrunken, their current split by glistening white sand-bars half overgrown with scrub willows.

The climate, with its extremes of temperature, gives to this plateau the variety which, to the casual eye at least, it lacks. There we have short, bitter winters; windy, flower-laden springs; long, hot summers; triumphant autumns that last until Christmas—a season of perpetual sunlight, blazing blue skies, and frosty nights. In this newest part of the New World autumn is the season of beauty and sentiment, as spring is in the Old World.

Nebraska is a newer State than Kansas. It was a State before there were people in it. Its social history falls easily within a period of sixty years, and the first stable settlements of white men were made within the memory of old folk now living. The earliest of these settlements—Bellevue, Omaha, Brownville, Nebraska City—were founded along the Missouri River, which was at that time a pathway for small steamers. In 1855-1860 these four towns were straggling groups of log houses, hidden away along the wooded river banks.

Before 1860 civilization did no more than nibble at the eastern edge of the State, along the river bluffs. Lincoln, the present capital, was open prairie; and the whole of the great plain to the westward was still a sunny wilderness, where the tall red grass and the buffalo and the Indian hunter were undisturbed. Fremont, with Kit Carson, the famous scout, had gone across Nebraska in 1842, exploring the valley of the Platte. In the days of the Mormon persecution fifteen thousand Mormons camped for two years, 1845-1846, six miles north of Omaha, while their exploring parties went farther west, searching for fertile land outside of government jurisdiction. In 1847 the entire Mormon sect, under the leadership of Brigham Young, went with their wagons through Nebraska and on to that desert beside the salty sea which they have made so fruitful.

In forty-nine and the early fifties, gold hunters, bound for California, crossed the State in thousands, always following the old Indian trail along the Platte Valley. The State was a highway for dreamers and adventurers; men who were in quest of gold or grace,

freedom or romance. With all these people the road led out, but never back again.

While Nebraska was a camping-ground for seekers outward bound, the wooden settlements along the Missouri were growing into something permanent. The settlers broke the ground and began to plant the fine orchards which have ever since been the pride of Otoe and Nemaha counties. It was at Brownville that the first telegraph wire was brought across the Missouri River. When I was a child I heard ex-Governor Furness relate how he stood with other pioneers in the log cabin where the Morse instrument had been installed, and how, when it began to click, the men took off their hats as if they were in church. The first message flashed across the river into Nebraska was not a market report, but a line of poetry: "Westward the course of empire takes its way." The Old West was like that.

The first back-and-forth travel through the State was by way of the Overland Mail, a monthly passenger-and-mail-stage service across the plains from Independence to the newly founded colony at Salt Lake —a distance of twelve hundred miles.

When silver ore was discovered in the mountains of Colorado near Cherry Creek—afterward Camp Denver and later the city of Denver—a picturesque form of commerce developed across the great plain of Nebraska: the transporting of food and merchandise from the Missouri to the Colorado mining camps, and on to the Mormon settlement at Salt Lake. One of the largest freighting companies, operating out of Nebraska City, in the six summer months of 1860 carried nearly three million pounds of freight across

Nebraska, employing 515 wagons, 5,687 oxen, and 600 drivers.

The freighting began in the early spring, usually about the middle of April, and continued all summer and through the long, warm autumns. The oxen made from ten to twenty miles a day. I have heard the old freighters say that, after embarking on their six-hundred mile trail, they lost count of the days of the week and the days of the month. While they were out in that sea of waving grass, one day was like another; and, if one can trust the memory of these old men, all the days were glorious. The buffalo trails still ran north and south then; deep, dusty paths the bison wore when, single file, they came north in the spring for the summer grass, and went south again in the autumn. Along these trails were the buffalo "wallows"—shallow depressions where the rain water gathered when it ran off the tough prairie sod. These wallows the big beasts wore deeper and packed hard when they rolled about and bathed in the pools, so that they held water like a cement bottom. The freighters lived on game and shot the buffalo for their hides. The grass was full of quail and prairie chickens, and flocks of wild ducks swam about on the lagoons. These lagoons have long since disappeared, but they were beautiful things in their time; long stretches where the rain water gathered and lay clear on a grassy bottom without mud. From the lagoons the first settlers hauled water to their homesteads, before they had dug their wells. The freighters could recognize the lagoons from afar by the clouds of golden coreopsis which grew up out of the water and waved delicately above its surface. Among the pio-

neers the coreopsis was known simply as "the lagoon flower."

As the railroads came in, the freighting business died out. Many a freight-driver settled down upon some spot he had come to like on his journeys to and fro, homesteaded it, and wandered no more. The Union Pacific, the first transcontinental railroad, was completed in 1869. The Burlington entered Nebraska in the same year, at Platsmouth, and began construction westward. It finally reached Denver by an indirect route, and went on extending and ramifying through the State. With the railroads came the home-seeking people from overseas.

When the first courageous settlers came straggling out through the waste with their oxen and covered wagons, they found open range all the way from Lincoln to Denver; a continuous, undulating plateau, covered with long, red, shaggy grass. The prairie was green only where it had been burned off in the spring by the new settlers or by the Indians, and toward autumn even the new grass became a coppery brown. This sod, which had never been broken by the plow, was so tough and strong with the knotted grass roots of many years, that the home-seekers were able to peel it off the earth like peat, cut it up into bricks, and make of it warm, comfortable, durable houses. Some of these sod houses lingered on until the open range was gone and the grass was gone, and the whole face of the country had been changed.

Even as late as 1885 the central part of the State, and everything to the westward, was, in the main, raw prairie. The cultivated fields and broken land seemed mere scratches in the brown, running steppe

that never stopped until it broke against the foothills of the Rockies. The dugouts and sod farm houses were three or four miles apart, and the only means of communication was the heavy farm wagon, drawn by heavy work horses. The early population of Nebraska was largely transatlantic. The county in which I grew up, in the south-central part of the State, was typical. On Sunday we could drive to a Norwegian church and listen to a sermon in that language, or to a Danish or a Swedish church. We could go to the French Catholic settlement in the next county and hear a sermon in French, or into the Bohemian township and hear one in Czech, or we could go to church with the German Lutherans. There were, of course, American congregations also.

There is a Prague in Nebraska as well as in Bohemia. Many of our Czech immigrants were people of a very superior type. The political emigration resulting from the revolutionary disturbances of 1848 was distinctly different from the emigration resulting from economic causes, and brought to the United States brilliant young men both from Germany and Bohemia. In Nebraska our Czech settlements were large and very prosperous. I have walked about the streets of Wilber, the county seat of Saline County, for a whole day without hearing a word of English spoken. In Wilber, in the old days, behind the big, friendly brick saloon—it was not a "saloon," properly speaking, but a beer garden, where the farmers ate their lunch when they came to town—there was a pleasant little theater where the boys and girls were trained to give the masterpieces of Czech drama in the Czech language. "Americanization" has doubt-

less done away with all this. Our lawmakers have a rooted conviction that a boy can be a better American if he speaks only one language than if he speaks two. I could name a dozen Bohemian towns in Nebraska where one used to be able to go into a bakery and buy better pastry than is to be had anywhere except in the best pastry shops of Prague or Vienna. The American lard pie never corrupted the Czech.

Cultivated, restless young men from Europe made incongruous figures among the hard-handed breakers of the soil. Frederick Amiel's nephew lived for many years and finally died among the Nebraska farmers. Amiel's letters to his kinsman were published in the *Atlantic Monthly* of March, 1921, under the title "Amiel in Nebraska." Camille Saint-Saëns's cousin lived just over the line, in Kansas. Knut Hamsun, the Norwegian writer who was awarded the Nobel Prize for 1920, was a "hired hand" on a Dakota farm to the north of us. Colonies of European people, Slavonic, Germanic, Scandinavian, Latin, spread across our bronze prairies like the daubs of color on a painter's palette. They brought with them something that this neutral new world needed even more than the immigrants needed land.

Unfortunately, their American neighbors were seldom open-minded enough to understand the Europeans, or to profit by their older traditions. Our settlers from New England, cautious and convinced of their own superiority, kept themselves insulated as much as possible from foreign influences. The incomers from the South—from Missouri, Kentucky, the two Virginias—were provincial and utterly without curiosity. They were kind neighbors—lent a hand

to help a Swede when he was sick or in trouble. But I am quite sure that Knut Hamsun might have worked a year for any one of our Southern farmers, and his employer would never have discovered that there was anything unusual about the Norwegian. A New England settler might have noticed that his chore-boy had a kind of intelligence, but he would have distrusted and stonily disregarded it. If the daughter of a shiftless West Virginia mountaineer married the nephew of a professor at the University of Upsala, the native family felt disgraced by such an alliance.

Nevertheless, the thrift and intelligence of its preponderant European population have been potent factors in bringing about the present prosperity of the State. The census of 1910 showed that there were then 228,648 foreign-born and native-born Germans living in Nebraska; 103,503 Scandinavians; 50,680 Czechs. The total foreign population of the State was then 900,571, while the entire population was 1,192,214. That is, in round numbers, there were about nine hundred thousand foreign Americans in the State, to three hundred thousand native stock. With such a majority of foreign stock, nine to three, it would be absurd to say that the influence of the European does not cross the boundary of his own acres, and has had nothing to do with shaping the social ideals of the commonwealth.

When I stop at one of the graveyards in my own county, and see on the headstones the names of fine old men I used to know: *"Eric Ericson, born Bergen, Norway . . . died Nebraska," "Anton Pucelik, born Prague, Bohemia . . . died Nebraska,"* I have always the hope that something went into the ground with

those pioneers that will one day come out again. Something that will come out not only in sturdy traits of character, but in elasticity of mind, in an honest attitude toward the realities of life, in certain qualities of feeling and imagination. Some years ago a professor at the University of Nebraska happened to tell me about a boy in one of his Greek classes who had a very unusual taste for the classics—intuitions and perceptions in literature. This puzzled him, he said, as the boy's parents had no interest in such things. I knew what the professor did not: that, though this boy had an American name, his grandfather was a Norwegian, a musician of high attainment, a fellow-student and life-long friend of Edvard Grieg. It is in that great cosmopolitan country known as the Middle West that we may hope to see the hard molds of American provincialism broken up; that we may hope to find young talent which will challenge the pale proprieties, the insincere, conventional optimism of our art and thought.

The rapid industrial development of Nebraska, which began in the latter eighties, was arrested in the years 1893-1897 by a succession of crop failures and by the financial depression which spread over the whole country at that time—the depression which produced the People's Party and the Free Silver agitation. These years of trial, as everyone now realizes, had a salutary effect upon the new State. They winnowed out the settlers with a purpose from the drifting malcontents who are ever seeking a land where man does not live by the sweat of his brow. The slack farmer moved on. Superfluous banks failed, and money lenders who drove hard bargains with desperate men came to grief.

The strongest stock survived, and within ten years those who had weathered the storm came into their reward. What that reward is, you can see for yourself if you motor through the State from Omaha to the Colorado line. The country has no secrets; it is as open as an honest human face.

The old, isolated farms have come together. They rub shoulders. The whole State is a farm. Now it is the pasture lands that look little and lonely, crowded in among so much wheat and corn. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every farmer owns an automobile. I believe the last estimate showed that there is one motor car for every six inhabitants in Nebraska. The great grain fields are plowed by tractors. The old farm houses are rapidly being replaced by more cheerful dwellings, with bathrooms and hardwood floors, heated by furnaces or hot-water plants. Many of them are lighted by electricity, and every farm house has its telephone. The country towns are clean and well kept. On Saturday night the main street is a long black line of parked motor cars; the farmers have brought their families to town to see the moving-picture show. When the school bell rings on Monday morning, crowds of happy looking children, well nourished—for the most part well mannered, too—flock along the shady streets. They wear cheerful, modern clothes, and the girls, like the boys, are elastic and vigorous in their movements. These thousands and thousands of children—in the little towns and in the country schools—these, of course, ten years from now, will be the State.

In this time of prosperity any farmer boy who wishes to study at the State University can do so. A New

York lawyer who went out to Lincoln to assist in training the university students for military service in war time exclaimed when he came back: "What splendid young men! I would not have believed that any school in the world could get together so many boys physically fit, and so few unfit."

Of course, there is the other side of the medal, stamped with the ugly crest of materialism, which has set its seal upon all of our most productive commonwealths. Too much prosperity, too many moving-picture shows, too much gaudy fiction have colored the taste and manners of so many of these Nebraskans of the future. There, as elsewhere, one finds the frenzy to be showy; farmer boys who wish to be spenders before they are earners, girls who try to look like the heroines of the cinema screen; a coming generation which tries to cheat its æsthetic sense by buying things instead of making anything. There is even danger that that fine institution, the University of Nebraska, may become a gigantic trade school. The men who control its destiny, the regents and the lawmakers, wish their sons and daughters to study machines, mercantile processes, "the principles of business"; everything that has to do with the game of getting on in the world—and nothing else. The classics, the humanities, are having their dark hour. They are in eclipse. Studies that develop taste and enrich personality are not encouraged. But the "Classics" have a way of revenging themselves. One may venture to hope that the children, or the grandchildren, of a generation that goes to a university to select only the most utilitarian subjects in the course of study—among them, salesmanship and dressmaking—will revolt against all the

heaped-up, machine-made materialism about them. They will go back to the old sources of culture and wisdom—not as a duty, but with burning desire.

In Nebraska, as in so many other States, we must face the fact that the splendid story of the pioneers is finished, and that no new story worthy to take its place has yet begun. The generation that subdued the wild land and broke up the virgin prairie is passing, but it is still there, a group of rugged figures in the background which inspire respect, compel admiration. With these old men and women the attainment of material prosperity was a moral victory, because it was wrung from hard conditions, was the result of a struggle that tested character. They can look out over those broad stretches of fertility and say: "We made this, with our backs and hands." The sons, the generation now in middle life, were reared amid hardships, and it is perhaps natural that they should be very much interested in material comfort, in buying whatever is expensive and ugly. Their fathers came into a wilderness and had to make everything, had to be as ingenious as shipwrecked sailors. The generation now in the driver's seat hates to make anything, wants to live and die in an automobile, scudding past those acres where the old men used to follow the long corn-rows up and down. They want to buy everything ready-made: clothes, food, education, music, pleasure. Will the third generation—the full-blooded, joyous one just coming over the hill—will it be fooled? Will it believe that to live easily is to live happily?

The wave of generous idealism, noble seriousness, which swept over the State of Nebraska in 1917 and 1918, demonstrated how fluid and flexible is any liv-

ing, growing, expanding society. If such "conversions" do not last, they at least show of what men and women are capable. Surely the materialism and showy extravagance of this hour are a passing phase! They will mean no more in half a century from now than will the "hard times" of twenty-five years ago—which are already forgotten. The population is as clean and full of vigor as the soil; there are no old grudges, no heritages of disease or hate. The belief that snug success and easy money are the real aims of human life has settled down over our prairies, but it has not yet hardened into molds and crusts. The people are warm, mercurial, impressionable, restless, over-fond of novelty and change. These are not the qualities which make the dull chapters of history.

OKLAHOMA

LOW JACKS AND THE CROOKED GAME

By BURTON RASCOE

POLITICS in Oklahoma are, if anything, not much more corrupt than they are, say, for instance, in the city of Boston. The economic parity in Oklahoma is, if anything, not much more out of balance than it is, say, for instance, in the city of New York. The averages of literacy and intelligence in Oklahoma are little lower than they are, say, for instance, in the city of Chicago. The difference is that whereas in these great urban communities one may easily live in comfortable ignorance of the socio-economic condition that sustains one, there is in the State of Oklahoma no city large enough to conceal the hideous aspect of its fundamental organization. The sinister and discomforting skeleton is not only devoid of all the draperies, rouge, rice powder, and mascara of civilization; it is not even presentably filled out with the fat and tissue of human illusions.

It is not that Oklahomans are men and women set aside as an especially enigmatic exhibit in the mysterious way God moves His wonders to perform. They only seem so. That is because the State is so young and unpopulous as never to have acquired a social fabric with a nap of culture: it is a haphazard homespun every thread of whose woof is visible. An Oklahoman knows, if he keeps his eyes open at all, everything that is going on about him and he knows that

it is not conducive to respect and solicitude for his fellowmen. It is the worst possible place for an idealist and, since most people of normal intelligence and decent instincts are weighted in adolescence with the impedimenta of illusions, they either shed their burden and become Oklahomans or shake the State's dust from their feet at the first opportunity. As a result the Oklahoma towns and cities are constantly being drained of their young and vigorous blood, blood which might redeem them from the mental, moral, and spiritual torpor into which, since statehood, they have fallen. Even in the larger towns such as Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Muskogee, Okmulgee, and Shawnee, the population, on the whole, is transient. People come and go in them with such rapidity that it is often difficult for one to discover a familiar face in the streets after a few years' absence. Only those who are anchored by real estate and resignation remain.

The reason is fairly obvious. Oklahoma has been, from the first, a boomer State, even before it was a State—when old Oklahoma Territory was first thrown open to settlers. It was peopled largely by land gamblers instead of home seekers. Like other boomer States, since the days of the California and through the Alaska gold rushes, Oklahoma was, when it first attracted attention, the goal not of people who wished to till the land, build homes, and develop a commonwealth on secure foundations, but of people who wanted to get rich suddenly and with as little effort as possible. That was the situation before oil was discovered in the State and that discovery intensified rather than diminished pre-existing conditions. The State's cattle and agricultural resources are hardly

more than self-sustaining, much less exploitable; but this fact did not prevent the land gamblers from inflating prices out of all proportion to the value of the land's increment. Towns, like Lawton, sprang up overnight with populations of 10,000 or more, on absolutely arid land, unfit even for grazing. They died out, of course, when the inhabitants discovered they could not live solely by trading real estate among themselves. In other towns, like Oklahoma City, more advantageously situated, on intersecting railway main lines and in reasonably productive districts, the boomer spirit was equally disastrous. Such towns were not permitted to grow normally. Their population figures were distorted into an aspect of metropolitanism and the optimistic real-estate boomers set about making the towns live up to these false figures. They sold bonds and erected skyscrapers for which they had no use, and these buildings sometimes remained vacant for years. They sold stock and erected great meat-packing, canning, tanning, and other industries which seldom got farther than buildings and equipment when bankruptcy revealed the enterprises as plain financial swindles, fostered often enough by local chambers of commerce to attract immigrants and sell them real estate. One naturally asks how it was that plain, common foresight did not tell the business men in communities where such things were going on that crashes and depression were bound to follow; but the answer is that there were almost never in these communities any business men in any acceptable use of that term, no business men mindful of the credit system, contented with a legitimate margin of profit, careful of future security; they were boomers, eager

to make their immediate pile even at the cost of their established residences, stores, and reputations, and skip elsewhere. They took chances, that is all; they gambled, because the State has been from the first one vast roulette wheel played by adventurers from other States.

True enough, it has its farmers who bear the burden of producing the food, its manual laborers, small shopkeepers, clerks, and other accretions of industrialism which give some semblance of a permanently organized society; but behind them all is the gambling spirit producing probably the vulgarest low comedy offered anywhere under the name of democratic government. Where else is afforded a spectacle similar to this: The theft by night of the State papers from the Capitol in Guthrie by automobile bandits from Oklahoma City who sped back and established the State capital in the Lee-Huckins Hotel; the indictment of a governor and a State bank examiner for graft arising from false statements of solvency of banks under State supervision; the emptying of the State prison overnight by a lieutenant governor who held the reins of government for a few hours in the absence of the governor and issued pardons at so much a head; all the important State officials selected by a lawyer for a great oil corporation, to whom they are in debt for campaign expenses incidental to their jobs and for whose laws and political wishes they are merely the agents and office boys; graft so prevalent and inalienable a feature of State government that the only citizens who are not partaking of it are the stupid or unlucky? [1]

[1] Recently another act was added to the State's historical melodrama. John Galloway ("Jack") Walton, whose inauguration as

Let us consider for a moment the history of a State in which such a spectacle is possible. When the western part of the territory which the United States Government had reserved as a haven for the Indians who had been driven out of the other States was thrown open to land grabbers, certain portions were designated as Indian reservations and as school land. The remainder, up to a stated number of acres, was his who first staked it out as a claim. The west and southwest were suitable only for cattle raising; the northern and northeastern sections were soon a rich grain-producing region, yielding wheat, oats, barley, corn, alfalfa, and milo maize. The central, eastern, and southern sections of the territory were given over to cotton, corn, alfalfa, and potatoes. There was coal to be mined near McAlester, Coalgate and Okmulgee. At first, except in the extremely fertile districts, there were extensive ranches and cattle ranges, acquired by the enterprising, and these were in due time fenced off and converted into small farms. Settlers out of the bleak hills and rocks of Arkansas, the dry prairies of

governor had been celebrated by a tremendous barbecue to his friends "the common folks," was sitting in his new $40,000 mansion, impeached. A whipping in Tulsa, charged to the Ku Klux Klan, had given Walton an opportunity to make opposition to the Klan a spectacular issue in his campaign for a United States senatorship. With little or nothing to justify such drastic measures, he declared martial law in Tulsa and instituted a military censorship in that city to prevent the Tulsa newspapers from publishing anything in criticism of the administration. This precipitated a State Klan and anti-Klan fight, following which Walton put the whole State under martial law. When a member of the State legislature issued a call for that body to convene, Walton made the statement that any legislator who came to Oklahoma City would be thrown in jail, and when the legislature attempted to convene, members were dispersed at the point of the bayonet. Finally an initiative petition, which provides that the legislature may meet without the call of the governor, was submitted to the people and overwhelmingly carried. When the legislature met, Walton was impeached on twenty-one counts.

Kansas and Texas, the swamps of Louisiana, and the barren lands of southern Missouri came through in covered wagons, prepared to establish homes. They found that the better portions of the land had already got into the hands of people who were holding them for speculation—town residents, bankers, real-estate operators. To acquire land one had either to pay a whopping price for it or marry an Indian woman. This latter method was a favorite one with a great many who were not already burdened with a family. Each adult Indian woman had 160 acres in her own right, as a government land grant, and for each child she should have there would be additional grants of 160 acres. At first there was also a government allotment of money to full-blooded Indians and to such children as they bore. This proved an allurement not only to a great many white men but to Negroes as well, and as a consequence black and white squaw men and their progeny came into possession of such desirable lands as had not already fallen into the clutches of speculators and land operators.

There was established then almost from the first an agricultural caste system, divided into landowners, tenant farmers, and share-croppers. Less than 30 per cent of the farmers of the State own the land they work. The landowners rarely live on the land they own. They rent it to tenant farmers or leave its yield to the industry and intelligence of the share-croppers. A tenant farmer has his own teams and implements, cows, hogs, and chickens; he undertakes to till the land, pay for the extra farm labor, and market the crops. If he does not rent outright he pays over to the landlord a stated share of the gross

proceeds on the farm for the year. The share-cropper is among the most pitiable of human beings. He owns nothing whatever except the clothes on his back. He usually has a wife and numerous children. These, and his own bodily strength, are his assets. The landlord provides him with a house in which to live, teams and implements with which to work, and, often enough, an advance of money for food while he is laying in the crops. He and his wife and children perform the labor in the fields and get in return a fraction of the yield of the crops. The share-cropper is, of course, as his condition indicates, a man of very low order of intelligence and almost always illiterate. To him is left the bulk of the agricultural resources of the State. He farms by the most backward of methods, the prey of superstitions, knowing nothing of modern intensive agriculture, ignorant of weather reports, distrustful of innovations. Droughts destroy his corn one season and rains ruin his cotton the next. Boll weevils and potato bugs ravage his crops; ticks and Texas fever kill his cows; malaria and pellagra attack his children. He is too slothful and ignorant to do anything about it; he attributes his woes to a malignant Providence or to the political party currently in power.

The only way he knows of meeting the situation is that of voting the straight Democratic ticket if the Republicans happen to be in office, or of electing Republicans if the administration is Democratic. Mankind, to him, has three constituents: Democrats, Republicans, and the others, roughly classified as Reds. Without differentiation he includes among the Reds: socialists, anarchists, syndicalists, I. W. W.'s, Cath-

olics, Jews, pacifists, labor unionists, atheists, and what not. If he is a Republican it is conceivable to him that a man may be a Democrat without being a menace to the community, or if he is a Democrat he will concede that a man may be a Republican and still be only misinformed politically; but it is not conceivable to him that a man may be neither a Democrat nor a Republican and still hold a shred of honor. The most persistently and mercilessly exploited human being in the country, he is the most zealous and intractable upholder of the politico-economic system that exploits him. Let him hear that some other share-cropper as illiterate as himself has been converted to socialistic doctrines and he will help his fellow Ku Klux Klaners that night give the poor wretch a tar bath and a coat of chicken feathers. He will not suffer for a moment anything that threatens his privilege of being mulcted.

Elections come at the height of the cotton-picking season. If, at the beginning of the season the cotton market has gone down and the tenant farmer is threatened with a loss of his year's labor, the campaigners get busy for the party which is not in power. For a brief period he and the share-cropper suddenly become the backbone of the State, the salt of the earth; and any political orator who tells him that a couple of times in the course of a speech can make him believe implicitly the hollowest buncombe. Only one thing does the farmer at that time understand and that is that he expected to get twenty cents, say, a pound for his cotton, and that he is offered only nine, a price which will not enable him even to pay off his note at the bank, let alone allow him a margin of

profit to carry him through until the next planting. The campaigner tells him that this is because the Democratic (or as the case may be, the Republican) Party has run the government to the dogs; and that if he will only cast the straight Republican (or as the case may be, the Democratic) ticket, cotton will go to twenty-five cents the day after election. He doesn't doubt this; and the following year he doesn't doubt the equally absurd cock-and-bull promises of the rival party. And, since political office depends upon his vote and the vote of his similars in the towns and cities, there can be no stability in the State government. Democrats are voted in at one election, and voted out the next, and under these hazards of fortune it is little wonder that political office is sought mainly by grafters who rob the State treasury and sell laws, grants, and franchises to the highest bidder during the few months of their opportunity. Their salaries as State officials during a full term of office would not ordinarily pay the cost of their campaigns for election. They make it up by a succession of party raids on the taxpayers' money, by selling out the State to corporations, and by all sorts of grand and petty larceny from padding pay rolls to receiving bonds and cash from insolvent banks in return for certificates of solvency.

What happens now in the agricultural regions is this. Although the State has the most rigid banking laws, bringing all banks under State or Federal supervision, most banks in all but the larger cities are not banks at all; they are the offices of a group of men whose principal business is real-estate speculation, horse-trading, and mortgage foreclosing. The

depositors are not farmers; they have nothing to deposit. The bank officials are their own depositors who lend their money out at usurious rates. The State usury law limits the interest rate to 7 per cent. But this is the way it works. Farmer Brown has a span of mules worth in the market $650 and farm implements worth a couple of hundred dollars more. He needs $200 for food and for the salary of farm hands to tide him over until he has finished bringing in his crop. Early in the season he has already mortgaged his crop at the bank for the money necessary to live on while he is planting his crop. He applies for a loan of $200, giving as security a mortgage on his mules and implements. He receives $175 in cash and is obliged to sign a note promising to pay back $200 at 7 per cent. In other words, $25 in interest is collected from him before he gets his money. The amount subtracted from the original loan varies according to the pressure of the farmer's need and the negotiability of his securities. Sometimes the amount deducted from a loan of $100 is as much as $30. If he invokes the usury law (as some poor devils have done) he is blacklisted by every bank in the State and thereafter cannot borrow a cent, no matter what security he has to offer. If his crops fail or if the market price for his produce does not enable him to pay off his note or notes at the bank and he is unable to dig up more security, the mortgage is foreclosed.

It sometimes happens that a farmer who has mortgaged his crop merely has his note increased when he finds it necessary to mortgage his live stock and implements, and if a drought or excessive rains prevent him from raising enough money either to decrease his

note materially or clear it up, he will lose everything he has. Since what he has in the way of live stock and farm implements is the result of long years of labor and gradual acquisition as a share-cropper and later as a tenant farmer, the loss of it means that he automatically goes back again as a farm hand or as a share-cropper.

A generous national government reserved the most fertile sections of the country for those Indians which it had hopes of making over into good and industrious citizens. It had been unable to tame the Apaches, Comanches, and Arapahoes, so it permitted them to die out of boredom in great numbers, under the armed surveillance of Federal troops in the arid regions of the southwest part of the State. The Osages, heirs to land in the north-central section which was tapped for a prodigious output of petroleum, became, proverbially, the richest nation, per capita, on the face of the globe. Discovery of oil upon their lands and upon the lands of many of the Creeks and Cherokees (who had been granted nice rocky hills to roam around in) made millionaires of many of these original citizens of the country. The Seminoles and Creeks intermarried freely with the Negroes; and the Pottawattomies, Shawnees, Sacs and Foxes, and Cherokees intermarried equally freely with the whites. The Cherokees had a language and even a literature of their own; but with rare exceptions the Indians have not taken cordially to the blessings of the civilization which has been offered them. The Apaches, Comanches, and Arapahoes actively resented it as long as they were numerous, and even after they were shut up in stockades they occasionally broke out and scalped

a few settlers. The Osages and the mixed breed Seminoles, Pottawottomies, Cherokees, Shawnees, and Creeks tilled their land, or had it tilled for them, and complied in some degree to the customs of the whites; but the full-blooded Indians, even of the younger generation, have consistently refused to embrace white culture. They live in tribal communities; they wear their beads, moccasins, and blankets; they hold such ceremonial dances as the government will permit them (they are denied the privilege of the war dance); and they allow themselves to be cheated out of their land by the enterprising whites.

Like the Cumean sibyl, they apparently wish only to die, helplessly resentful of the passing of their freedom and their leisure. The government secondary schools for Indians have been, like Carlisle, patronized almost exclusively by Oklahoma Redskins, a failure. Some few individuals completed their courses, took university degrees, and entered into professional and commercial competition with the whites, usually with vast success. But the majority of government school graduates have returned immediately after commencement, doffed their uniforms and department-store dresses, and donned the costumes peculiar to their tribes. The girls braid their hair again; the men grow a scalp lock; and all of them after a few months back with the tribe pretend not to understand or to speak English. Under the Federal law, an Indian may dispose of his inherited land, but not of his original allotment, when he has reached the age of twenty-one. Knowing this, in every county seat in the State, land sharks literally sit around on the doorsteps of the county buildings waiting for old Indians

to die and young ones to come to the age of twenty-one. These sharks know how much land each Indian can dispose of, what it is worth at the current land valuation, the date of the Indian's birth, his guardian, and his personal disposition.

Here is a typical instance of what goes on every month in a dozen different counties. The two leading bankers, which is to say the leading land sharks, in rival towns had their eye on the property of an Indian who had 800 acres of bottom land in the oil region, worth at the lowest estimate $200 an acre as prices go. Two weeks before the youth's birthday one of them stole a march on the other, invited the boy on a trip, took him to Chihuahua, Mexico, got him drunk, showed him a riotous time in the redlight district, crossed the border back into the State on his birthday, had the deeds drawn up for him to sign, giving him $8,000 in cash for $160,000 worth of property, got his signature, and rushed the deed through the probate court the next day.

So much, in sketch, for the productive complexion of the State exclusive of its bonanza of gas, oil, and coal—a comparatively recent discovery, and already, according to many expert estimates, a source of wealth that is rapidly being exhausted. The general features attending the discovery of oil in the Tulsa-Sapulpa and Ada-Ardmore districts do not differ in essentials from the turn of events such a discovery brings about in every State. There was, of course, the rush of adventurers, oil promoters, highjackers (an oil-region term for murderous robbers), laborers, and camp followers. Until Tulsa amassed a wealth in its local banks which compared favorably with that of St. Louis

and Kansas City it was, like most of the smaller oil towns now, a gay and lawless community, with gambling houses running wide open, a redlight district in full blaze, moonshine whisky readily obtainable throughout the periods of senatorial, State, and national dryness, and the frenzied excitement prevailing which is always a concomitant of sudden visions of wealth. Millionaires were made overnight, and men and women who had until yesterday toiled barefooted in the fields trying to wrest a meager living from the sandy and rocky soil suddenly found themselves in possession of incomes from oil leases amounting to thousands of dollars a week.

This sudden acquisition of unexpected wealth on the part of illiterate white settlers had its comic aspect: they knew but two or three ways of spending it—buying high-priced and luxurious automobiles and tearing them up on the rocky roads, only to buy new ones; chartering special cars for a trip to Niagara Falls or to Washington; and buying diamonds. This vision and fact of sudden, immense wealth has also its tragic side. The farmers, the normal producers of the State, live buoyed up by the hope that some day oil will be discovered on their land. Meanwhile they persist in the most backward agricultural methods obtaining in any State in the Union, and market their produce through the most inefficient and wasteful channels of middlemen and profiteers it is possible to imagine.

Within the last year the Oklahoma Cotton Growers' Association, a sort of farmers' union, has been perfecting a coöperative scheme for marketing and warehousing which may check some of the losses the farmer

ordinarily sustains in the disposal of his cotton. Another part of the plan of the association is to limit the acreage in cotton to prevent overproduction. I was privy to one such agreement by the assembled farmers of one county. The following spring every single one of them increased his cotton acreage by at least a third, on the theory that everyone else would decrease his acreage, the price of cotton would go up, and he would be the gainer. There was an excess of cotton produced throughout the country that year; the price slumped, and these men who had solemnly agreed to cut their production and raise corn for their stock and potatoes and other vegetables for themselves all but starved.

After such a demonstration of stupidity and covetousness, such a general indifference to the common weal, one grows sceptical of any profound change for the better in the source of wealth, the land; and this scepticism is deepened by the knowledge that, so long as reports come from time to time that another well has been sunk by oil-stock promoters, hope will spring eternal in the farmer's breast that he will not have to plant either cotton or corn; so he sinks back in sloth and squalor, living principally upon cornbread, salt pork, and sorghum molasses—a diet so preponderatingly of corn that pellagra epidemics spread through the State every year and children, who by all rules of hygiene should wax strong in the fresh quiet and pure food of the farm, are emaciated, rickety, weak, and sallow, easy preys to malaria, tuberculosis, and pneumonia. This because the mass of the farmers are at once so poor and so greedy that they do not keep cows, and the bulk of such eggs and chickens as they

raise they sell in the town markets. There are plenty of schools, good schools for these children to go to; belief in education amounts in Oklahoma to a superstition. The State is heavily burdened with school taxes; a great portion of the land of the State is reserved as a source of income for the maintenance of schools; and there is in force a modification of the Indiana school system which offers probably as fine a public means of education as is to be found in any State. But the physique and minds of the bulk of the farmers' children are stunted by malnutrition; and education in the towns and cities only leads the young men and women to a disenchantment and disgust with a social-political and economic scene from which they are glad enough to escape.

IDAHO

A REMNANT OF THE OLD FRONTIER

By M. R. STONE

"GALLOP your horse," wrote Joaquin Miller, "as I have done hundreds of times, against the rising sun; as you climb the Sweet Water Mountains, far away to the right you will see the name of Idaho written on the mountain top—at least, you will see a peculiar and beautiful light at sunrise, a sort of diadem on two grand clusters of mountains that bear away to the clouds, fifty miles distant. I called Colonel Craig's attention to this peculiar and beautifully arched light. 'That,' said he, 'is what the Indians call E-dah-hoe, which means the light, or diadem, on the line of the mountains.' "

For all of Miller's romantic explanation of the origin of the name, the fact remains that the State of Colorado was originally called Idaho, and at a time years before the poet and his friend Colonel Craig, of Craig's Mountain, Nez Percé, rode together to Oro Fino. Whether or not the name may mean "the gem of the mountains" or "shining mountain" is difficult to establish; but such a definition must have appealed to the first settlers who were attracted to the State by the shining gems of the mountains—gems far more tangible and valuable to them than the sunlight on the crests.

The early history of the State is inextricably united with the gold discoveries of the sixties. This move-

ment laid the foundation for one of the two traditions that to this day are largely instrumental in molding public opinion and character in the State. Gold was first discovered in the territory now known as Idaho in the bed of Canal Gulch, a tributary of Oro Fino Creek, in 1860. The following summer the banks of all the tributaries of the Clearwater were lined with the tents of thousands of prospectors. This was the first inrush of settlers into the hitherto uninhabited region embraced by the vast, sweeping bend of the Snake River. There followed, in rapid order, the strikes on Elk Creek; on the Salmon River, known as the Florence mines; and in the Boise Basin.

It was in 1862 that gold was first washed out from the gravel of Grimes Creek, a small stream in the basin. Today, at the foot of the low range of mountains that mark the southwestern rim of the basin, is the city of Boise. The census accredits it with twenty-odd thousand inhabitants. Sixty years ago it was a barren field of sage-brush bordering the willow-lined Boise (wooded) River. At that time the population of the basin was equal to that of the present city, while today there are not two thousand persons in the entire county that includes the site of the old mining camp.

It is difficult now, so far as any physical vestiges that remain, to reconstruct a picture of the teeming civilization that had its center in the Boise Basin over half a century ago. It is known that a stage made four trips a day between the busy mining centers in the basin and could not accommodate the passengers; that daily stage service was maintained with Umatilla, 285 miles away, at the head of navigation on the Columbia; that the main printing office ran day and

night, for all that kerosene was nine dollars a gallon. The largest camp, Idaho City, possessed three theaters: the Jenny Lind, the Forrest, and Kelly's Varieties. In the latter the musicians were placed on a suspended platform, swung above the heads of the patrons, so as to be out of the line of fire.

Mining still is one of the leading industries of the State. Some of the largest lead and zinc and copper producers in the nation are located in Idaho, and there has recently been uncovered what promises to be one of the largest copper deposits in the world. The vast interior of the State, remote from any railroad, is an immense reservoir of mineral wealth. This fact more than anything else tends to prolong the pioneer spirit in the citizens of the State. But many of the renowned old mines have played out. Of these, the ones around Silver City, in the Owyhee Mountains—still preserving the original spelling of Hawaii, O-why-hee, in honor of some Kanakas engaged in the early workings—were, perhaps, the most famous.

The State today possesses little that is tangible to remind the observer of their existence, and yet their romance and glamour still colors local thought and action. It is a tradition of easy-won wealth, of native riches respondent to the luck of the prospector, of a democracy based, not upon work or merit or power, but upon the impartiality of chance. This legend of placer gold has preserved the gambler's spirit, which is not as reprehensible a characteristic as may be imagined, especially when there are difficult things to be undertaken in the face of heavy odds. The willingness to take a chance, coupled with its corollary, the appreciation that tomorrow your poorest neighbor may be a

man of wealth, is a great preservative of sincere democracy.

With the decay of the first mining impulse there came the era of the sheep and cattle man—the days of the rustlers and vigilantes. The vast, dusty ranges were dotted with thousands of heads of live stock. The water holes were claimed and counter-claimed, guarded and worked as fervently as ever the mines. This was a transitory era, soon to be followed by the period of the homesteader. There is an element of tragedy in the story of this valiant but visionary newcomer, living in squalor but in high hopes on his barren tract of land. The conquest of the desert was a cruel, hard fight; if not long in years, interminable in the number of human lives and hopes sacrificed.

The present green and fertile fields, the scene of so much hopeful industry, are actually battlefields, as grim and merciless in their memories as those of Europe. To them came men in the full tide of youth and hope and inspiration. There they staked their all; fought the sage-brush and alkali, the indifference of politicians, the hunger of poverty, and the bitter remorse of failure. Generation after generation they moved westward from the fecund East. Wave after wave lost and passed away. Stalwart men had their hopes turn to mock them; faithful wives watched their children grow up in poverty and denial. But as the defeated ones dropped out others took their places. Neither disappointment, nor failure, nor hardship deterred them. Prolific nature threw new lives into the battle and gradually the fight was won. The desert has disappeared. Nothing of it remains but the tawny, golden sunshine—the regal, desert sunshine.

Thus there sprang up in the State a second tradition, quite different from that of the placer gold at first glance, but singularly like it in its implications. It was a tradition of hard work, of visionary plans made true, of impossible obstacles overcome. It added further proof of the rewards that come to the man who takes a chance; but it hardened the muscles of the gambler. This second epoch of the State was the development of irrigation. Irritation farming, they call it in more favored localities; but the irritation of the early settlers, wearily waiting for the water that seems never to come, is soon forgotten once the project is completed. Today, the man with a vision points to the rolling hills of volcanic dust, rich in phosphates, but dun gray with sage and greasewood, streaked with alkali in the sinks, and smoldering under a summer sun that dries up every vestige of water, and exclaims: "All it needs is good men and water!" And the doubting Thomas, voicing all the weight of conservative caution and disinclination for personal discomfort, drawls: "Like hell!" But in ten years, the good men and water are there; the land is transformed; a new city is budding forth; and a thousand families or more have been raised to a new prosperity.

This is still a story of sudden fortunes within the reach of the man who will take a chance and of sudden shiftings of personal position. Such a history, such traditions, especially when compacted within the short span of sixty years, make for democracy. Such a history cannot help but leave its impress upon the citizens of the State: they are individualists and their creed is self-reliance. Another influence as potent in molding public character as the traditions of placer gold and

irrigation is the topography of the State. The scenery of Idaho is wonderfully picturesque and diversified. There are endless forests and boundless sage-brush flats; precipitous, serrated mountain ranges and great desert plains; clear lakes incased in granite walls and desolate lava fields; gigantic waterfalls and burning, arid volcanic areas, pitted with dead craters; rich irrigated valleys and rolling hills incapable of cultivation.

This ever-present environment inevitably creeps into the blood and spirit of the men and women of the State, and because of its extreme diversity makes for restlessness. "Habit," says William James, "is the great fly-wheel of society." If it is, then restlessness must be the driving-rod. It is the force that tempts civilization into new experiments. Habit has never had much opportunity to be developed in Idaho, nor the social stratas much chance to become solidified. The State has been constantly plunging forward into new activities during all of its brief history.

Thus we have in Idaho the curious anomaly of a community of nearly half a million citizens still animated by the simple and individualistic tradition of the pioneer, when the remainder of the nation has progressed into a class-conscious, conservative, and cynical age. Of course the lines are not clearly defined. Idaho is still a pioneer State but it is only an expurgated edition of the old West. Its citizens still possess a subdued gambling instinct but all lawlessness and excess have disappeared under the mollifying influence of the schools.

To the casual observer the State seems to be absorbed in the cultivation of prunes, politics, and potatoes, to the exclusion of all else. As a State it has

taken the lowly potato and the prune of ill-repute and elevated them to the rank of semi-luxuries, and it is the home of William E. Borah. In spite of the fact, however, that the State produces 75 per cent of the green prunes marketed in the United States, or that it is the source of the huge baked potatoes for which the railroad dining-cars ask such fabulous prices, or that it possesses the highest dam in the world, the Arrowrock, that impounds the water to irrigate 234,000 acres of land, a large portion of its area is still virgin territory. However restless its citizens may be they find plenty of opportunity to express themselves in overcoming the immediate problems of nature. However prosaic their ordinary daily activities may appear, back of them there is the knowledge that over the hill or beyond the valley lies the wilderness and the romance of the unknown.

In the mind of most persons the name of Idaho connotes just one thing—Senator William E. Borah. And yet, notwithstanding the political prominence of her most noted son, Idaho is not very much interested in politics. The presence in Washington of a most ardent and fearless liberal as representative of the State would lead the observer to expect the existence of an active and articulate liberal element in the State. But it is doubtful if Idaho is honestly in sympathy with Senator Borah's liberalism, although it is in downright sympathy with his personality. The pioneer likes a fighter and a man of action. It is not so much what a man stands for but how he stands that appeals to Idaho. Senator Borah has a disconcerting ability to do things and the State applauds if it does not approve.

It may be difficult for the citizens of other States

to understand Idaho's continued support of William E. Borah if it is true that the State as a whole does not uphold his policies. The explanation of this seeming inconsistency lies in an understanding of the pioneer temperament. There is no one so quick to give homage to merit as the pioneer. To Idaho, William E. Borah is a national figure, not a State representative. He has made his mark by his own efforts and ability. His reputation for fearless integrity and sincerity is nation-wide. Idahoans feel that he deserves the State's support in recognition of these achievements, and that the State can find plenty of other men to work in Washington for its sheep or lumber or mining industries. The absence of class solidarity is a marked characteristic of Idahoans. As a whole they are very intolerant of any class moves, but they are more than tolerant of individuals.

Senator Borah, like his fellow citizens, is an individualist. He is not afraid to express his opinions even though "the entire nation and all Idaho" disagree—an attitude he has been known to persist in even though his own Republican Party machine was included with the rest of all Idaho. In the fall election of 1922, although not a candidate, and most certainly not invited to participate by any of the party leaders, Senator Borah conducted a campaign of his own. There is something actually heroic, as well as ironically humorous, in this picture of the most prominent Republican in the State ridiculing his own party and defying its machine politics. In a lesser man such action would be mere disloyalty; with William E. Borah it was the courage of earnest and sincere conviction. "The next two years belong to me—nobody but God Almighty can

take them away from me, and during that period I am going to say precisely what I think, and advocate the policies in which I believe, regardless of the political consequences to the Republican Party."

In politics it is not by submission that men become sanctified. It is revolt that tests the souls of politicians. Progress must ever be a rebellion against conformity and tradition. It demands of its adherents a measure of self-sacrifice, a sense of self-responsibility, that weak and vacillating spirits are incapable of offering. Some communities, no doubt, would have accepted Senator Borah's attitude as a challenge and would prepare to send a man to the national Capitol who would echo the wishes of his constituency, or at least, the articulate portion of it; but your true pioneer is more tolerant, or is it that he has a keener sense of humor? He may not think very much of the recognition of Russia and he may not be very much interested in the continued presence of United States troops in Caribbean countries, or in the direct primary—in fact, he may have a marked imperialistic strain in his mental make-up—but he is quite likely, as the 1922 election returns showed (the Progressive Party ended the campaign in second place and but ten thousand votes behind the Republican Party) to enjoy a good joke at the expense of the usually complacent majority, especially if "times" have been rather bad for a few years.

All of which shows, perhaps, that Idaho does not take its politics very seriously. Toward the end of the Civil War there was an influx from the Southern States of such proportions that it came to be known locally as "the left wing of Price's army." Due to this disturbing

factor political rivalry for a time was very keen and followed with deep interest by the average citizen. Of late years it has ceased more and more to be an important element in the life of the State. Idaho accepts the periodic outpourings of puritanical paternalism, or of culture, or of radical philosophy, from the East, not with disinterest, but with good-natured tolerance. Such things do not reach home in Idaho; but if the majority of the nation wants them they are accepted placidly. Like all pioneers, Idahoans are materialists. They are impressed by results, by concrete actions, more than by abstract theories, and on all topics that do not touch them directly they are strict conformists.

This is admirably illustrated by the schools, which possess no radical improvements but which excel in all those branches approved by modern practice. Just what it has meant to Idaho to bring its schools to this point of perfection is best understood by consulting the 1920 census tabulations. Idaho has a population of 5.2 per square mile, whereas the ratio for the entire United States is 35.5. This means that every individual in Idaho has to aid in the maintenance of the State government, roads, and schools to an extent practically seven times as great as the average citizen in the United States. Last year the maintenance and operation of State schools cost $18.87 for every citizen of the State. The fact that the percentage of illiteracy is only 1.5 per cent, and that all foreigners and Indians who cannot read and write the English language are included in that percentage, is sufficient proof that Idahoans have not made their sacrifices to no purpose. Of late there has been some tendency to attempt to curb the growing burden of taxation in the State. It speaks

well for the citizens of Idaho that there has been no reduction or curtailment of the activities of the State schools in spite of the fact that they received the burden of criticism.

Once or twice in the past the State has been shocked by some concrete evidence of the development within its borders of problems which had never been considered very seriously. The most notable of these cases was the murder of Governor Steunenburg. Then followed, after sundry involved actions, the Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone trial. Idaho suddenly found itself playing a part in the great social drama of the nation and in contact with some of the most brilliant minds of the country. Clarence Darrow was there, remembered in Boise for his characteristic remark that he was a lawyer by ear and not by note. Several of the brilliant men of the State found in this brief flash of the spotlight their opportunity. Borah and Nugent both emerged from obscurity to national prominence and have not suffered by the publicity they received.

There were labor troubles in the Cœur d'Alenes, in which the I. W. W. was the main disturbing factor, and fully a year after the war Kate Richards O'Hare was forcibly ejected from Twin Falls—because of the unpopularity of her socialistic and pacifistic doctrines. The sympathy of the State in all of these cases was decidedly on the side of conformity. The Non-partisan League had but a short life in the State. When the leaders of the sheep industry tried to corral a large slice of the public domain they were very promptly jeered out of court although the action involved some prominent names. The true Idahoan is daring and

original enough as an individual but he is not interested in class movements.

And now, lest we have drawn too idyllic a picture of our Western mountaineer, steeped in the romance of the past, let us take a look at the outward man, the Idahoan the casual observer sees from the transcontinental train. Well, for one thing he has changed his one time miner's garb for the conventional straw hat and blue overalls of the farmer. He insists on having electric lights in his ranch house, and the very latest improvements in farm implements or mining equipment. In some parts of the State he even heats his house with electricity while his wife cooks the meals for the hungry hay-hands on an electric stove. He likes to have his children attend the best schools in the land and does not oppose any educational frills provided they are cut along practical lines—vocational training, agricultural short courses, and so forth. He likes to have the latest model of his favorite automobile, and he believes in having a frequent vacation. He and the family and as many friends as the car can hold may be seen every day of the season sliding over the rough mountain roads to some camping ground where the fishing is good. He does not read on an average a book a year, but contents himself with the daily paper and a farm journal. Lacking any information on which to base a diverse opinion he accepts all of the newspaper headings at their own valuation and does not know that he is being robbed.

He likes to see things undertaken on a big scale and put through with snap and go. Back of his everyday task he is dreaming of some big project of his own—a mine to be developed, an irrigation project to

be undertaken, a factory to be built. Whatever his position in life may be, he does not feel that it is the slightest handicap to him in achieving any of the bold plans he has secretly developed. He has too many fine projects of his own, to be very much interested in the sins or sorrows of other persons. Art and literature are all very well but he considers them dull things, indeed, when there is a fortune to be made in the next day or so.

The point that our Idahoan misses, as do all pioneers, is that a great many persons, due to their very numbers, are forever denied the pleasures and responsibilities of prosperity, no matter how hard they may work or strive, or how nobly they may plan. The percentage of opportunities for material success is still so favorable in Idaho that it is difficult for a citizen of that State to realize how tight the shoe pinches in less-favored localities. Consequently, he is selfish, and since he can secure all he wants without upsetting any of the existing customs and laws of the land, he is not interested in any discussion of changing the established order. His mental attitude toward the reforms of the hour is best illustrated by the expression: "Set the clock of progress ahead if you want to, but human nature will still be behind time." Time, he considers, with its slow methodical evolution, will solve all the perplexing social problems of the present moment.

Our Idahoan, immersed in the gigantic task of remaking a desert, or isolated in the rocky gorges of the State's central mountains, unearthing their rich minerals, makes the same mistake as does his Eastern brother, ensnared in the roaring mechanism of modern

business. He carries his specialism too far. It is not that he overestimates the importance of his practical problems, but that he devotes all of his time to them at the expense of his cultural interests. This disregard for the finer, kindlier, abstract things of life in preference for more spectacular action represents a weakness not restricted to Idaho, although, perhaps, more noticeable in the pioneer than in anyone else. It is a common trait. A brass band on the street will gain more votes for a political candidate than the scholarly treatise by his opponent resting in the bookshop window —whether in Boise or Washington, D. C.

The lack of the critical sense is an all too human characteristic, and the tendency toward conformity due to this cause would be quite as monotonous and deadening in Idaho as it is elsewhere were it not relieved by the gambling spirit. This willingness to take a chance, this sympathy for restlessness, this understanding of the lure of the unexpected, makes Idahoans surprisingly and delightfully tolerant of each other. They are as susceptible as other good Americans when they hear the tom-toms of mob appeal, but they are rarely carried off their feet on local issues or personalities. They are not reformers, crusaders, or whiners. Bigotry and egoism are very rare. They are first and last individualists, zealous of the rights of their neighbors lest their own freedom be infringed; proud of their self-reliance, but not domineering over those associated with them. These are the traits and tendencies that cannot help but have tremendous influence on the future of their State.

NEW YORK

(I) THE CITY—WORK OF MAN

By ERNEST GRUENING

CERTAIN broad facts about New York are obvious. It has become the metropolis of our planet. London, by virtue of the steady inclusion of adjoining districts, still surpasses Greater New York's population of 5,802,638. And while other European capitals retain vestiges of their power and glory—Paris is still by a dwindling margin the leader in feminine fashion and the pleasure capital of mankind—New York surpasses them all. Its high finance settles the fate of nations. Its shops display the rarest and costliest of the earth's goods. It assembles the brains and talent in business, invention, and the arts. It is the lodestone for ambition, the ultimate of human gregariousness, the culmination of twentieth-century civilization. Here nature has been pushed back to the vanishing-point to make way for a house built by human hands, a great synthetic monolith of steel and cement and stone, an ordered macrocosm to house man and his works.

It is a farther cry, a more quaintly grotesque contrast than even our land of great change can show elsewhere, from the island which the Dutch traders settled in 1613 to the Manhattan of today. They found, the historian [1] tells us, "its lower end made up of wooded hills and grassy valleys, rich in wild fruits and flowers, and its middle portion covered in part by a chain of swamps

[1] Rufus Rockwell Wilson.

and marshes and a deep pond, with a tiny island in the middle, while to the northward it rose into high rocky ground, covered by a dense forest, which was filled with abundance of game. Smaller ponds dotted the island in various places, and these with a score of brooks and rivulets swarmed with fish." For nearly two centuries man remained little more than a furtive intruder, an inconsequential guest among the hills and dales of Manhattan. A genial settlement at its lower tip expanded into a town and here and there amid the wilderness of its upper reaches sparse hamlets nestled. Hardly more than a century and a quarter ago Mrs. John Adams wrote from her residence in Lispenard's meadows—south of Greenwich Village: "The venerable oaks and broken ground, covered with wild shrubs, which surround me, give a natural beauty to the spot which is truly enchanting. A lovely variety of birds serenade me morning and evening, rejoicing in their liberty and security, for I have, as much as possible, prohibited the grounds from invasion, and sometimes also wished for game-laws when my orders have not been regarded. The partridge, the woodcock, and the pigeon are too great temptations for the sportsman to withstand."

And then in 1811—eight years after the City Hall had been faced with red sandstone on the north (while the other three façades were of marble) because "few citizens would ever reside on that side"—the brain of man shaped the destiny of New York and made it what it is today. The "city plan," laid out with what many decried as reckless fantasy the city that might some day be. It is related that the three commissioners, while examining the ground one fine day,

stopped to discuss the problem near a pit where workmen were screening gravel. In illustration of his ideas one of the trio began to trace with his cane a rough map of the island. As he finished the outline and was about to sketch his proposed system of streets the sun, emerging from behind a passing cloud, shone through the screen throwing its criss-cross shadow upon the map. "There is the plan," explained another; and immediately it was adopted. The authenticity of this story may be dubious, but certain it is that for all time the shadow of that gravel screen will darken the Island of Manhattan. From then on the rigid lines of this plan seared their way through the rolling, smiling woods and fields, disregarding topography, leveling hills, smothering brooks and rivulets, crushing nature into a man-made mold, as artificially as a Chinese woman's foot. The assumption that the lines of traffic would always be from river to river instead of north and south was wrong, of course. But for a century, instead of attempting to rectify the mistake, New York proceeded to suppress all traces of its heritage, to will nature to conform to its errors. Relentlessly it has tunneled through rock, buried rods beneath the surface the rebelling springs and streams it could not annihilate, flattening every undulation, straightening every variation, squeezing itself into endless rows of rectangles, as impersonal as pig iron.

Was not here for the first time cast and forecast the regimentation that is America?

The prescription which patterned the body of Manhattan likewise gripped its soul. Impersonal, a vast amorphy of stereotypes, its complex formlessness, its decentralization have given it a myriad-faceted char-

acter all its own. Of the countless generalizations leveled at New York few are wholly true, few wholly false. There are a thousand New Yorks, overlapping, disparate, visible, hidden, obvious, obscure, material, spiritual, forming the gamut of human experience. Yet each of these microcosms pays toll to the surrounding larger entity, subject to its environment, to its dangers, to its drifts, like a protozoan in a teeming sea.

Of the generalizations there is, first, that no New Yorkers know New York and that few love it. It has become too vast and too heterogeneous for either intimate acquaintance or deep affection. Within its immensity a New Yorker may know his neighborhood, his beat, his district. He may love his home, his set, his club, but only vaguely if at all does he relate this fondness to the civic background. Devotion to his section of the city is wholly lacking. As for the cosmopolis, he ignores its history, its traditions, its most elementary topography, its unparalleled resources, intellectual and material. Nor is this average of ignorance wrought through the presence of its vast number of foreigners and native strangers. The indigenous know and care about as little and apparently have always been as indifferent. A spiritual heritage more glorious than any in the land is as spurned by neglect as are nature's lavish gifts all about.

In his author's apology to the Knickerbocker History of New York, Washington Irving wrote that he "was surprised to find how few of my fellow-citizens were aware that New York had ever been called New Amsterdam . . . or cared a straw about their ancient Dutch progenitors." How many New Yorkers today know that their city was once called New Orange?

How many can name the villages which were obliterated by the Juggernauting city plan? Greenwich Village, uniquely revived, and Murray Hill, the only eminence below Morningside which did not wholly yield to the general leveling, and Harlem, but a generation ago a separate entity, survive as place names and localities. But who can locate Yorkville, Chelsea, Bull's Head Village, Bloomingdale, Richmond Hill, Odellville, Carmansville, Mount Pleasant? The city plan has blotted them out, except where here and there the slightest trace of irregularity, a jog in the sidewalk, a slightly curving alley, betrays to the curious antiquarian a sentimental remnant of the past.

But it is not in a relatively unimportant assimilation of sterile facts that the New Yorker lags behind his brother Philadelphian or Bostonian. In those historic cities no "city plan" artificially erased ancient landmarks and frontiers; instead the old settlements have fused gradually, preserving their ancient contours, evolving naturally to modernity. It is only in a slight degree pertinent that these cities are smaller. When Boston reaches New York's present size, the Back Bay, Charlestown, Chelsea, the North, West, and South Ends will persist, individual and colorful, woven into their greater city as the figures in an Oriental rug—unlike the linoleum carpet of New York.

Nor is it merely in the physiographic that New York has submerged its component parts. Long before the city achieved its metropolitan bulk, when it was still "little old New York," it appeared careless of its localism, indifferent to its civic entity. It was as if the city had been aware somehow of a national, a cosmic rôle, which made local concerns, local pride, mere provin-

cialism. The Massachusetts tradition has permeated the land, sanctified at the source, wafted abroad with the blessings of each succeeding generation, its relics carefully treasured and displayed. New England has captured American history. It has made 1620 the great date, the Mayflower the great argosy. It has striven manfully and successfully in most quarters in making Puritanism our great cult. It has unblinkingly exalted as sheer ruggedness the intolerance, the harshness, the bigotry inextricably mingled with the brave pioneering of its founders. It has almost succeeded in making its own paternity the national fatherhood.

Yet nearly a century before, an Italian—a Florentine sailing for a French king—had discovered New York. Dutchmen were comfortably settled on Manhattan when the first boatload scrambled ashore on Plymouth Rock. And where the Puritans who had dared greatly for freedom of worship persecuted the slightest forms of dissent, and practiced wanton deviltries on helpless women in the name of the Lord, the Dutch colony welcomed their exiles. Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson both found refuge in New Amsterdam, where the mother country's traditional policy of religious toleration prevailed. In consequence colonists of every faith, Waldenses from Piedmont, Huguenots, Swedish and German Lutherans, Scotch Presbyterians, English Independents, Moravians, Anabaptists, and Jews gathered there. Some eighteen languages were spoken in New Amsterdam about 1650. Indeed the "polyglot boarding-house," derided in our time as a latter-day plague, is of ancient lineage, while the most inherently American doctrines of religious toleration, of personal freedom are our Netherlandish, our New Amsterdam,

our Manhattan heritage. The Puritans who have appropriated it honored it only in the breach except as applied to themselves.

Revolutionary history repeats the abnegation. The Boston Massacre has been popularly credited with the first bloodshed for the principles of our War of Independence. Yet six weeks before a two days' skirmish between the King's soldiers and the Sons of Liberty was fought around what is now City Hall Park, and the unhonored and unsung sailor lad who there received a mortal thrust from a British bayonet was the first to sacrifice his life in the cause of freedom. Where Boston has erected a monument to Crispus Attucks and his fellows on Boston Common, an obscure tablet in the dingy post-office building alone records the Battle of Golden Hill. And so on. How many New Yorkers know that New York was for six years the national capital? Faneuil Hall in Boston and Independence Hall in Philadelphia and other less important settings of great incidents are preserved and cherished, and in their shadows the atmosphere of olden time lingers pleasingly, hardly dispelled by the encroachment of the modern city all around. Who can walk across the Common in the heart of Boston without a reminiscent thrill? Yet in lower New York Washington walked, and Hamilton, and Jefferson, and Adams—here our nation struggled in its infancy—and not a trace remains. Federal Hall, where Congress first assembled, vanished over a century ago. Cherry Street, where Washington and Hancock lived—one of the beautiful residential streets of its day—long ago passed into a filthy slum. St. Paul's, where the first President worshiped—surrounded by the graveyard where not a few

of his time are buried—is miraculously preserved, its dark slender spire seemingly as accidental in its survival among the towering polyhedra of business as a violet emerging between the flagstones of lower Broadway. St. Paul's and Fraunces's Tavern, where Washington bade farewell to his officers, are virtually the only links that connect what was the old New York with the era of the founding fathers.

Recently the *Globe*,[1] New York's oldest paper, printed a series of articles on "things as old as the *Globe*"; that is, which were extant in the closing years of the eighteenth century. The remnants of old New York were countable on the fingers of two hands. The two structures above mentioned, an ancient residence on Cherry Street scarce recognizable as a tenement, a beautiful mansion on State Street, its architecture happily preserved in its present function as a Catholic home for immigrant girls, parts of the Church of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, and a small piece of the old Jewish burying-ground in the new Bowery, consecrated in 1656—these six remain. The outlying sections of the present, but not the old, city are more fortunate. In upper New York the Dyckman House, the Van Cortlandt and Jumel mansions, and a bare score of houses in Brooklyn and on Staten Island have, thanks to a few public-spirited citizens, escaped the utilitarian pressure of the day—and with the awakening to a sense of their values, let us hope, permanently. Indeed, when we speak of what remains of old New York the term is wholly relative. Here and there bits of yesterday's charm still linger—North Washington Square, still almost intact; the London Terrace in

[1] Since this article was written the *Globe* has itself disappeared.

West Twenty-third, Stuyvesant Place, Milligan Place, Front Street—a fading remnant making a brief but valiant stand against the onrushing day. The city as no other on earth is constantly destroying and replacing itself—only the pattern persists, mortmain of the city plan. Scarcely a section has been preserved to the uses of its beginning for a full life-time. Every epoch thus far has been a transient phase. Throughout most of lower Manhattan one can observe from a given spot the varying architectures of ten successive decades. The abstract thing—New York—the city itself, alone has remained, demonstrating ruthlessly its dominance over all its parts. No place, no period, no personality have been spared. A very few New Yorkers may still be living who recollect the canal in Canal Street, charmingly lined with brass-knockered residences, but the grandsires of the oldest were still unborn when the Broad Street canal placidly reflected the gabled houses bordering it. Every New Yorker recalls the Fifth Avenue Hotel, whose history is so inextricably woven into the political life of the nation. Fewer remember the Astor House's greatness, and very few indeed the heyday of the City Hotel, New York's leading hostelry in the first half of the last century. The City Arms and the Province Arms of Colonial days are forgotten. There are many New Yorkers who remember Tiffany's on Union Square, but few who recall it on Broome Street; many who clearly recall the joys of the Eden musée with its chamber of horrors and Ajeeb, the chess automaton, but to whom the greater wonders and freaks of John Scudder's American Museum and the rival establishment of Reuben Peale, both later acquired by Phineas T. Barnum, are unknown. Many

of Columbia's living graduates spent their constricted college lives around the old brick buildings of Forty-ninth Street, and recently the university bestowed an honorary degree on a centenarian whose undergraduate days were lived on Murray Street. But nowhere is the past so quickly buried as in New York.

"Everything in New York is a nine days' wonder." These were the words of Tammany's late Chief Sachem in disparaging a political flurry that was distasteful to him. Tammany has always known its New York, where no sensation survives the day. In Chicago the Great Fire, the World's Fair, the Iroquois Theater holocaust, the Eastland disaster are still constantly recurring topics. New York had her great fire, and for a time the year of its occurrence was so labeled, a disaster of sufficient dimensions to precipitate a national financial panic; more recently New York has had her Triangle holocaust, her General Slocum disaster, her Wall Street explosion, but they are swept into the oblivion of the past. New York has no monuments for her dead. She alone survives.

Neither has she thrones for her living. A contemporary Julius Cæsar would never aspire to more than second place in our metropolis. There are no firsts in New York, scarcely any seconds or thirds. In the great cities of other lands which are also political capitals, kings, presidents, premiers with their satellites dominate, at least for the period of their brief authority. In those cities the social structure is concentric. Whatever their size is, or may be, their human pinnacles are as outstanding as the castle towers in a medieval town. Other American cities have their first families, their founders, their big business dominators. But who is

first or even second in New York? Not the mayor of the city, not the president of the university, not the senior senator, not the editor of one of its great dailies, not the president of its leading banking institution, not the cardinal or bishop, nor the richest man in the world, nor the greatest tenor of the ages. Satraps in their own little circles, they are at best captains and majors in New York's army of humanity. Even the social oligarchy, the category of snobbery, in New York is but a pale phantasm in the city's imagination. The vast public which gleans some vicarious satisfaction from reading of the activities of "Society" either through the social columns or through the occasional effervescence of some scandal or tragedy in the magazine section of the yellow journals is dimly acquainted with the names of a few "great" families. The "four hundred" remains, a pleasing if attenuated fetish. But the individuals here as always in New York are lost in the shuffle. There are Vanderbilts and Astors, but there is no Vanderbilt and no Astor, and their names have become largely symbols, of which the frequent parodic combination in one name affords evidence. Their world is not in New York the pinnacle of a structure toward which the millions climb, but merely a unit, a cell, a sphere, one of many in the vast whole.

What then is New York? And whose is New York? It is not the New York of those whose houses are carefully boarded and electrically protected from May to November—the New York of which Edith Wharton writes so well. It is not the New York of the politicians, either of enduring Tammany or ephemeral Fusion. Indeed it is essentially characteristic of democracy's metropolis that nowhere is the govern-

mental structure of less import in the life of its citizens. Not one New Yorker in ten knows the name of his Congressman, and not one in a hundred the names of his State senator, assemblyman, alderman, or the number of the congressional and assembly districts in which he lives and can vote. It is not the New York of banking and great business—the city of the twentieth-story luncheon clubs. It is not the New York of the cloak-and-suit trade—a world that supports its own daily newspapers. It is not the New York of the theater or of music. It is not the New York of the swarming ghettoes—Lower or Upper East Side, Bronx or Brownsville, the vast domain of Yiddish newspapers and a thousand synagogues. It is not the Negro New York of Harlem or the San Juan Hill district. It is not the great Italy south of Washington Square, not the little Syria of Washington Street, nor the Athens of Pearl Street, nor the Sparta of the Tenderloin, nor any of the exotic worlds lodged in our midst, representing almost every land and sect on earth. It is not the Bohemia or pseudo-Bohemia of Greenwich Village. It is not the New York of the countless restaurants, paneled grills, and coffee houses. All these New Yorks have had their chronicles, many of them faithful and brilliant. The Wall Street of Edwin Lefevre, the New York of crime portrayed by Arthur Train and Arthur Stringer, the Jewish New York of Abraham Cahan, James Oppenheim, Bruno Lessing. There is the New York of the current types—Chimmie Fadden, Van Bibber, Potash and Perlmutter. There is the unspecialized New York—the New York of a million comedies and tragedies of everyday life, recorded among others by Harris Merton Lyon, Gouverneur Morris in

his earlier stories, and, of course, by O. Henry, whose stories about the city come closer to being its epic than anything in our literature—each story a chapter in the book, a flash in the great moving picture, a novel indeed of apparently unrelated fragments in which the great central theme, the central figure—it can scarcely be called hero or heroine—is New York. There has never been the "great New York novel" just as there has never been the "great American novel," and we are as little likely to get one as the other.

What, indeed, is New York? In vain may one seek to capture its spirit, to define its catholicity. Throughout the land it is the target for the scorn, suspicion, and antipathy of villager or provincial. At the same time it is his pride and boast, the goal of ever-projected pilgrimages of pleasure or profit, and with or without his cognizance the arbiter of his manners and thoughts. It designs his clothes, it supplies his music, in large part his books and magazines—even his newspaper has New York's imprimatur on all but the local news. He may berate it as the temple of Mammon, as a hotbed of vice and iniquity, as foreign, continental, un-American. But he projects his local hotel on the model of its great caravanseries. Its Woolworth and Flatiron buildings are national monuments to him. Its Broadway is reproduced in the "gay white way" of his town. Its business axioms become his own, its speed, its "pep," its magnificence, its idolatry of success his constant admiration and inspiration.

"A fine city to visit, a poor city to live in." How many times has it been said! And despite its triteness it voices in varying degree the individual's fear of insignificance in the great mass. But the tribute exacted

goes beyond personal submergence. In New York, despite its transcendent opportunities, one confronts also as nowhere else in the world the frustrations of modern material civilization. New York is its masterpiece, its *magnum opus*. And New Yorkers pay the price. Throughout their childhood and through their lives millions are denied horizontal vision. Their outlook is eternally on stone or brick walls. Even the sky is circumscribed, shrouded in dust, its vault gouged by great cornices. There is limitation not only for the eye, but for every sense. Nowhere has constriction been carried further. In the poorest sections the population reaches a density not approached elsewhere on earth. To the great apartment-renting middle class, space—or rather lack of it—becomes an ever-intruding factor. The very word kitchenette began as a New York colloquialism, and the problem of a room more or less, or even of the size or number of closets, often profoundly affects the habits and life of the entire family. On Fifth Avenue one still sees the palaces of the very rich, Gothic and Renaissance chateaux flush with the street. The demolition of ten-story buildings to substitute others a few stories higher is a common phenomenon. The rearrangement of business interiors, the erection of partitions, the frantic attempts to re-deal space are as characteristic of New York as trail-blazing of the wilderness. Nowhere can the New Yorker stand off to gaze at a beautiful edifice—his church, his theater are mortised into the city's blocks, troweled into indistinguishable conformity like the bricks of adjacent walls. And whatever adornment the sculptor may have wrought on façade or cornice is

hopelessly skied in the narrow corridors of New York's thoroughfares.

The constriction is clearly more than a physical difficulty. It lays its hands on the soul. It robs New York children of childhood's natural heritage. Their choice of playground is the street, the backyard, or the fire escape. The street, with its pathetic games inevitably adapted to environment, "area"—hide-and-seek, a *rubber* ball, thrown against the house, street shinny—games constantly shattered by the passing automobile, the surveillant policeman, or the disappearance of the ball through a window, or down the sewer. Or the backyard—four walls inclosing a few feet of caked dirt in which only the smelly ailanthus can live. Or the precarious fire-escape, when there is not even a backyard. Smut, tension, peril, restriction. . . . There are so-called parks—but the city plan made allowance for none, and the spacelets of Washington, Union, and Madison Squares, and Bryant Park owe their existence to the accident of having served in the city's earlier history as Potter's fields. (There is a slight debt, it would appear, to the unknown civilian!) So that in the great city—Manhattan below Fifty-ninth Street, virtually all that was New York two generations ago, a city that houses a million and a half human beings, there is neither park nor waterfront. The half-dozen tiny spaces labeled parks in this great district denote merely absence of buildings. The trees, shadowed by great structures, their leaves withered by the noxious exhalations of the city, are dying. From what little patches of grass manage to break through the crusted earth the public is warned away, confined to a few slender circling bands of concrete between the

dust-dejected verdure. Neither refuge nor seclusion from the din or dirt of the city is furnished in appreciable degree. And miles of magnificent waterfront which should have been the people's inalienable heritage, as it is in European and South American cities, are, save for the sliver of Battery Park, walled off for the nation's and the world's commercial use.

Above Fifty-ninth Street, where the per capita wealth increases and the congestion is somewhat less, the relief is also greater. Central Park, belatedly purchased at great cost, is in itself a typically New York marvel of compression, and Riverside Drive, despite the intrusion of the railroad tracks, has preserved a rarely beautiful stretch of the Hudson's shore. But even here nature is steadily losing her fight with the creature of the twentieth century Frankenstein. The great elms which adorned the Mall a generation ago are dead. A tree forty feet high in the lower half of Central Park is a rarity. Everywhere the forces of nature are shriveling, perishing before the relentless advance of stone and steel and poison gas. In Park Avenue we see today an amazing admission in the shape of imitation trees—wire frameworks overtrained with ivy! There are other and still beautiful parks—Bronx, Van Cortlandt, Pelham Bay, where nature is not yet stultified, where the illusion of the primitive still persists—but the way to them for the New York that needs them is through miles of subway, crowded, stifling, pungent with the dust of concrete, iron, and sweat.

The frustration and constriction, we have said, grips the human soul. The rush hour when New Yorkers acquiesce in a bodily compression, engage in competitive physical struggle to wedge themselves into subway

trains is merely a burlesque epitome of New York life. In the contiguity of the great city, as in the enforced contacts of the subway, there is little room but for repulsions. New York is hard, cynical, ruthless, even beyond other cities. From their early repression its children emerge sophisticated, both stunted and overdeveloped, perverted, premature, forced by the artificiality of their environment. There is exaction, too, of time. The two eternal verities, time and space, alone are restricted amid the city's abundance. Where leisure has become exotic, the supreme experiences—love, friendship, and human contacts—are harassed and trammeled. Courtship in New York is of necessity hurried, furtive, interrupted, irrationally exposed or confined. The streets, offering at best the stoop or a bench, the crowded parlor, the dance, even the taxicab and the roof are substitutes for the free spaces, or the seclusion of a real home. Friendship in New York is hindered by its distances, its haste, its proprieties, its irresistible propulsion. As for casual contacts, the city's philosophy is everyone for himself—and the devil take the hindmost. Where the competitive urge has reached the highest notch, where each man is out to rise upon the bones of his fellows, suspicion and intraversion are constant. One speaks, of course, of generic New York. But however wide the individual variation, however great the individual human impulses, they all are subordinated to the custom of a city in which with more people living closer together than anywhere else on earth, neighborliness is reduced to a minimum. In New York one rarely seeks acquaintance with one's neighbor; it would be unusual, suspect. One never leaves a robe or any other portable

object in a parked automobile—even for five minutes; it would be gone on one's return. These may be but trifling incidents, but they are the symptoms of the New York complex. If in New York the milk of human kindness is not wholly dried up or turned to gall at least it is pasteurized. Something remotely analogous to what war does to human beings, some modification of the precept "If you don't know, you get killed," is New York's imprint on its denizens. And, like war, the New York Moloch demands and gets its victims. Countless moths and butterflies are singed at its flame, countless brave swimmers dragged down into its maelstrom, sunk without trace.

Nowhere in the world has the process of subduing nature progressed farther, become more highly developed. The skyscraper, in part a response to the irrefragable horizontal straitjacketing of the city plan, was conceived in constriction, sired by aspiration. Drilled a hundred feet into solid gneiss, built on a base that defies all laws of equilibration, rearing itself on high as a challenge to the stress of wind and gravity, it is essentially a symbol of man's conquest. Tunneled into the earth is a great system of subways, of corridors under river and through bedrock, of conduits, of pipes, of wires, like the alimentary and respiratory tracts, blood vessels and nerves of the human body—linking the vast amorphous structure into one coördinating, functioning whole. Here man has been not merely in conflict with nature. Here nature has been not merely checked, tamed, and converted to his service. Here nature has been fully conquered and is now being destroyed. Here civilization is creating its own code and manners, its language variations, new ways of life,

new diseases, a new human species. New forms of beauty, too. These canyons, these pinnacles and spires, these high-thrust terraces of Babylon, these airy wire-hung bridges over which multitudes thunder daily, this skyline—these million lights, blinking massed and scattered through the city's vast night—these achieve a poignant beauty of line and atmosphere which stirs the emotions deeply and has in it something almost spiritual. Will this spiritual quality, now merely subjective, ever become a reality? Will man learn to use his great powers for the good of mankind? Or will he become increasingly the slave of his machine, his own creation? This is the unsolved riddle of civilization. New York, where the integration of man's energies has gone farthest, will first furnish an answer.

NEW YORK

(II) STATE OF UNWILLING PROGRESS

By CHARLES W. WOOD

NOBODY knows New York State. Very few, if any, have traveled through it. Konrad Bercovici discovers a different New York almost every time he turns around, but he hasn't yet got outside the New York City limits. Socially, psychologically, and physically the whole State contains about everything there is and lots of it. It is mountainous. It is flat. It seems to touch the sea only in one little corner, but it manages to have hundreds of miles of seashore just the same. It is agricultural. It is industrial. Great areas are so deserted that they seem like desert. Also it has its mining camps. And much of the State—very much of it—is physically, socially, and psychologically just plain backwoods.

People from "up-State," by the way, do not like to be taken for New Yorkers. A man from Santa Barbara is sure to say that he is a Californian, although the name of his city would require no explanatory amplification, but the man from Syracuse is just from Syracuse. Of if he hails from a village he will inform you that he is from New York *State,* and the emphasis is to let you know that he is utterly dissociated from the great city. You have to get down below Poughkeepsie to discover any willingness on the part of the population to be mistaken for residents of the world's metropolis. Actually the New York "Stater" as such

is something of a maverick. Unless we except the New Jerseyman, who as other than a suburbanite of New York and Philadelphia is a negligible quantity, and the Pennsylvanian who like as not will flourish some specialized cultural identification—such as Quaker or Pennsylvania Dutch—the New Yorker alone among the Easterners with some generations of settled history behind them lacks a regional classification and identity. He is not a Middle Westerner, a Southerner, or a New Englander. From Ohio to Kansas is a long jump, but the jumper is still in the Middle West. From Maryland South and South-West stretches Dixie-land. And from the Penobscot to the Housatonic persists the modified culture of England transplanted to the New World. The Pennsylvanian, moreover, is State-conscious. In his State the tradition of William Penn is held in reverence. But the story of the Dutch settlers is foreign history as far as the school-children of New York are concerned. They know nothing whatever about the Duke of York. He isn't even an item. No, there is no State pride in New York and no common tradition. I have lived in a dozen different sections and found them all dissimilar. It is the "Empire State," and an empire is after all nothing but a political union, heterogeneous and broadly inclusive.

No song which these people sing is in any way connected with the glorification, charm, or historic significance of the State. "The Sidewalks of New York" is the nearest attempt at such a song, and that couldn't possibly have any meaning outside the city limits. Ocean navigation was made possible here, but it is difficult to hymn the praises of a man named Robert

Fulton or a boat called The Clermont. Finally, and most discouragingly, if one were to celebrate the event which really made New York State, one would have to write a hymn to the Erie Canal. Even that might have been done, I suppose, if the Erie Canal had made the State and then resigned with proper dignity, as the Prairie Schooner did after it had fulfilled its mission. But the Erie Canal evolved into a Barge Canal with a lot of Barge Canal scandals and nothing whatever in the way of either barges or canal that anyone has ever felt the least bit proud about.

New York City contains something of almost all the world. The rest of the State contains something of almost all America. It is not from New York City that the most startling stories of modern miracles come. It is more apt to be from the laboratories of Schenectady. It was there that man first made and hurled the thunderbolt. It is there that radio is reaching its highest development. It was there that the dream of super-power originated. Nevertheless, one need travel but a few hours from Schenectady to find himself in a civilization to which all progress is anathema and whose favorite term of opprobrium is "new-fangled."

The people of these cross-road settlements have hung on to their immaturities more tenaciously, I believe, than the people of any other section of America. They may not actually be more backward than some of the hill towns of Kentucky or the rural sections in the vast hinterland of Georgia, but they have fought harder to retain their backwardness, and against far greater odds.

Occasionally in some Catskill cabin or in the back

counties of the Adirondack region the State police discover a nest of seemingly human animals described, for the purposes of journalism, as a "destitute family in a deplorable condition." Sometimes they are starving. Sometimes they are freezing. Usually, they are 100 per cent American but inbred to the point of intellectual extinction. Usually also they are Christians, with their fundamentalist theology preserved intact, but without spiritual force enough to go to church or to take part in any religious exercises excepting funerals. In one case a mother-pervert reigned over the nest, keeping her grown sons, thirty and thirty-five years of age, in bed for life by the exercise of her fierce animal will. In another a father and a gaunt crew of pregnant daughters constituted the "family." I do not mean that these are typical instances of life in the backward sections of the Empire State. They are extreme cases, no doubt, but they are significant.

One is inclined to associate the backwoods with the pioneer spirit. One might as well associate the Daughters of the American Revolution with revolutionary thought. These folk are not early settlers. They are the descendants of early settlers. The early settlers had spirit and initiative and daring. That is, until they got settled. The more adventurous of their offspring, of course, refused to stay settled. They ran away from the settlement and built cities and towns. But the timid remained. They stayed settled, in body, mind and soul. They set their faces like flint against every unsettling thought.

Resistance to change is their most sacred principle. Modern conveniences appear as signs of degeneracy to them; and the boy who leaves home to go to the city

is still their most popular theme of tragedy. The girl who marries the "city chap" is looked upon as disloyal: for in a community where everybody is pretty much everybody else's cousin, such unions seem to partake of the nature of miscegenation. "Who knows," sighs Uncle Amos, as he hopes for the worst, "who knows but what he's got a wife already?" This is the cue for Aunt Mary Jane to reply, "Beats me why folks want to be so stuck up."

This is not the language of the American farmer. It is the language of inbred descendants of farmers who have largely abandoned agriculture. They may still grow potatoes and beans and corn for their own use. They may still keep a pig and a cow. But the land is worn out, the barns are falling in, the more adventurous of the young people have left home, while the old folks and all the young ones who can be induced to oppose change in any form stick miraculously. They manage to get a living some way. They manage to marry. They manage to breed. They are a hardy tribe, enduring much tribulation and proud of their endurance; and there is a certain shrewdness about them which passes for intelligence. They are economical in money matters, also in ideas and in speech. They use few words and indulge in few facial expressions. They do not open their lips to talk, but blow their syllables through a very narrow aperture.

Numerically, this backwoods element of New York State life may not be very great. But socially, politically, and spiritually they have a throttle hold upon the State. They furnish the traditions to which the natives think they should be loyal, even though they have physically run away. New York State is notoriously

"conservative." This is generally attributed by outsiders to the influence of Wall Street. It is more probably due to the traditions of the "Old Home." The native up-Stater is seldom able to free himself from the attitude of fear and suspicion which was a most important part of his bringing up. Actually he may be having his bathroom tiled, or be looking around for an eight-cylinder car; but theoretically, he is still prejudiced against new-fangled notions and maintains a worshipful resistance to change.

The pressure of modern life may not permit him to act upon these theories in his everyday pursuits. But he can act upon them on Sunday; and large areas of New York State are as conservative, religiously, as the Middle West or South. He can also act upon them at Albany, and "new-fangled notions" have slim chance of getting through the legislature.

The State lags, for instance, in prison reform. It is not as bad as Florida, to be sure; but in this as in most progressive legislation, the State which should in all logic march in the vanguard of American culture is anything but up to date. This is likewise true of the problem of the feeble-minded, which New York psychiatrists agree is almost desperate. Those who knew the situation placed the terrible facts before the legislature, year in and year out; but it took a scandalous fire in one of the institutions known to be antiquated and unsafe to get any considerable number of the people interested.

The richest and most populous State in the Union was slow to accept the automobile. New York State fruitgrowers, with the finest apples in the world, surrendered their natural markets to California and Ore-

gon three thousand miles away because the folk from "York State" could not bestir themselves to evolve new methods of marketing. The beautiful city of Syracuse, with nearly two hundred thousand population, still has the New York Central Railroad running through its business center at grade, for no other reason, apparently, than that it always did run that way; and it has a great and highly endowed university whose chief pride has been that it has never once shown a sign of hospitality toward a new idea.

I don't mean, understand, that Syracuse University is scandalously behind the times. It has striven faithfully to keep nearly up to date. But not once has it gone ahead of the times. Not once has it taken a position of leadership. Professor John R. Commons is the only nationally known leader of thought I can think of now who was ever connected with Syracuse; and he was ousted for his economic heresies so early in his career that the incident attracted almost no attention. Since the death of Chancellor Day, Syracuse seems to be recovering from this chronic dread of the new; and recently its faculty permitted a public discussion of birth control. This is hopeful. Discussing the problem of overpopulation may not seem radical elsewhere, but it was decidedly radical for Syracuse. The Syracuse Common Council, in fact, had just passed an ordinance forbidding any public reference to the problem. The ordinance was vetoed by the mayor and barely failed of passage over his veto.

Probably no city in the modern world has had such an influence upon modern civilization as has Binghamton. It was from Binghamton that Patent Medicines came. It was due to the enterprise of Binghamton that

one hundred million people, naturally leaning toward total abstinence, suddenly rose as one man and began to rid themselves of all human ills at only one dollar per bottle. They not only began but they kept it up. Cure called for cure: the ills were often obstinate but the cures didn't feel bad; also one could be a prohibitionist and a convalescent at the same time. Eventually, after a chapter of newspaper corruption hardly equaled in history, the business of doping the gullible became somewhat restricted by law. Theoretically, at least, the patent medicines which can be purchased freely at all druggists are now non-alcoholic, and they are not supposed to contain any habit-forming drugs. But Binghamton is still great. The rewards of her enterprise have been harvested. The big, patent-medicine fortunes are intact, and there is no limit to the opportunities for philanthropy and bootlegging which the future holds in store.

Then there's Rochester. Rochester is the Art Center of the United States. No one can deny this. Rochester admits it freely. All over the world, in any discussion of art, you will be told that American art is photographic, and Rochester is the home of the Kodak industry. Rochester glories in this, and not without reason; but she never thinks of it as a New York State achievement. Rochester is Rochester. She has her own culture, her own ideals, and her own distinct sense of superiority. She knows exactly how people ought to live, and she is seeing to it that Rochester children are trained in the way that they should go. These children are dismissed from the public schools at specified hours every day to receive religious instruction.

Buffalo is different. One could write a song about Buffalo. In fact, one did. It was "Put me off at Buffalo." I could never be sure in Buffalo just where I did get off. It seems like Chicago, in a way, with a suggestion of arrested development. It reminds one at once of wharves and grain elevators and "Fingy" Conners. Steve Brody took a chance in Buffalo—and got away with it. He ran a "music hall" in which he himself was the main attraction; and his fame was built solely on the fact that he had jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge. Buffalo used to be like that. On each succeeding visit the thing that impresses me most about Buffalo is that it is so much as it used to be. Year by year it gets farther from the top of the list of America's greatest cities; but it manages, nevertheless, to be as big as it ever was.

The rural sections of New York are as varied as its cities. The dairy region in the vicinity of Binghamton, the peach belt between Buffalo and Rochester, the grape belt out near Dunkirk—each has a character of its own. The last is peculiarly interesting. Prohibition gave a decided boost to the grape industry. The grape-growers no longer have to sort out their grapes or pack them carefully for the market. They just jam them into barrels and express them to New York. They can't send them by freight or they would ferment and explode in transit: but they can express them, and do: and the Italian buyer simply puts the barrel in his cellar and takes off the head. Then he lets nature take its course. The ultimate mess may then be sold for "red ink," but no one in the grape belt has violated the law.

Saratoga is still in New York State—much greater, in fact, and far more beautiful than in the days when it

was reckoned great. The automobile is supposed to have put the horse out of business, but it brings thousands to the horse races who could never have attended them before. It is still a "watering place," and the water is good, even if the word has lost the grand meaning it once held. Saratoga has lost nothing much except its exclusiveness, and it has gained a State Park.

The "summer resort" business hasn't fared as well in other sections. The automobile has brought everybody into the country, but the country isn't the same kind of treat that it used to be. Mammoth wooden hotels, equipped according to the standards of elegance that obtained during the seventies and eighties, are not even places of interest any longer. They are not gay and they are not profitable. There aren't as many of them as there were ten years ago. Many have mysteriously burned down, and the insurance money has been put into other enterprises. I don't know how to account for this: the owners have been good old native stock.

New York State may not be pushing ahead: but it is being pulled ahead quite noticeably. I have lived in rural New York when ox-teams were common. The folks preferred oxen in many cases to the more expeditious horse because, when the road was washed away (as it usually was in spring), the oxen would pull the rigs out with a steadier pull and with less danger of breaking expensive harness. The automobile and motor-truck have now supplanted them: and with the automobile came concrete highways, electric lights, telephones, and a thousand conveniences never dreamed of before. An external hand has been laid upon these people, dragging them almost against their will into a

bigger world. In that world, thanks to the automobile, their children are going to real schools and are getting acquainted with all sorts of different people; and instead of looking upon these new acquaintances as queer and foreign, they have come to find them charming. They are having real adventures, real courtships, and real marriages now: and the eugenists tell us that they are having a smaller percentage of deformed and idiotic children. But still you can go into any number of these communities today and be told by the bearded sages thereof that "the ruination of this here kentry is the automobile." These people are giving voice to the inhibition from which New York State suffers most. It is our infant fixation. It isn't strong enough, let us hope, to forbid progress, but it is strong enough to keep us from being genuinely progressive.

It is commonly assumed that the beauties of nature have a refining influence upon human life. What can one expect, it is asked, of a child born in a tenement, or in the man-made environment of a factory town? Well—New York State is altogether beautiful, wherever the landscape has not been so defiled by man. It hasn't the terrifying beauty of the Rockies, nor the languorous beauty of the South; nor is there anything in New York scenery or climate which beckons to adventure or lulls to calm. But the physical charm of the State simply cannot be shaken off. This is especially true of northern New York, where the sharp frosts of early autumn work like magic on the oaks and maples and produce a thousand gorgeous hues unknown in the southern section of the State. The crystal frosts of spring are equally intoxicating. One whose eyes have fed in childhood upon Lake George with its moun-

tain background can almost be excused in later life if he refuses to thrill at the masterpieces of nature in other sections of the world. The prairies will be pretty sure to bore such a person. The wide open spaces will produce in him nothing much but uneasiness. The sea will seem too uncertain, the desert too empty.

Lake George is only one of a hundred perfectly satisfying bits of homeland in New York State. The Adirondack wilderness is still a wilderness over wide stretches and still beautiful despite the invasion of "hard roads" and hitch hikers. The great range of mountains around Marcy is accessible only to persons who are willing to climb all day and sleep in the open at night; its chains of lakes can be traversed only by canoe and carry. Lake Ontario with its thousand inlets, and each of the little lakes, north, east and west, has a color and a fascination of its own. There is no blue on earth like Skaneateles blue. There are no reds like the reds of the sugar maple in the fall; especially when viewed from motorboat or steamer on Lake Champlain.

The casual traveler through the State may think of Herkimer as a tank station, Auburn as a place of punishment, and Geneva as nothing at all. But get off the train at any of these places, take to the open highway and you'll begin to see. The splendors of the Mohawk Valley cannot be appreciated from a car window, nor the western chain of lakes. Did you ever hear, for instance, of Conesus? One of its charms is that you never did. The motorist in western New York has the privilege of discovering for himself ever so many beauty spots that are not famous at all. The

local inhabitants, to be sure, will point them out with pride. But it won't be pride in New York. New York means nothing to him. A dreadful city chuck full of foreigners has monopolized that term. New York, to the up-Stater, exists primarily for the purpose of paying the State's taxes. No one from Utica or Elmira or Mechanicsville would want you to suppose that he would live in a place like that.

Then, there is Long Island. One tip of it is metropolitan and one borough on this tip contains a population greater than Manhattan's. But the other tip lives a life of its own, less disturbed by visitors perhaps than any other section of the State, a stretch given over to moors and ponds and sharp sand cliffs dropping into the sea. In between is an area given over largely to great private estates, with palaces lying so far back in the woods that the passing motorist does not see them. Westchester County and the Catskills are equally magnificent. All that wealth can add to nature is added here, not to build up or to develop the territory but to keep it as excluded and unvisited as possible. It is customary to indict American millionaires for their lack of refinement and discrimination. I can't join in this indictment. It seems to me, whenever I visit these estates, that they have done well. They may muss up the scenery which the rest of us have got to look at; but they keep their own premises free from billboards and noise and smoke.

And while I am at it, I want to give voice to one more heresy. It is a popular sport among intellectuals to sneer at mere industrial advance. Its main contribution to society, it would seem, is to smear the landscape and turn our natural beauties into piles of

filthy lucre. The despoiling of Niagara Falls is their classical example. One-twentieth of the water has already been diverted into mere channels of usefulness. Too bad—perhaps. But the discovery by scientists that Niagara can be enslaved is producing a dream of human freedom which is mightily affecting New York State today. Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo are sharing in this dream of super-power. A hundred smaller cities and villages are beginning to thrill to it. Niagara may be doomed; but on the other side of the ledger, millions of men, women and children are breaking from the past. They cannot remain as backward as they had religiously intended to.

It is too much to expect that they will become suddenly progressive. Only recently New York established a moving picture censorship for fear their young folks might get some suggestion out of harmony with the permanent and fixed morality of "back home." Strenuous efforts are being made to extend this censorship to books and publications. Laws forbidding this and that are as common in New York as they are in Kansas. Free speech does not exist. It is still a crime to make public those discoveries of modern science which make it possible for women to bear children when children are wanted. The notorious Lusk Laws, which make it a crime for school-teachers to teach, have been repealed; but this only after a hard fight in the Legislature and because of the insistence of a Tammany Hall governor rather than because of any awakened public opinion throughout the State.

Still, New York State is changing. It is becoming American, due very largely to the influx of so many foreigners. New pioneers are supplanting the descend-

ants of pioneers and are keeping the pioneer spirit alive. Not much is happening in politics, but electricity is marching on and leading New York State into a different civilization. The "halls of learning" in Syracuse and elsewhere may still echo and reëcho the dogmas of the past; but in the laboratories of Schenectady there is no intellectual inbreeding. Foreigners, even Socialists like the late Dr. Steinmetz, may seem to be in charge; but what they discover leaves no room for argument; New York State will have to use it; and having used it, cannot be what it was before. Electricity doesn't care a hang what the folks think at home.

KENTUCKY

WHERE MEN DIE STANDING

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

In the good old days of hairy-chested Arizona, a most amiable and pacific Kentuckian of our acquaintance arrived one morning to pass his honeymoon on a cattle ranch. At dusk a cavalcade of whooping, firing wags set out from a nearby settlement explosively to ridicule the tenderfoot newlyweds. On the road the horsemen encountered a leather-breeched, leather-muscled cowboy whose derisive powers they deemed potent. They invited him to join in the festivities. He blanched.

"Ye fools!" he sputtered. "Ye blankety-blank-blank idiots! Do ye want to git yer heads blowed off? Them people's Kentuckians! Don't ye know they're wuss 'n savages?" The cavalcade retreated.

To a diminished degree that leather-muscled cowboy's verdict is the verdict of the nation. Is not Kentucky the land of grizzled feudists and defiant moonshiners; of soft-hatted politicians who recite poetry and tote pistols; is it not the land of dashing Night Riders and tobacco-chewing Methuselahs; is it not Wild West on Main Street? It is. All of these. But it is not savage: merely romantic. Therefore let a mechanized world be grateful.

The mountaineer who—if he can draw the faster—slays on sight a cousin in war over a pig three generations dead, is not a fiction: he is a fact. Yet he is

the same mountaineer who to a weary, hungry stranger will give all his rickety bed and more than half his scanty corn pone. He is hospitable, kind, noble, even at the starvation point. His violence arises from the single passion which masters his existence—he must not be trod upon, he must be free. His cousin's kin, he argues, cheated his kin; they are trespassers upon his family's, and thus his own, kingdom of self; they must be annihilated. By no means is Kentucky all mountainous, nor all its dwellers mountaineers, yet from the misty heights of Pine Mountain on the east to the mud-lapping Mississippi on the west, the creed is one: I will be myself. The laws that please me I will obey; the laws that suit me not be damned. "A Kentuckian kneels only to his God," declaimed Crittenden, doomed for aiding the Cuban insurgents, as he faced the rifles of his Spanish executioners. Well might he have added that even God would have beheld an unbended knee did the Kentuckian deem the heavenly command unreasonable.

This all-swaying individuality, when hand in hand with intellectuality, engenders neighbor or friend whose like in the universe is rare. Alas that the Kentuckian lacking ethical balance forgets that the doctrine of "You let me alone" connotes "Then I'll let you alone"; certain of his own righteousness, he is not content until he is transfigured into an exalted crusader, off for the battle.

Willy-nilly, he would then ram baptism by sprinkling, baptism by immersion, or whatever the momentary credo, down his townsman's throat, with revolver as ramrod. Intense, passionate, pious, his emotions are easily stirred, and the unschooled evangelistic parson,

with his jeremiads of literal blood, fire, and brimstone, can whip him into acts, if not of violence, of ridiculous stupidity. Such are the black-frocked clerics who would make of Kentucky a virgin goldfield for the Ku Klux Klan with nuggets lying beside every tobacco plant—were it not for one fact: a Kentuckian revels in a fight, but it must be a fair fight.

One glossy laurel these rustic churchmen almost won: the law to prohibit the teaching of evolution—a law the bare mention of which should cause the giant pine trees, whose ancestors heard the Kentuckian bitterly assail the repressive Alien and Sedition Acts, to turn their spiny tops from the sun. The history of the Darwin episode is illuminating. A veteran Kentucky legislator's daughter enrolled at the State University. The time arrived when she returned home. One afternoon parent and child were conversing. "Father," the girl announced, "what you and mother taught me is wrong. All wrong. I've studied science in college. There isn't any God." And the father wept. But mere weeping is vain, he knew. He decided to act, and deliver the youth of Kentucky from these lethal educators who taught that men were no better than monkeys or dogs, with the same hope of heaven. The battalions of the pulpit rallied at his jousting cry. Bryan entered the capital. He addressed the legislature. The Nebraska breath was fire; the silver tongue scattered vitriol. The lower house heeded, with ears acute, and minds on the little church back home, thronged with voters. Enough votes were pledged for a victory. When at the last dramatic moment the thrice-blessed figure of independence and free-thinking rose from the corner where it had been pushed and

sat upon: the bill was defeated by one vote. In the Senate, had it not been smothered in committee, the measure would have passed. A fact we confess with shame.

With shame, because the law would have violated every tradition that has brought the State glory. The tradition of the Kentucky which when still an unweaned, unprotected infant, surrounded by Indians, many times verged on a break from the Union because of Federalist autocracy; the tradition of the Kentucky governor who at the outbreak of the Civil War, when commanded by the Union's military chief to send troops, telegraphed the haughty officer a courteous "Go to," and sent the same valiant message to the Confederates; the tradition of the Kentucky militiamen who in the early conflicts of the nation, disgusted with the campaigns' conduct, told the chiefs their opinions, packed up their kits, and went back to the Blue Grass; the tradition of a Kentucky which, when the decision of the State's highest court did not satisfy the people, abolished the court. After all the anti-Darwin bill *was* defeated and tradition saved. Let hosannas ring!

High up in the Cumberlands where men live in the log houses their forefathers chopped from the shadowy forests, where there are no doctors in a county, no automobiles, no railroads, no telephones, there reigns liberty unfettered—and systematic scorn for law. It is moonshiners' paradise. Back from the creek bottom serving as a highway sits Steve Miracle, rifle at his side. In his pigmy clearing, deserted except for a hissing rattler, or a "blowin' " viper, he watches stoically as the mountain "dew" drips from the rusted still into the jug below. Maybe, if Steve isn't conscientious,

he adds a bit of alkali. Certainly the gun is there. Kept handy, too. Et's his liquor, ain't et? His corn, his still, by God, it's all his'n. What right's them folks up in Frankfort or way out East to say he cain't make liquor ef he wants to? Let a dam revenuer come aroun'! He'll show 'em, by God.

Not quickly shall we forget an experience in Clay county, stumbling on horseback along a rocky "crick," many miles from trains or toast. We were about to enter a region noted for its moonshining enterprises. As the dripping horse neared a cabin a hundred feet back from the watery thoroughfare, a rude door of the tiny structure opened, and a bearded patriarch of the hills stalked out. He carried no rifle—it was probably inside—but two revolvers showed at his hips. Obviously he was an outpost. "Good day, strangah," he drawled. We returned the salutation. With no further formalities, he instituted a slow, polite catechism, painstaking and penetrating as that of a candidate for a doctor's degree. It included past, present, and even future personal history. "Wheah yuh goin'?" "How long yuh goin' to be heah?" "What's youh name?" "What yuh workin' at when youh home?" All of which and many other questions satisfactorily answered, we passed the examination and rode on through the lines. In a few days we had seen most of the stills in the neighborhood, known to every school child. Our inquisitor was one of the profession's leaders. In other portions of the highlands, the strategy changes. Upon a stranger's approach, each vigilant moonshiner fires into the air: the next distiller is thus warned in time for any preparations necessary, and when the rider borders his territory, fires as did the

first. The astonished wayfarer thus finds himself greeted by a series of uninvited salutes.

So alert are the patient, placid-appearing centurions, it is almost impossible for a Federal agent to penetrate; a raid, to be effective must be a sudden swoop of thirty or forty quick shooting stalwarts. The cavalcade's return would be a parade of triumph, with its spoils of crushed copper tubes, did not the bodies of deputies shot to death make of it a funeral procession.

This proudly conscious spirit of irrepressed self is the highlander's saving damnation. His salvation, for were he to be deprived of his bitter joy that comes in wresting a crop from a bleak, defiant Nature in a region where the rock-strewn farms of Vermont would be accounted as Valleys Of The Blest, he would go mad with desolate loneliness. The mountaineer of the book, the play, is always wearily unhappy: actually he is happy, but with the happiness of the tragedian who loves his tragedy. The mountaineer is the Hamlet of the twentieth century. The spirit of self is his damnation, for unlike the meditative Prince of the Danes, he shoots first and thinks afterward. In a county whose voting population was eleven hundred, three years saw twenty fatal shootings and sixteen woundings. No conviction followed.

Amazingly trivial are the causes. A farmer kicks his neighbor's dog. A father gives his intoxicated son an unwelcome order—orders are not popular in the mountains. One ingenious highland merchant after a quarrel, knowing his life to be in danger, constructed a stockade the entire distance from his house to his store. He died from a bullet nevertheless. The statute-books denounce gun-toting: the law is futile as

a sun parlor in Mammoth Cave. In this year of grace nineteen hundred twenty four, of subways, radio, and chewing gum, every man taking the oath of office in Kentucky must swear he has neither as principal nor second participated in a duel! When the last constitutional convention assembled in 1890 obsolete enactments came up for repeal. The dueling law was retained; the legislators believed revocation would be dangerous. More than once has a judge rendered a decision and afterwards affirmed it with his life. The vigorous breath of this warning in the columns of an old newspaper still blows up the Licking. "I . . . thus publicly give notice to all sheriffs, constables, bailiffs, marshals, and their deputies, that if they do serve any precept on me preparatory to coercion that I will . . . put a period to their earthly career. . . ."

Withal, the Kentuckian is kind, devoted, lovable. Though his only books be the Bible and the Sears Roebuck catalogue, he is never uncouth. He is always the gentleman. Woman, beautiful, black haired or golden haired, flashing eyed, soft of form and soft of voice, here dwells in the age of chivalry. Upon her pedestal she is enthroned, for stranger, lover, husband to worship. In the Blue Grass the mannish-collared college girl would be a sight so bizarre that her walk upon the streets would signal a parade of gaping ragamuffins and grinning piccaninnies. When Kentucky was still an eighteenth-century wilderness of forest, Indian, and trapper, a dancing-master established a school for pirouettes in the blockhouse of Lexington. Nor did he starve. Kentucky is the land where woman must be woman; her castle her home. True, the State did at length ratify the suffrage amendment; why, is

a mystery. At a document-strewn desk a prominent Kentuckian, pounding with his fist as though each blow annihilated one of the guilty, scathingly harangued to us why the law was the most calamitous act in all the nation's history.

How ran the old song the school boys chorused when no teacher was nearby? Something after this fashion:

> In Kentucky. In Kentucky.
> Where the horses are the fairest,
> Where the women are the fastest,
> And the politics the damndest:
> In Kentucky.

Let the sleek horses graze quietly in their velvet pastures; bid farewell to the Kentucky maiden—though verily she merits far more than a glance—and muse instead upon ballots and balloteers. The writer of the song's closing line was a man of truth. Politics are the damndest in Kentucky. The reason? Again it is individuality, exalted, bringing with its naïveté strange contradictions. Whether classroom novice, farmer, lawyer, clerk, or tobacco picker, every male is a politician. Asked whence came the principles he cherishes, his proud reply would be "Myself": almost certainly these are the principles handed down by his father, and by his father's father, slightly changed in the passage of time. Yet, stubborn partisan as he is, should the interpretations of other father's sons, clashing with his own, be made the dominant creed of the party, instanter he bolts. A party split is as regular and expected as frogs after a Visalia rain. The schisms sometimes prove fatal. For politics in Kentucky are

never impersonal. Wrote one statesman to a rival: "I will not call you liar, villain, or scoundrel; but with all the politeness imaginable, I could prove you so."

The office-seeker is delightfully ingenuous. Thus advertises one highland candidate: "I am out of a job for some time. My wife and six children need my support. Think it over, friend, and let me have your vote for clerk." A poster with the honest rustic smiling out blazons these cryptic sentences: "All my life I lived in this county. My father and grandfather, too. Not one of us ever asked for a political office. I think it's about time they got one, don't you?" "A dog for every man in the mountains," promises a son of Clay County, wistful for the legislature. While what more could be asked of man than this: "I will make the people of our county a good, sober sheriff?"

Along the river valleys, where time is marked by the coming of the show-boat, or on the rolling plains where the clock is the county fair, the buying of ballots is a commerce probably far rarer than in the Northern States stretching up from the clayey Ohio, with their Cincinnatis, their Terre Hautes, their Chicagos. In the Republican mountains, however, where there are few to see and none to tell, the ballot merchant—so say the Democrats—disdains retail barter, and opens his shop for the wholesale trade. The clientele is that benumbed caste, supposedly the progeny of criminals who fled from England; their slogan, "A vote for a dollar." In a plateau county, so insistent became the cry for greenbacks a few days before election, the tiny bank serving the community was drained, and compelled to telegraph the Sub-Treasury for a new supply.

Who, without sin, would arise to condemn? Could

good Republican leaders do aught else? Is theirs the blame Kentucky happened to be born under the Donkey instead of the sacred Elephant? Their lot is hard. Their mountain votes might better be used as fuel on the cabin hearths. Except—ah golden days!—when Jeffersonian calls Jeffersonian stinging names, discord cleaves the Democratic cohorts, and the wrangling of the warders at the State gates foreshadows opportunity to steal through and capture the citadel. Then, yea blessed are the mountains. Where a precinct numbering a hundred ballots in the bitterest primary mysteriously swells to five hundred at the State elections. Why not bring men across the border from Tennessee or West Virginia, wise men, who know the right way to vote; or better, wait until the Donkey lowlands have reported, and stuff your ballot boxes until by a gentle majority the just result is achieved? The election officers are all delicate Republicans: let a Democrat straying around try to holler!

In the Goebel assassination this mountain political fury attained its height; the case is a twentieth-century tragedy of two cities begun with death in a duel and ended with murder. . . . William Goebel is State Senator from Covington in the lowlands. The commoner hails him as a liberator; corporations denounce him as a self-seeking despot. . . . The Senator writes a political article attacking Colonel John Sandford, an officer of a Covington bank. . . . The two men meet . . . Sandford falls, mortally wounded. . . . Goebel is never indicted. . . . Four years pass. . . . The Senator is now Democratic candidate for governor. . . . The returns show the Republicans to be elected by 2,383 votes. . . . The verdict is accepted,

then contested on a charge of intimidation and fraud in the mountains. . . . The legislative committee assembles at Frankfort to hear the contest. . . . Feeling is intense. . . . Nine hundred and sixty armed mountaineers invade the capital "to see justice done." . . . The decision of the contest is about to be announced, in Goebel's favor. . . . When Goebel, entering the capitol grounds, is shot to death by a bullet fired from a window in the Secretary of State's private office. . . . Republican leaders are accused, among them the governor whose office Goebel was contesting. . . . It is testified that mountain feudists had agreed "to kill off enough Democrats to make a Republican majority in the legislature." . . . One confesses, some are convicted: to be pardoned later when a Republican chief executive comes into power. . . . One is repeatedly sent as a mountain representative to Congress. . . . In a single aspect the grim episode is not typical; Goebel was slain by an assassin, not by an enemy face to face—Kentuckians abhor cowards who shoot from behind. Another fatal drama, so recent that the trials are scarce ended, is the "Bloody Election" of Clayhole. In this hamlet, where political control vacillated, gunmen entered the polls, shot promiscuously and mortally, riddled the ballot boxes with bullets, and dumped them into the river nearby.

On the same stage as these tragedies of blood, are rightly, in comic relief, enacted high political comedy and farce. The legislature, less corrupt perhaps than in many other commonwealths, naturally could not exist without its lobbies for drollery and divertissement. Here the jovial entertainers are the Three Musketeers

—the coal lobby, the railroad lobby, and the race-track lobby; appearing in their sportive interlude:

> All for one. One for all.
> Dare he strike one, three on him fall.

No bribes, says Mr. Legislator. Away, Satan, with your bribe! But a drink of whisky from a friend in a dry country—that's different. So the soft-coal lobbyist must stock his hotel chambers with the mellowest of Scotland's pride, and keep open house for the men who make the laws. There's work to be done! The influence thus exerted is said to be tremendous.

Out of England to the Indian-haunted forests lumbered the caravans of the Kentucky settlers. The wilderness did its work, and the traits of the newcomers identifying them as Englishmen vanished. Except one: the Englishman's love of a horse race. From the days when "scalping" was a dread fact of the moment, not a dim tradition, the bronzed inhabitants of each little settlement gathered to watch shining steed vie with shining steed. Today the sport, commercialized, has aggrandized until it is imperial; the daily health bulletins of its Morviches, its Silver Kings, are flashed about the world as though they told of a god upon whose well-being hung the universe; millions are won and lost when the favored Derbyite stumbles and breaks a leg.

It is the race-track lobby, fighting the church lobby for its life, whose methods are unique. This is the procedure laid down by the race-track political Book of Etiquette. About the busy paddocks are a myriad hangers-on, watchmen, machine-tenders, ticket-takers, all well paid. Be you envious of such an easy liveli-

hood, or out of employment, call upon the king of horses and jockeys, and petition for a place. "Go," commands the monarch, "and seek out the political chieftain of your province. Worthiest of all, let it be a legislator. Ask him to inscribe for you an indorsement. Return to me then, and the post is yours. If ye gain no such indorsement, return not, for we are busy, and life is brief."

Thus, indirectly, the politician goes deep into the race-king's debt: and debts it is not etiquette for a politician to forget. As another effective expedient, the sovereign places the legislator upon his regal pay roll, at a stipend of fifteen dollars a day with no onerous labor demanded.

One unsophisticated, conscientious legislator, apprised of this boon, so goes the story, besought of the king to know his duties. "You see that concrete wall over there?" growled the monarch. "Yep," returned the anxious inquirer. "Well, you're the wall guard," sniffed His Highness. "Keep your eye wide open to see that it doesn't walk away."

Always a paradox is the Kentuckian; an ultra-conservative in making laws, he becomes a passionate radical in breaking them. The tenant tobacco farmers, "hill billies" who were ever in debt to the grocer and at the mercy of a tobacco trust which paid as the mind of its buyer varied, decided something must be done. Failing to consult Blackstone, they banded, agreeing to retain the crops until a life-supporting price was offered. If a neighbor more prosperous, or preferring to play his football game alone, insisted on selling at any figure tendered, he received three or four warnings. If the warnings went unheeded, upon a cloudy

night a troop of cavalrymen dashed through his fields, and a few moments later tobacco barn and its black leaves were in flames. These incendiaries, haters of trusts, were, and are, the "Night Riders." Similarly, when toll-gates along the ragged highways in Campbell County harassed the travelers, and negotiations for purchase appeared never to end, rustic cavaliers galloped down: when the toll-keeper appeared after dawn to collect his levy from every voyager he found the gates hacked into splinters. The sale was consummated at once.

Dangerous, but for the general good, acts as these are countenanced, approved. Not so mob punishment of individual grievance. Lynchings, horsewhippings, are rare, condemned. Fight the foe is a rigorous canon: but it is likewise rigorously canonical that he be fought single handed. Self-proclaimed censors, the "Possum Hunters" terrorized the plains about Hopkinsville. Until the trodden independence of the country side revolted: one morning passersby beheld the leader of the moral marauders dangling from a tree. The Possum Hunters chased no more.

Kentucky, the Kingdom of Self. It is a land which has borne or fostered many of the famous: Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, Henry Clay, Henry Watterson, Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln, the President of the Confederacy and the President of the Union; but always the greatness is of the individual, never of the reflected group. It is the Land Where Anything Might Happen; where judges spit tobacco with grandiloquent attorneys, and one judge opens court with hymns; where school-teachers kill wild-cats by lying upon them; where schoolboys whip pedagogues

because no holiday is granted to honor the visiting elephant; where a newspaper-contest promoter addressing circular letters in the conventional "My Dear Mrs. Bowsley" is invited upon the street to fight numerous irate husbands for flirting with their wives; where the casual wayfarer is introduced to the college president by the driver of the mail hack. It is a land where love of liberty compensates for grievous imperfections; a land of the lotus which the Kentuckian may leave, but never abandons. This is the State's sin: life is too cheap. Let the Kentuckian barter his revolver for a book, and die in bed.

Lest the Blue Grass inclined vacationer be frightened from his pilgrimage, to the sorrow of commerce chambers, we hasten to add that there are policemen in Kentucky, and spots where the stranger might dwell five years without hearing the sound of a gun.

WASHINGTON

THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW

By ROBERT WHITAKER

"PUGET SOUND? Let me see; where is Puget Sound?"

The inquirer was not a foreigner, nor even an Easterner. Nor was the query that of an unschooled street-laborer, or a young child. The question as I have given it was the response I had from the Assistant Librarian in one of the State Educational Institutions of California, a college for the training of teachers. It may have been on her part a momentary amnesia, a mere passing cloud of forgetfulness which was gone almost as soon as it shaped itself into words. But a real answer to her inquiry goes a good deal farther than does the knowledge of Puget Sound commonly possessed even by those who live on the shores of that unique American inland sea.

This region figured more prominently in world news before Americans were there, or while their numbers were few, than now. It was a bone of international contention then, and on four separate occasions within fewer than forty years brought three of the great European powers, Russia, Spain, and Great Britain, either to the verge of war among themselves or with the United States. No section of our country achieved in its incipiency so much of international disturbance and deliberation as has the Pacific Northwest. One might almost assert that the Monroe Doctrine was

born there, since the large claims of Russia a century ago to sovereignty on the Northwest Coast of America had hardly less to do with the famous proclamation than had the purposes of Spain toward South America. Thirty years earlier England and Spain had almost come to blows over the ownership of Nootka Sound, and fifty years after they had settled their controversy we ourselves were at the breaking point with Great Britain because we wanted the whole shore line between Spanish California and Russian Alaska, and after we had receded from our belligerent "Fifty Four Forty Or Fight," and had conceded to British North America a share with us of the Pacific frontage, the issue as to whether the line of division went north or south of certain small islands in Puget Sound came uncomfortably close to involving us again in a war with England. Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg on July 3, 1863, is familiar to every American schoolboy, but few people even in the State of Washington are aware that in July seven years earlier the same doughty Virginian who led the reckless venture at the crucial moment of the Civil War to dethrone the Stars and Stripes had with equal recklessness flung the American flag to the breeze on the San Juan Islands, and dared the far more powerful British forces to strike back. But for the self-restraint of the English Admiral Pickett would have been overwhelmed on that July day in '56, and the war between the States might have waited indefinitely upon the outcome of a war with Great Britain. The unique thing historically about the Pacific Northwest, however, is not that so often have many nations contended over conflicting claims there, but that in every instance the actual blow has been

avoided, and friendly deliberation, followed by judicial arbitrament, prevailed. Where Puget Sound may be in the present world discussion of arbitration versus war it is perhaps too early to say, but without doubt its story illustrates in exceptional degree the glory that belongs to the policies of peace. Nowhere has peace had more dramatic victories than there.

Washington State is the least in size of all our Pacific Coast possessions. It is surpassed in area almost one-half by the State of Oregon, and Oregon and Washington together are only a little larger than California. And the three, as one, are only a little more than one-half as big as Alaska. Yet Washington, least in dimension, has certain advantages of position and possession which are as distinctive as her place in history.

My predecessor in the pastorate at Seattle thirty-five years ago, a typical Titan of the frontier, was never weary of demonstrating that the Puget Sound country is not the northwest corner of the United States. Seattle, he insisted, is considerably nearer New York City on the east than to the farthest extension of Alaska on the west. Washington State is the doorway, and the only doorway to more than one-sixth of the total continental area of the United States.

What is of more consequence to Washington's future is that Puget Sound is the doorway to Asia as well. Asia, indeed, confronts our whole West Coast. But it is characteristic of the land masses on both sides of the Pacific that they approach each other toward the north and recede rapidly from each other on the south. This, with the shorter arc of earth curvature as one goes northward brings the ports on Puget

Sound several days sailing nearer those of China and Japan than are the ports of California. The volume of commerce which passes now from Puget Sound to the Orient exceeds many times that of all our harbors which lie farther south combined.

Thus far I have written as if Puget Sound and the State of Washington were identical terms. This is very far from being the case. It was not for Puget Sound that the province was first named by those who settled there. Nor was it for Puget Sound that we wrestled with England so strenuously through the long years of the Northwest controversy. Puget Sound was involved in this contest of wits which came so near to being a contest of arms, but the more immediate issue was the possession of the Columbia River. Washington shares that river on its western course from Wallula to the sea with the State of Oregon. But the Columbia's more extensive meanderings from north to south and east to west are in Washington's own territory. It was Great Britain's failure to find the mouth of the Columbia quite as early as she found the entrance to Puget Sound that gave the State of Washington to the United States: it was the desire for the whole river as well as for all the coast which was back of the militant slogan, "Fifty Four Forty Or Fight"; and it was their pride in the Columbia rather than in the Sound which led the first American settlers to offer themselves to Congress as an independent political division in 1853 under the name of the Territory of Columbia. Washington State has always been patriotic enough, but her people accepted reluctantly the name which Congress thrust upon them.

Washington State is the Columbia River and Puget Sound combined. The one is the greatest river, the other the most remarkable inland sea on the Pacific side of the Americas. Together they constitute a length and breadth and volume of water surface, closely interwoven with narrowly separated shores, such as no other State of our Union, and no other country on the two continents can quite match. The Columbia has no such advantage of position in relation to Alaska and Asia as pertains to Puget Sound. It has no such availability throughout the greater part of its course for commercial traffic as have the singularly deep and clear channels of the Sound. Nor is the land bordering upon it in central and northeastern Washington so blest with humidity and therefore so rich in natural fertility. But the "Inland Empire," of which Spokane is the capital, that extends far over into Oregon and Idaho, is not less extraordinary in its own way than the great basin of Puget Sound. Even eyes accustomed to the great grain fields of the Mississippi Valley must view with wonder and awe the apparently illimitable vistas of the soft hued cereals which flourish on the billowy stretches of this oceanic granary of the Northwest. Here also the apple abounds in abundance and perfection as probably nowhere else on earth. And here is power waiting to be developed, the "white coal" of the world's tomorrow, beyond anything to be expected elsewhere in America. The potential hydro-electric potency of the Niagara Basin is said to be six million horse-power. The Colorado Basin surpasses this expectancy by another million. On the authority of Eastern experts that of the Columbia River Basin may be twenty-one million. No

need to comment upon these terms. If Puget Sound claims Alaska and Asia as its own in dreams of tomorrow's world commerce, the Inland Empire has within itself sufficient for self-sustenance throughout ages to come.

World travelers have paid high tribute to the natural loveliness of Puget Sound, the healthfulness and tonic effectiveness of its rarely invigorating climate, and the exceptional accessibility and safety of its waters. These items might be extended to include the agricultural, horticultural, and commercial availability of its shores. The combination of attractions and advantages is one hardly paralleled elsewhere on earth. Rich food staples lie in its waters. Including her share in the fish resources of the Columbia, and her relation to the fish cargoes which come down from Alaska the State of Washington has an interest in this phase of the world's food supply which in itself would set her apart among the favored servants of mankind. Much else there is. The Puget Sound country, as other considerable sections of Washington, is peculiarly adapted to dairy products, and to raising poultry. The progress already made there is too large easily to visualize its statistics. The western sections of Washington respond also to the cultivation of the small fruits, berries in particular, so that the State might supply with these the tables of the world. The fecundity of her forests, which puts Washington in the front rank of the great lumber producing sections of the earth, is proof and promise of what her fields have to offer on all lines of natural growth. To mention these matters thus briefly carries with it almost of necessity some accent of extravagance. The unique loveliness of na-

ture there has evoked tributes from all who have had opportunity to see the State to any advantage.

It was Viscount Bryce of England who summed up the Washington landscape most strikingly:

"Neither Europe nor Asia nor South America has a prospect in which sea and woods and snow mountains are so united in a landscape as in the view from Puget Sound of the great peaks that rise like white towers above the dark green forests of the Cascades."

More comprehensive, and not less enthusiastic, is the testimony of one of our own American writers, Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in his "Conquest of Consumption":

"When once we cross the summit of the Cascades we enter a totally different climate, an air which is mild, gentle, and moist, but never depressing; a country of green mountains, dazzling snow-tipped peaks, of grass, of moss and fern, which knows neither the barrenness of winter nor the brownness of summer, a land which has all the best and most invigorating qualities of the cradle of our Teutonic race, with none of its extremes. From one end to the other it is the land of tall trees and tall men, of the apple, the peach, the prune, and the pine; the land of the green valley and the rushing river. The rosy pink of its orchards every spring is equaled only by the sunset glow upon its peaks of eternal snow. It is the charmed land of the American continent, where a temperate sun, a mild climate, and a fertile soil give man the stimulus of the green and rain-swept North, with the luxurious returns for moderate effort of the teeming tropics. . . . If you have never seen Oregon, Washington, or British Columbia in summer, you lack important qualifications for imagining what the climate of heaven may be like."

Nor do even these glowing yet temperate eulogies wholly indicate the variety of Washington's claims upon the nature lover. Too much can hardly be said for Puget Sound itself. It is not, to be sure, the only region that devotees have called "the summer playground of America," but certainly one who has seen all the America that is under our flag will recall no portion where all conditions are so generously present for comfort and healthfulness and delight as they are during the summer months from the Straits of Juan De Fuca to the utmost limit of Admiralty Inlet and Hood's Canal. The "prospect of sea and woods and snow mountains" is, as Mr. Bryce so aptly indicates, one not to be surpassed anywhere under the sun. And under the sunset sun the combinations are utterly beyond the power of words to describe. If you doubt it try an evening ride from Victoria to Port Townsend, for example, with the quaint British capital on your right, the snow-capped Olympics on your left, and the molten lava of quivering light flooding out behind you the whole width of the straits till the golden glory melts away into the infinity of the Pacific Sea.

Or lie out under the pine trees on the slopes of Paradise Valley in Rainier National Park on a summer night, with the snow patches and the wide-spreading areas of massed wild-flowers all around you, where you may peer over the edge of your uplifted couch into the depths of some glacial crevasse, or, lifting your eyes may watch the cloud drift above the white summit that towers still some ten thousand feet above you. Or, a hundred miles to the east and south float down the Columbia below the Dalles, where on a cloudless August afternoon you may view such an exhibit of

far seen snowy summits as is to be found nowhere else from any river of the continent. Or, if you prefer motoring, follow the courses of the upper Columbia, from fifty miles below its confluence with the Wenatchee to the winding ways of the smaller stream in the neighborhood of Cashmere. There you will witness solitude as that of the Old World deserts, and ride between somber ramparts of great canyon cliffs. And you will come forth to a garden spot, wherein the cities of Wenatchee and Cashmere are set like jewels in silken robes, with a witchery of light effects upon the sharply silhouetted crests of the abrupt Cascades to the north and east and west that will renew your faith in the celestial glories set forth by the seers and apocalyptic dreamers of the past. Or—but why extend the tale of the inexhaustible beauties of the Pacific Northwest?

One could wish that this were all the story, or that man's part in the great pageant were always in harmony. It was not so yesterday when the white man first looked upon the land. Bloody warfare there was between white man and the darker aborigine. Lovely Auburn, midway between Seattle and Tacoma, was once named Slaughter, though the name was honorary rather than descriptive in its origin from Lieutenant Slaughter, one of the early defenders of the white settlements on Puget Sound, and a victim to an Indian's bullet. Many another stained the soil of Washington with his blood, both west and east of the Cascades. The Whitman massacre, in the neighborhood of the present city of Walla Walla, was one of the most tragic episodes in the early story of western America.

More devastating in a way has been the bloody strife of later days, not between white man and red man, nor between native and foreigner, but between American and American, in a fratricidal industrial warfare. How widespread this warfare has been, and how many have perished in it, one can hardly say now. But it has had its supremely tragic phases which more than once have unhappily put Washington on the first page of the world's news-carriers in this twentieth century of our civilization.

It is no easy matter to write dispassionately of these things, unless one writes indifferently, and that were worse than to flame up at the needlessness and horror of it all. Nor were it necessary to make particular mention of it here if Washington's share in the general blood-guiltiness of modern industrialism had no special phases and special meaning of its own. But what has happened here has been as distinctive as Puget Sound itself, the scene of the struggle. The wheat fields of Eastern Washington have not been free from industrial oppression. Rather have they because of the more archaic social organization there been freer only from the powerful protest and revolt of the lumber regions farther west. For the story, after all, is not one of tyranny which has prevailed unopposed, but where the opposition, whatever its failings and its misjudgments may have been, has been quite in line with the best American traditions.

But the waste and exploitation of the mighty lumber regions of the Pacific Northwest, where half the timber of the United States is still to be found, have been quite in keeping, scandalously and inexcusably so, with the worst American traditions. Individual initiative

and private enterprise have been allowed to devastate the great woods and pursue their own ends with ruthless disregard both of the interests of the whole American people of tomorrow and of the immediate welfare of the lumber worker of today. The exploitation and the oppression have been most extreme in western Washington. There also the revolt has been most effective. The Northwest has been made by men who have had to stand up to nature, and therefore are not afraid to stand up to each other. It is said that more dirt has been moved in the making of Seattle than anywhere else on the American continent except at the Panama Canal. Possibly the extra resistance of the lumber-jack of western Washington has proceeded in part from the back-wash here of the gold-seekers' invasion of Alaska. That expedition drew from the virile and aggressive life of America. Most of those who went were compelled to make their retreat from Alaska as best they could, and many of them, for obvious reasons, tarried on Puget Sound. The prosperity of the Sound cities within the last quarter of a century is in no small measure due to this infusion of the most adventurous pioneer blood. They were men, they were young men, and they were American young men, in the main. Here are the keys to the intensity of the industrial struggle on Puget Sound.

The story of that struggle cannot be told adequately in a few words. But its two main ingredients are the heavy, dangerous character of the work itself, and the abominable conditions under which greed and graft forced the workers to carry on their terrific task. As evidence of the first of these, let me quote, not from a labor paper, or the mouth of a labor agitator, but

from such an eminently respectable and conservative journal as the *Sunset* magazine of California. In February, 1917, it printed this graphic description of one phase of the lumber worker's task:

"Shingle-weaving is not a trade, it is a battle. For ten hours a day the sawyer faces two teethed steel disks whirling around two hundred times a minute. To the one on the left he feeds the heavy blocks of cedar, reaching over with his left hand to remove the heavy shingles it rips off. . . . Hour after hour the shingle-weaver's hands and arms, plain, unarmored flesh and blood, are staked against the screeching steel that cares not what it severs. Hour after hour the steel sings its crescendo note as it bites into the wood, the sawdust thickens, the wet sponge under the sawyer's nose fills with fine particles. If "cedar asthma," the shingle-weaver's occupational disease, does not get him, the steel will. Sooner or later he reaches over a little too far, the whirling blade tosses drops of deep red into the air, a finger, a hand, or part of an arm comes sliding down the slick chute."

Yet when the revolt came it was not against the risk and the agony and loss involved in the industrial process itself. The men had a right to demand that the menace of the machine should be met as far as possible in practically the only way in which it could be met, by protecting their health and comfort and keeping them in decent condition to match their wits against the whirring steel, or against whatever other dangers belong to the lumber-jack's perilous trade. Little enough it was they asked—reasonable hours of labor and exemption from that excessive toil which always takes fearful toll in the increase of industrial

accidents, decent food with which to maintain their strength, decent quarters in which to dry their rain-soaked bodies and clothes, and to get the sleep so fully earned and so indispensable to their safety and health. None of these things were given them in any reasonable measure in ordinary times, and the special privilege which took advantage of the war to exploit the government unconscionably seized upon the same crisis to make heavier the burdens of the workers and to stifle their protests with hypocritical pretenses of patriotism. Consequently the war period saw three notable explosions in the economic field in western Washington.

It is worthy of note that not one of these occurred during the period of our own nation's actual conflict with Germany. The first, at Everett, in November, 1916, preceded our direct participation in the war. The second to be mentioned here took place at Centralia in November three years later. The so-called "Seattle Revolution" was an incident of the earlier part of 1919. The Everett and the Centralia affairs were massacres, and are so named. Both of them were direct consequences of the struggle in the lumber industry. In both, the oppression and provocation of the workers had been long continued, and violence resulted from the lawless methods used by the lumber barons, their aids and accomplices, to suppress the lawful protests of the workers, organized or supported in each instance by the I. W. W. In both cases it was claimed that the workers were the first to open fire, and the evidence so far as it is obtainable runs quite to the contrary. At Everett, on that beautiful Sunday morning in 1916, the workers were on board the boat on which they had come up from Seattle to

strengthen the hands of the local strikers, and the business men and their associates had gathered with weapons forcibly to prevent them from exercising their indubitable legal right to enter the town. The massed men on ship-board were fired into wantonly, with no regard for the non-combatants present, indeed if the workers themselves could be called combatants. The arrests made afterwards were of the workers, and not of their assailants. There was no lack of money and economic power on the side of the prosecution. But the trial took place in Seattle, a city of size, was carried out decently, and resulted in the complete acquittal of all the accused.

There is no need to detail here the events at Centralia three years later. The struggle had been long continued there. Previously the workers had been attacked in their own hall, and brutally mobbed. This time the soldiers involved had gone far out of their way to pass this same hall, with abundant indications of a set purpose to wreck the workers' headquarters again. The weight of testimony, judged impartially, is that the attack began from without and not from within the hall, and was engineered by the big lumber interests. The barbarities which followed the battle itself were against the workers, and not by them. The trial was held in a small town, the judge was manifestly prejudiced against the accused and had joined in formal denunciation of their party. The verdict against the workers, obviously affected by the intimidating presence of troops hostile to the accused, was a compromise, and undeniably absurd from the viewpoint of the offense itself. And since then five of the twelve legal jurors have under oath repudiated their

verdict as forced from them, while a labor jury, constituted of conservative labor men not in sympathy with the I. W. W. as an organization, found unanimously for the accused. The fact that the accused are still in jail, serving life sentences, except for the two or three who could not be convicted even under those extraordinary circumstances, indicates not their guilt but rather the slow recession of the war hysteria and the powerful control still exercised in Washington by the lumber barons and their allies.

The "Seattle Revolution" was an utterly bloodless affair, and absolutely non-violent both in purpose and in its actual conduct, despite all the sensational reports to the contrary. It was made by the governing classes themselves. Under the impetus of the extraordinary profits that were practicable under war pressure the workers of the Northwest were not only allowed but were encouraged to build up their solidarity. The labor unions, especially those associated with the ship-building trades, grew enormously in numbers and power. When, following the cessation of the war, the period of retrenchment and deflation came the burden of it fell, of course, upon the workers. It is claimed that adjustments would still have been made but for the interference of Federal red tape. The ship-workers went out in common protest against what they considered the ineptness and injustice of the decision against them. Their fellows in other trades moving still with the solidarity of the efficient labor coöperation achieved during the war, went out with them. The result was something, the like of which had never happened before in America, and is not likely to happen again soon.

There was an amazing, an appalling demonstration of what it means when the workers of a great industrial community act with one accord to cease work. The marvel is that the workers managed it as well as they did, for they themselves were overwhelmed with the measure of their success and the manifestation of their power. They were compelled to retreat because their advance had carried them so much farther than they contemplated. They had planned only to cease work, and they found themselves forced practically to administer government as soon as they laid down their tools. This they did, and were willing to do, only to the extent and with the purpose of preventing violence. Seattle was never so orderly, so decent, and so non-violent a city as it was during the few days the strikers held sway. But Seattle labor was not ready to cut loose from the existing organization of society, had not dreamed of it, and had not the remotest thought of challenging the State and the Nation. Hence its abandonment of the general strike as soon as the protest had been effectively made. Had there been any statesmanlike treatment of the workers when they returned peacefully to their tasks, which they had peacefully left, it might have been greatly to the advantage of both Seattle and the nation. It was such an opportunity for forbearance, moderation, good-will and real industrial diplomacy as the governing powers of no other American city have had, a real chance to show whether there be anything in the favorite contention of those employers and their spokesmen who argue that the interests of the workers and the employers are one. The opportunity was utterly misused, given over to the cheap politician, the

sensational and unscrupulous news-monger, and the vindictive money-autocrat. The damage of that failure has not yet been undone.

A chronic and on the whole a more disastrous failure of the owning and governing classes in Washington to enter into the distinctive character of their commonwealth, and coöperate most effectively with the workers there for the largest realization of its peculiar opportunities and gifts, continues. The emphatic quality of Washington State is its adaptation to the purposes of creative labor. The climate is a worker's, not an idler's climate. The land is no parasite's paradise, and to develop it as such, is to make a butterfly farm of what by all its natural conditions is intended to be a vast industrial hive. "The summer playground of the American continent" Washington may deserve to be. But its summer is short, and the merits of the country are not of the few weeks only in which men rest and play, but rather of the whole working year. No State of the American Union surpasses Washington in the possibilities which it presents to a non-exploiting and non-combative industrial life. The dawn of a tomorrow is upon the woods and waters, the orchards and the grain fields of the great Northwest commonwealth. But it is a tomorrow which can only come to its noon-day fulness when constructiveness shall count for more than acquisitiveness with those who sit in high places; when there shall be real conservation not alone of the illimitable wealth of nature but of the vastly more consequential wealth that is in both high and lowly humanity—a tomorrow when all together as truly creative workers shall enter into their own.

NEW MEXICO

A RELIC OF ANCIENT AMERICA

By ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

NEW MEXICO has an austere and planetary look that daunts and challenges the soul. In the East and the Middle West, the honors are nowadays relatively even between man and nature. In much of the West and the Southwest they are not, and in New Mexico the game is still so heavily loaded on nature's side that the life of the citizen is profoundly affected. Although the fourth of our States in area—three-fifths the size of France, with single counties as big as Wales or Scotland—New Mexico has a population smaller than that of many an American city. Evenly distributed, there would be about three persons to the square mile. In contrast to chill snow peaks, and mesas that drop starkly to rivers running naked in their canyons, the few little clusters of human habitations which the flowing mountain ranges have secreted at their bases seem as negligible as the burrows of the prairie dogs.

For all that, the State has fabricated out of soil, and climate, and racial stock a special brand of civilization, an individual pattern for life to run in that is of peculiar interest in the record of American States. The newest in the Union, it boasts two cultures as ancient as anything on our continent, as little modified by centuries and circumstance. It is still without the machinery of modern industrialism except in the depths of mines. Flocks and herds and agricultural crops sup-

port the greater part of its economic life. But many of the Indians and Spanish Americans, and even the now dominant fair-skinned settlers still live, in their vast colored solitude, as pioneers in space and time, more closely huddled together than New Englanders outside of big cities. The Pueblos are sheltered like monks in their walled villages and terraced community houses of sun-dried brick. The "Mexicans," in their intramontane valleys, which are often mere rock crevices with a mountain stream in the middle and the width of a fertile field of wheat on either side, set their little dice-like ranch houses end to end. Where their dwellings have space to be wider spreading, as in their Palestinian villages, they have a semi-fortified look; the same flat roof covers three or four generations, which cling together patriarchally. The old Spanish towns of importance, as one may discover in Santa Fé, were drawn tight about plaza and streets edged with colonnaded sidewalks, and their many religious and conventual buildings, which lift slated mansards to the blue sky, are as secretly inclosed as in France or Spain. Bernalillo, an old Spanish town, built on the site of an Indian pueblo where the army of Coronado made its first winter quarters, has an air of being religiously set in walls and gardens against the assaults of a dangerous universe. The genuinely frontier towns, like Gallup, near the Arizona line, important as trading centers for sheep or mining or Indian country, are no more than a raw street or two on the edge of infinity. Even Albuquerque, the only bustling modern city of any size, gives no effect of proud assertion: Sandia Mountain, floating above, carries off all the magnificence.

The Southern Rockies, cleaving the State from north to south, are its backbone. East of this central spine, all prickly black with forests and bitten into canyons splashed with hues of blood and wine, high tawny table-lands roll gradually to join the plains of Western Texas; but on the other side, as far west as the Continental Divide, near the Arizona line, lies an altitudinous region of blue peaks and chains, broken by the red mesas which stand lonely as strongholds of the giants; a grazing country, interspersed with verdant agricultural valleys. Five great rivers, of which the chief is the muddy Rio Grande, draining five great watersheds, have not sufficed with their swift little cold tributaries from the peaks, to make the State other than arid in general character, so low is the percentage of rainfall. In recent years important storage reservoirs for irrigation purposes have been developed in several regions, notably the Elephant Butte, "the largest in the world," made by damming the Rio Grande in a canyon. But such efforts are in their infancy, and crops dependent on rainfall alone must everywhere be raised by dry-farming methods.

In an hour or two on horseback one may pass from the desert, with its dusty evanescent lights and pale lunar convulsions, through the rich green of an irrigated valley filled to the rim of its sandy pink foothills with corn or alfalfa, where mint and cottonwoods grow thick along the running ditches, and up into the virgin pine forest of the mountains, a place of blue-black shadow. Two or three more hours, and the high sheep range opens its vistas, fabulously vast, yet green and smooth and soft as an English park. Even in the desert, the purple vetches and petunias of early sum-

mer, the scented sheets of yellow that mark August and September, the gray-green sagey growths give color and fragrance to aridity. Owing to the altitude, nowhere less than 2,500 or 3,000 feet, tropical vegetation such as one finds in Arizona is lacking. The extreme south, along the Mexican border, is a land of perpetual summer. In the more northerly counties, like Taos and Santa Fé—the State capital is built at some 7,000 feet under the Sangre de Cristos, which rise to a jagged 14,000—snow may fall at any time between September and June, and spring winds blast the fruit blossoms; while summer sends to the ripening crops anything from torrential rains and cloudbursts to the most blasting drought. But somehow there is always enough hot sun and golden weather (there is the South of it) and enough zest in the brilliant air (there is the West of it) to keep the soul of the agricultural land alive, and brace men's hearts for new struggles.

Climatic adversity and violent human conflict have always been the lot of the natives, one learns from history and from the fascinating records of vanished races that lie on the scarred surface of the land—or just below. Besides the few that have been studied by the archæologists in the last quarter-century, thousands of unexcavated cave and cliff ruins loom over the New Mexico canyons, giving the transplanted Kansas farmer or the grocer of the Kiwanis Club an upsetting vision of human destiny. The Spanish records name many aboriginal populations which have wholly vanished today. When the florid Conquistadores—the bulk of them, the historians tell us, the younger sons of Spanish noblemen, sent out to make their fortunes—arrived in this country, about a century before the

sober Pilgrims were landing on the gray New England rocks, the red man was, of course, in sole possession. The Conquistadores' chief objective was, unlike the Pilgrim's, frankly materialistic: treasure, first the supposed treasure of the Seven Cities of Cibola, from which the present pueblo of Zuni, in the western part of the State, descends. But these adventurers were genuine explorers, and the province claimed as New Mexico, in the name of the Spanish Crown and the Holy Catholic faith, by the strong arms of the generals and the determined devotion of the Franciscan friars, included, in 1700, what are now Arizona and Utah, most of Colorado, and parts of Kansas and Texas. The official figures of the population, in 1799, were 23,000 Spaniards and 10,000 Indians, living in missions.

Modern New Mexico history begins about 1821, when the province passed from Spain to Mexico, and the opening of the romantic overland route to the United States gave a region that had lived chiefly by its southern connections a trade outlet to the East. This was the moment when the names of Otero, Luna, Baca, Romero, Ortiz, and others famous in territorial history—some still to be reckoned with in State politics—came to the fore. The Mexican government made large grants of land to leading individuals. These reënforced the older Spanish grants, and the Spanish Catholic gentlemen, established, some of them by many previous generations, in their great ranch houses, with their patriarchal families, their great flocks and herds, their practically peon labor of their own racial stock, and their Indian "slaves," were, if not kings, at least barons in their own right. That pic-

turesque and privileged and quasi-feudal system in land tenure, stock farming, government, which has carried over into the present social and political system of New Mexico, goes straight back to these gentry.

The American era, following the military occupation of General Kearney in 1846, and the treaty of Guadelupe Hidalgo, by which the territory passed to the United States, initiated a new struggle: the Spaniards, like the Indians before them—but with a much more bitter reluctance—had to yield moral and commercial sovereignty to a race backed with more money and resources than they could now put forward. It was a slow and gradual and subtle process. The country was wide and undeveloped beyond all avarice and exploitation. But as the pioneers of the Santa Fé trail, traders, miners, sheep ranchers, and the rest—quite as arrogant and unscrupulous and ready with the six-shooter as the Spanish settlers—filtered in, and later the building of the railroads introduced new elements of progress and competition, including "wild catting" in mines, the old Spanish families began to lose their supremacy and their land. The ones who did not must have been those in whom the sensitiveness of the Southern aristocrat had been thoroughly tempered by Western air and sun; who were not only tough enough to endure the competition of a race that esteemed itself superior, and adaptable enough to Americanize themselves, but shrewd enough to use their old prerogatives over the inarticulate mass of their own race to secure for themselves a new sort of political hegemony. Prestige, qua prestige, had anyhow passed to the "Americans." The Spanish leaders who played a significant rôle in building up the territory were not chosen to

occupy the Old Palace where the earlier Spanish governors had ruled. The territorial governors and even the prosecuting attorneys were usually appointed from outside, and this absentee landlordism on the part of the national government helped to harden the population into strata, and to create the peculiarly exasperated racial susceptibility of the present New Mexican.

The fate of Arizona was joined to that of New Mexico till 1863, when the former became a separate territory, and both were admitted to statehood by the Enabling Act of 1910—New Mexico in 1912. But Arizona's greater pioneer remoteness from the capital of Santa Fé and the older Spanish settlements made her formative history rather different, and her burning modern problems are more involved with the mining industry than with the ancient prides, grudges, and traditions noted above. The superficial observer, savoring in New Mexico something more closely resembling European "atmosphere" than he finds elsewhere in this country, does not at first realize the degree to which what may be called the Spanish complex influences the conscious and unconscious mind of the State. He will be surprised to discover that Spanish is more often heard than English in many country districts, and that he cannot bargain for a horse or a beautiful old hand-woven blanket or a night's lodging without the mediation of a child who has learned English at school. The State constitution provides that for twenty years after it goes into effect laws shall be published in both Spanish and English, and that no citizen shall be deprived of the right to vote or sit on juries or hold office because of his inability to write or speak English or Spanish. As a

matter of fact, until very recently sessions of the legislature—in the memory of many opened with six-shooters—have been conducted in Spanish or bilingually, through a Spanish interpreter, and the interpreter is an important figure in the courts, where, though the judges are usually "American," the juries are preponderantly "Mexican." The Republicans attribute much of their success with the women voters to the fact that they send out Spanish-speaking women canvassers. Twenty counties are more than half Spanish in population, a few almost 100 per cent. Even the Pueblos, with three root languages and many dialects of their own, and no love for the "Mexicanos," use the Spanish tongue commonly for inter-tribal communication.

The situation will soon be different, for all Spanish and Indian children are now being educated in English. Another clause in the constitution forestalls discrimination against pupils of Spanish birth in the public schools, and normally the New Mexico youth—with the exception of the Indians who are largely in government schools—mingles there happily enough, under teachers who may or may not be of Spanish origin. But in a district of mixed population, where the children of the "whites," as they like to call themselves, are outnumbered by those of their dark-skinned neighbors who increase their slim living by day labor on the "white" farms, a well-to-do colonist from the Middle West will be likely to strain the Buick to send his offspring to the nearest town.

That only the Indians are spiritually free in New Mexico is one of the paradoxes in which the State abounds. For of course they are at the bottom of the

social scale. The man from Main Street (Santa Fé) loves to tell the Eastern tenderfoot that these lazy Indians own much land which sure ought to be in the hands of white men. As a matter of fact they own, or occupy on reservations, four million acres out of seventy-eight millions, while the private land grants, so useful to the cattle interests, validated by the Court of Private Land Claims, amount to six millions. There are some 20,000 Indians all told—the least of the tribes in numbers and importance being the once fearful Apaches, some of them the descendants of Geronimo, living on two reservations, the Jicarilla in the north and the Mescalero in the south central part of the State—which ex-Secretary Fall tried last year unsuccessfully by a venture of his own called in New Mexico "the spotted park bill"—to transform into a National Park. In the northwestern corner of the State live the Navajos, 9,000 of them—there are 25,000 Navajos on the entire reservation but only one corner of it lies in New Mexico—a race of nomadic sheep farmers speaking a language quite as difficult as ancient Greek, and so protected by canyons and sand that nobody had bothered much about them but the traders who make a profit from their wool and their fine blankets, and the white sheepmen who carried on a sort of border warfare over grazing rights till oil began to gleam like a jewel in their foreheads. The other large Indian unit, the Pueblos, have from a long time past been jealously regarded, through their ownership of rich agricultural grants scattered through the Rio Grande valley. They have suffered many encroachments upon both land and water from white, and especially Spanish-American

settlers; and by a deal put through by Fall and Bursum, through which the voters would greatly have profited, they would last year have lost forever, but for the national uprising against the Bursum bill, all the disputed portions of their territory. The New Mexico politicians still attribute their defeat to "paid propaganda." Meanwhile the Pueblos have never lost their poise in the universe of being. In the midst of these contending dominant races which they have watched this long while with appraising eyes, their balanced communal life, their beautiful primitive handicrafts go on. And their extraordinarily decorative dances and religious ceremonies, carried on in the sun-baked plazas against the Gauguinesque background of the mountains, seem to release from the tensions of altitude and climate the inner mystery and sensuous harmony of the immemorial earth.

The simple Spanish folk whom the Kansas colonist misprizes are also charming to look upon, with cherished and curious traditions dating far into the past. Winnowing their grain in baskets, weaving gay blankets on hand looms, dancing old folk dances, and singing old Spanish tunes to the tinkle of guitars, they look in their mountain villages, under the shadow of their great mission churches, as if they had just emerged from a peasant pastoral like their own Our Lady of Guadalupe; a miracle play given at Christmas in the dark-ceiled, whitewashed interiors. Hard working, or as much so as sun and *poco tiempo* will allow, seriously undernourished on a diet of beans and chile, honest and law-abiding and proudly independent on their ranches, they are harder to account for through the years and centuries, with the ascetic ardors of their

Penitente rites, and the black shawls of their heads, than the Spanish-American aristocrat. Though they probably have a dash, acquired perhaps some time since, of Indian blood, they are in no way to be confounded with the peon Indian-Mexican of Old Mexico —nothing insults them so much as to be called anything less than the good Americans that they are. But the little wrinkled Don Quixotic person who smiles at one from his blue door, the señorita, so powdered in her hours of ease, who haunts the Santa Fé plaza, consider themselves bound by ties of true kinship to the families who have descended from the Conquistadores to rise in the councils of the Republican Party; and the great Republicans will not deny the relationship. If their "we Mex" screens susceptibility with humor, gravity and clan loyalty ring out in "my people."

Ten years ago it was customary, in a certain valley —so the "white" farmers tell me—for the "native" voters to receive their ballots neatly marked and wrapped in a two-dollar bill, as they mounted the hill to the schoolhouse. Recently on the election day which gave the Democrats their unexpected landslide, the representative of a certain candidate was walking up and down in this schoolhouse, among husky farmers and black shawls, grumbling loudly: "What's the matter with these women? They've all had their five dollars——" After this somebody carried out the ballot box and somebody else made a row. A stranger to New Mexico might misunderstand this little scene. He would be wrong. The Spanish-American usually votes as his father advises over the morning cigarette. And his father advises what the local Don advises, on the advice of his cousin in Santa Fé. The control of the

Spanish-American vote by the Republican Party, which has usually held the balance of power, has been worked out through an elaborate "padrone" system in the counties and a strong Spanish-American leadership at the top, with men of the Bursum and Fall variety pulling the strings in the background. There is no saying that a greenback passes more often here than in New York City or that one party is more simon-pure than the other in this regard. As with Tammany, a job may be a return for a tribute of loyalty, given by those who for so many centuries took their orders from the patriarchal master of the hot heart and strong hand.

Surely much of what happens in New Mexico may be attributed to overweening nature. Mountains may set you free, like a Chinese sage, in the contemplation of Everlasting Truth, or they may merely project your giddy egotism into the empyrean, and then hurl it back into the timid harness of the taboos and privileges and prohibitions of a clan. New Mexico communities, in spite of the many benignant gifts of God, are dominated by spectral fears from which those who rub elbows under the shadow of skyscrapers are liberated. Free speech is undoubtedly less flourishing here than in Boston. Public opinion is likely to get snarled up in private personalities and "small-town stuff." Opposite factions do not sit down at the same table and discuss their differences. An Indian claim has never had a fair deal in the lower New Mexico courts. A gentleman of the Republican persuasion may be asked by his clan to renounce friendship with a sister turned Democrat. The real reason why the "artist" who now figures as a definite element in the social grouping is so resented by a certain type of average citizen is that

he is an iconoclast who does not live according to Hoyle —who hesitates, perhaps (it is not so sure) to steal his neighbor's water, as ranchers habitually do, who likes, actually *likes* as human beings these Indians and Spanish people, and wants them to continue in their benighted ways; and gazes upon the purple land and breathes the crystalline air with no feeling but of sensuous enjoyment and spiritual liberation. To one with a vested interest in water rights, and a certainty that movies and polished oak and street cars will make New Mexico more like Kansas City, this is nothing short of immoral.

The nearest problem of the State is to assimilate the racial stocks without sacrificing their worth, to become progressive without cheapness. If the picturesque features, like Indian villages and Spanish missions, become as in California merely tourist attractions played up by hotelkeepers and chambers of commerce, the last fate of the Indian will be worse than his first and the rare distinction of the State will vanish. No telling, either, what future developments in the rich and largely unexploited mining and oil fields will do to the civilization and the landscape. The archæological possibilities of this region have scarcely yet been explored; yet pottery jars as fine as any in Crete can be had for the digging, and two civilizations older even than that of the Cliff-dwellers, the Pueblos' prehistoric ancestors, lie buried under the cliffs and caves. There is still a fighting chance of making Santa Fé, with its two museums and its School of American Research and its position in the center of two ancient folk cultures, the artistic capital of the Southwest. But these institutions have no adequate endowment to meet their

opportunities. It is in the Southwest that the connections between the North American Indian civilization and that of the greater Indian peoples of Mexico and Central America are being traced and studied. It is in New Mexico, if anywhere, that the contribution of Indian and Spaniard to the enrichment of modern American civilization will be worked out. One can conceive of future schools of art and decoration, music and the theater, based on native strains, which would produce in pupils of Indian or Spanish or long-established American-Southwestern provenance a flowering of creative American expression of a totally new sort. The colonist artist or writer of today, struggling to present the violent images registered on brain or retina, can point the way: no more. Before the ceremonial dance paintings of the young Pueblo painters which come straight out of instincts, fundamental as the earth, they must bow their heads in reverence and say—here, classic skill and luminous, is the pastoral of ancient America.

INDIANA

HER SOIL AND LIGHT

By THEODORE DREISER

THERE is about it a charm which I shall not be able to express, I know, but which is of its soil and sky and water—those bucolic streams and lakes which so charm those who see them. And where else will one find such beech and sugar groves, so stately and still and serene—the seeming abodes of spirits and elves that are both friendly and content? Rains come infrequently and then only in deluging showers. Corn and wheat and hay and melons flourish throughout the State. Spring comes early. Autumn lingers pleasingly into November. The winters are not, in the main, severe. Yet deep, delicious snows fall. And a dry cold in the northern portion makes sleighing and skating a delight. The many lakes and streams afford ample opportunity for house-boats, lakeside cottages, and bungalows as well as canoeing and fishing and idling and dreaming. In the beech and sugar groves are many turtledoves. The bluejay and the scarlet tanager flash and cry. Hawks and buzzards and even eagles, betimes, soar high in the air. Under the eaves of your cottage are sure to be wrens and bluebirds. Your chimneys are certain to shelter a covey of martins. And to your porches will cling the trumpet vine, purple clematis, and wistaria. From the orchard and woodlot of your farm will sound the

rusty squeak of the guinea hen and the more pleasing cry of the peacock, "calling for rain."

One should not conclude from this, of course, that the State is without manufacture, or that, size for size, its cities and towns are not as interesting as those of other States. To me they are more so. There is something in the very air that sustains them that is of the substance of charm. What it is I cannot say. You will find it suggested in the poems of Riley and the stories of Tarkington, a kind of wistfulness that is the natural accompaniment of the dreams of unsophistication. To be sure the State is lacking in urban centers of great size which somehow, regardless of character, manage to focus the interest of the outside world. Apart from Indianapolis, a city of three hundred thousand, there is no other of even a third of its size within its borders. Evansville, on the Ohio, and at the extreme southwest corner of the State, has possibly eighty thousand. Ft. Wayne, in the northern portion of the State, the same. Terre Haute, the most forthright of its several manufacturing centers, had, until recently at least, a population of seventy thousand. And because of the character of its manufactories which relate to steel and coal it is looked upon by many who are not a part of it as grimy. Its smaller cities such as Gary, Hammond, South Bend, Kokomo, Richmond, Muncie, and several others literally resound with manufacture, being centers for steel, packing, automobiles, engineering supplies, farm machinery, and so forth. Yet contrasted with the neighboring States of Ohio, Michigan, and Illinois—in particular the latter's northern portion—it pales as a center of manufacture. Ohio can boast quite ten

centers to its one. In passing from any of these States into Indiana one is reminded of the difference between Holland and Germany or France, the one with its canals, its windmills, and level fields, dotted with simple homes, the other with its plethora of cities and factories and, in the old days, its ever-present army. The one is idyllic, the other almost disturbingly real and irritatingly energetic.

Yet to my way of thinking the State is to be congratulated rather than not upon this limited commercial equipment. Not all of our national domain needs to be commercial, I trust, however much we may wish it. A few such pastoral areas might prove an advantage. Besides, as I have indicated, there is running through the mood of the State something which those who are most intimate with it are pleased to denominate "homey" or "folksy"—a general geniality and sociability. And with this I agree. The automobile and the phonograph, plus the dancing which the latter inspires, have added so much to the color of the small town and the farm in these days. Or, if it be the lone cottage, far from any town, with neither automobile nor phonograph, then the harmonica and the accordion are found to be in service. And one may sing and dance to those. Is it the light, or the soil, or what?

In this connection the church life of Indiana, as well as its moral taboos, have always interested me. Morality one might well assume by now, as well as all important social regulations, are best and most understandingly based upon and regulated by the Golden Rule. Beyond that, among the intelligent, restrictions and compulsions are few. Neither theory nor dogma

nor ritual nor custom nor creed are disturbingly binding. Yet in my native State, and despite the steady growth in scientific knowledge, devotion to denominational liturgy and dogma appears to be unmodified. Go where you will, into any city or town you choose, and there will be not one but four or five or six or more churches of the ultra sectarian type and each with a lusty and *convinced* following. Nowhere, considering the sizes of the various cities and towns and hamlets, will you see larger or more attractive edifices of this character. And not infrequently the Bible school attachments or additions are almost as impressive as the churches themselves. In short, sectarian religion appears to flourish mightily. It is the most vigorous and binding of all local social activities. The affairs of the church are not only spiritually but socially of the utmost importance. Nearly everyone belongs to one or another of the various denominations and the rivalry between the several sects is not infrequently keen, especially in the smaller places. And in the main, and despite all science, they are still imperialistic in their claim to revelation and devotion. Religious innovations are taboo. Even modern liberalizing theologic tendencies, though sanctioned by a stray soul here and there, are not in the main either understood or approved of. To this day in many orthodox quarters the youths of the hour are still discouraged from attending the State or any other university on the ground that they are "hotbeds of infidelity and irreligion." And the local press, running true to form, as it does everywhere, editorially sustains this contention.

And yet, as the world knows, Indiana has its "genius

belt" geographically deliminated even, as "south of a line running east and west through Crawfordsville." And, locally at least, and until recently there was no hesitation in stamping the decidedly successful literary and art products of the State as the effusions of genius. Well, there's neither good nor ill but thinking makes it so. Certainly the State may well be proud of George Ade and Booth Tarkington and William M. Chase, the artist, to say nothing of those distinguished elders James Whitcomb Riley and General Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur." Whether as much may be said for some others still remains to be seen. Certainly from the point of view of current popularity they have nothing to complain of. And as for posterity, well, posterity pays no grocer's bills. There are many aspiring writers who would gladly change place with George Barr McCutcheon or Charles Major, who wrote "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

Yet apart from these the State is not without a few personalities whose names will awaken responsive and other than literary thought beyond its borders—William Henry Harrison, the "Indian fighter" and quondam President, for instance, and Thomas B. Hendricks, once a Vice-President. Also Oliver P. Morton, an efficient early Governor; John Hay, diplomat, author, and cabinet officer of his day; and John Clark Ridpath, the historian. As a true and loyal Hoosier I suppose I should add that James B. Eads, the distinguished engineer, once lived in Brookville, Indiana, that Robert Owen founded his human brotherhood experiment at New Harmony, in Posey County, that Henry Ward Beecher was once pastor of the Second

Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis, and that Abraham Lincoln is supposed to have studied those few books and caught that elusive something that later gave character and beauty to his utterances somewhere in a log cabin in Spencer County.

But beyond these, what? Well, beyond an agreeable and respectable and kindly social world in which to be and pass one's brief and changeful days, what more is needed? Trusts? There are several in active operation, ye tin-plate and ye steel trust, for instance; the former organized at Kokomo, Indiana, the latter in full and dictatorial swing at Gary and Hammond, where only so recently as July, 1919, a number of very respectable employees on strike were promptly and in true liberty fashion shot to death upon the streets of Hammond, their crime being, apparently, opposition to insufficient wages and certain (as they seem to have assumed) unsatisfactory piece-work conditions. The moral entanglements resulting from this method of adjusting labor difficulties are before the courts of Indiana at this very time. Large industries? Indianapolis, Kokomo, and South Bend are assumed to be automobile manufacturing centers of the greatest import, nationally and internationally speaking. The steel interests of Gary, Hammond, and Terre Haute are assumed, not only locally but nationally, to be second to none in America. Indianapolis has not one but several enormous packing plants. The underlying coal-beds of southwestern Indiana—especially about Terre Haute—are listed as among the important resources of the Central West. The melon- and fruit-bearing powers of the climate and soil of that same area have brought about not only specialization and

intensive cultivation but a trade-mark which is of the greatest value. In addition the State has scenic wonders such as the caves about Wyandotte and such natural scenery and curative springs as have given rise to French Lick, West Baden, Mud Lavia, The Glades, and all the delightful lake life that characterizes its northern half.

But perhaps, after all, this is not the type of thing that should be registered of Indiana. Despite a long and happy intimacy with it, it is entirely possible that I have not even suggested or have entirely missed its truer spiritual significance as we are wont to say of so much that is but deeply human. Going south through Indiana once with a friend and fellow Hoosier, we two fell into a solemn and almost esoteric, I might say, discussion of the State and its significance, intellectually, emotionally, and otherwise. Previous to what I am about to set down I had been pointing out a number of things—not only those that have always appealed to me, the poetic and folksy charm of the State and its inhabitants—but also a number of other things that rather irritated me, its social devotion to dogmatic religion, for one thing, its rather pharisaical restfulness in its assumed enlightenment and knowledge of what is true and important to the world at large, its political somnolence as suggested by its profound and unchanging devotion to the two ancient and utterly platitudinous parties. With all of this he most solemnly agreed. Then, having done so, entered not so much upon a defense as an interpretation of the State which I will here set down as best I can.

"You should go sometime to an automobile speed contest such as is held annually at the Speedway at

Indianapolis, as I have often, year after year; in fact, since it was first built. There, just when the first real summer days begin to take on that wonderful light that characterizes them out here—a kind of luminous silence that suggests growing corn and ripening wheat and quails whistling in the meadows over by the woods, you will find assembled thousands from this and other countries, with their cars and at times their foreign tongues, individuals interested in speed or fame or the development of the automobile. And this might cause you to feel, as it has me, that as rural as it all is, at times Indiana is quite as much of a center and more so even, than places which, by reason of larger populations, set themselves up as such. As I say, I have been there often, and getting a bit tired of watching the cars have gone over into the woods inside the course and lain down on the grass on my back.

"There, about me, would be the same familiar things I have always known and loved since I was a boy here, but that getting out into the world for a time had made me think that I had forgotten, though I hadn't —the sugar and hickory and beech trees, the little cool breezes that come up in the middle of the day and cool the face and hands for a moment, and rustle the leaves—the same fine blue sky that I used to look up into when a boy. But circling around me continuously, just the same, to the south and the north and the east and the west, where were the banks of the track beyond the woods, were these scores of cars from all parts of the world, with their thunder and dust, the thunder and dust of an international conflict. Then I would get up and look to the south along the im-

mense grandstand that was there and would see, flying in this Indiana sunlight, the flags of all the great nations, Italy and England, France and Belgium, Holland and Germany, Austria and Spain. And it came to me then that the spirit that had been instrumental for some reason in distinguishing this particular State from its sister States, as it unquestionably has been distinguished, was and still is, I think, effective. It has won for Indiana a freedom from isolation and mere locality which is world-wide. It has accomplished here, on this quiet Hoosier soil, a very vital contact with universal thought."

"Universal thought is a pretty large thing to connect up with, F——," I contended genially. "And this is all very flattering to dear old Indiana, but do you really believe yourself? It seems to me that, if anything, the State is a little bit sluggish, intellectually and otherwise. Or, if it isn't that, exactly, then certainly there is an element of self-complacency that permits the largest percentage of its population to rest content in the most retarding forms of political, religious, and social fol de rol. They are all, or nearly all, out here, good and unregenerate Democrats or Republicans, as they have been for, lo! these seventy years, now—come next Wednesday. Nearly all belong to one or another of the twenty-seven sure-cure sects of Protestantism. And they are nearly all most heartily responsive to any -ism which is advertised to solve all the troubles of the world, including those of our own dear nation. I call your attention to the history of the Millerites of southeast Indiana, with their certain date for the ending of the world and their serious and complete preparation for the same; the

Spiritualists and free lovers who fixed themselves in northwestern Indiana, about Valparaiso, if I am not mistaken, and Mormon fashion ruled all others out; the something of soil magnetism which drew Robert Owen from Scotland to New Harmony and there produced that other attempt at solving all the ills to which the flesh is heir. Don't forget that the Dunkards—that curious variation of Mennonism—took root out here and flourished mightily for years, and exists to this day, as you know. Also the reformed Quakers. And now I hear that Christian Science and a Christianized form of Spiritualism are almost topmost in the matter of growth and the enthusiasm of their followers. I have no quarrel with any faith as a means to private mental blessedness. But you were speaking of universal and creative thought. Just how do you explain this?"

"Well, I can and I can't," was his rather enigmatic reply. "This is a most peculiar State. It may not be so dynamic nor yet so creative, sociologically, as it is fecund of things which relate to the spirit—or perhaps I had better say to poetry and the interpretative arts. How else do you explain William M. Chase, born here in Brookville, I believe, General Lew Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley, Edward Eggleston and his 'Hoosier Schoolmaster,' Booth Tarkington, George Ade, John Clark Ridpath, Roswell Smith, who founded the *Century Magazine,* and then Lincoln studying and dreaming down in Spencer County? All accidents? I wonder. In fact I am inclined to think that there is much more to soil and light in so far as temperament and genius are concerned than we have any idea of as yet. There may be, and personally I

am inclined to think there is, a magnetic and also generative something appertaining to soil and light which is not unrelated to the electro-magnetic field of science in which so much takes place. I look upon them as potent and psycho-genetic even, capable of producing and actually productive of new and strange and valuable things in the way of human temperament. Take little Holland, for instance, and its amazing school of great painters. And Greece, with its unrivaled burst of genius. Or Italy, with its understanding of the arts. Or, England, with its genius for governing. There is something about the soil and light of certain regions that makes not only for individuality in the land but in the people of the land."

"For instance," he continued, "I insist that the Hoosier is different mentally and spiritually to the average American. He is softer, less sophisticated, more poetic and romantic. He dreams a lot. He likes to play in simple ways. He is not as grasping as some other Americans and some other nationalities. That may be due to the fact that he is not as practical, being as poetic and good natured as he is. If he be poor and uneducated he likes to fish and play an accordion or sing. If he is better schooled he likes to read, write verse, maybe, or books, and dream. In a crude way, perhaps, he has the temperament of the artist, and so I still look to Indiana, or its children, at least, to do great things, artistically. And all this I lay to the soil and light. Why? I don't know. I just guess that they have something to do with it.

"Nothing else explains to me Edward Eggleston and his turning to letters at that early time and in the region from which he hailed—the extreme southeastern

part of Indiana. Or General Lew Wallace writing 'Ben Hur' there in Crawfordsville, under a beech tree. Neither will anything else explain to me why the first automobile this side of France was built right here at Kokomo, and almost at the same time that the first one was perfected in France. Nor why the first automobile course, after Brooklands, England, was built here at Indianapolis—not near New York or Chicago, as one might have expected, perhaps. Or why an adventurer like La Salle should come canoeing up the Maumee and the St. Joseph into this particular region. The French, who first had this territory, chose to fortify at Terre Haute and Vincennes. Why? They might just as well have fortified at other points beyond the present State borders.

"What I am trying to get at is this: Via such a soil and such light as is here coöperating you have a temperament more sensitive to the resource above mentioned. In the case of those who wandered in here, like La Salle and Lincoln, you have sensitives affected by the conditions here. Their dreams or aspirations were here strengthened. This is a region not unlike those which produce gold or fleet horses or oranges or adventurers. There are such regions. They are different. And I look upon Indiana as one such."

"Bravo!" I applauded. "Very flattering to dear old Indiana, to say the least, and as an honest native, and moved by self-interest, I hereby subscribe. But—" And then I went back to the churches, the hard-headed conventionalities, the fact that the "inventor" of the first automobile here was accused of robbing the French of their patents, that Robert Owen was a canny Scot who saw to it that he never lost a dollar in his idealistic

enterprise but held the whole town of New Harmony and all that thereunto appertained in fee simple, so that when the idea proved groundless he was able to shoo all his assembled theorists off the place and sell it for what it would bring. But my friend was not in the least abashed. He reproached me with being incurably materialistic and clung to his soil and light theory, which, I may as well admit, appeals to me very much. His final rebuke to materialism was that human nature in toto is nothing but a manifestation of forces which unavoidably assume opposite phases, which same we label good or evil, but which really are found to be supplementing each other in any manifestation which can be labeled life. So you may see how far Indiana with its temperament carried us.

But admiring and even revering the State as my native heath I am perfectly willing to admit all of his claims and even more of such as may be in its favor.

RHODE ISLAND

A LIVELY EXPERIMENT

By ROBERT CLOUTMAN DEXTER

HER people and her politics are the distinguishing features of Rhode Island. Deeply chiseled over the granite portal of the magnificent State Capitol in Providence are these words, taken from the charter of 1663: "to hold forth a livelie experiment that a most flourishing civill state may stand . . . with a full liberty in religious concernments." The experiment began as a rebellion against the religious intolerance of a Puritan theocracy, and has continued to furnish a lively experiment of one kind or another ever since. Not that the smallest State in the Union is barren of other distinctions. Rhode Island clam chowders have been imitated, but never equaled, and the white cornmeal of the south county surpasses in texture, flavor, and color the commoner yellow meal of Dixie. Despite these contributions to our national cuisine, however, the significance of Rhode Island—past and present—lies in its social developments.

Geographically, Rhode Island can scarcely be called independent. Massachusetts on the east and north and Connecticut on the west have both felt that this upstart interloper, with its peculiar ideas and its desirable waterfront, should belong to them. When, to quote a local ballad,

In sixteen hundred thirty-six
Roger Williams got into a fix
By sassing the governor of Massachusetts
And skedaddled away to Rhode Island

Roger and his followers had no rights which the Chosen of Massachusetts were bound to respect. It took all the faith and courage of Williams, all his well-deserved popularity with the Indians, and all his political sagacity to maintain his foothold. Even after Rhode Island had a royal charter Massachusetts and Connecticut did not hesitate to exercise jurisdiction whenever possible.

Well-grounded fear of her more powerful neighbors, and the resulting jealousy to preserve her own rights and privileges as a sovereign State, have colored all Rhode Island's development. Rhode Island is separatism personified. Separatism in religion, separatism in politics, separatism in personal life: these have been the key-notes of her history. Her daring formulation of Williams's doctrine of soul liberty in the face of bitter opposition from without and lack of unity within transmitted this strong emphasis on individualism. It is hardly an accident that until quite recently Rhode Island, the smallest State in the Union, was the only one which had two capitals. The tradition of separatism explains, also, why each of the thirty-nine towns in the State has one State senator, so that West Greenwich, with 367 inhabitants, is as potent in the upper house as Providence, with a population of 237,595. This rotten-borough system has been one of the factors in the half-century of political degradation from which Rhode Island is now trying to emerge. The old-time Rhode Island will cite with justice the national Senate

as analogous to his local situation; but neither Nevada nor New Shoreham (another of the Rhode Island pocket boroughs) have legislative records that prove the wisdom of this particularistic democracy. It appears, nevertheless, to be a fixture in Rhode Island politics.

Of greater importance even than its historical separatism, for an understanding of present-day Rhode Island, is its preëminent industrialization. Politics and people both are quite literally the "fruit of the loom." It is true that the rotten boroughs furnish the possibility for corrupt politics, but it has been the manufacturers of Rhode Island who for a long period have profited thereby.

It is the mill owners, also, who for their own purposes have diluted the colonial stock of the original settlers, first with English mill hands, later with Irish, and then with French-Canadians, Poles, Italians, and Portuguese (black and white), until a Saturday afternoon stroll along Westminster Street, Providence, leaves one with the conviction that Rhode Island is not one of "these United States" at all. One looks in vain for "tall, blond Nordics." And Westminster Street is by no means the worst. Main Street, Pawtucket, speaks every language but English, while in Woonsocket the writer spent an hour recently in the City Hall without hearing a word of English spoken by visitors or officials except that addressed to him. Rhode Island is not only the most densely populated State in the Union; it is also the first in the proportion of foreign-born. Largely because of this foreign immigration, brought to work in the mills, Rhode Island holds the lowest position regarding illiteracy of any Northeastern State.

We of the North are apt to think that the harrowing tales of child-labor belong wholly to the past, or at least to the far-away South. Rhode Island, however, has met Southern competition during the last decade by augmenting the number of her laboring children, while every other State in the Union, even North Carolina, the *bête noire* of industrial reformers, has shown a decrease. Child labor in the United States during the last decade fell off 47 per cent; in Rhode Island it increased 6 per cent. Thirteen and four-tenths per cent of all the children in the State between ten and fifteen years of age are gainfully employed. What is to be this "fruit of the loom"? What of the future citizens of Woonsocket, with the highest percentage of child labor—18.7 per cent—of any city in the United States, or of Pawtucket, with 17.3 per cent? In the South, at least, only about half the employed children are cooped up in mills and factories; in Rhode Island, four-fifths of the 8,569 working children spend their days in the damp, hot, lint-saturated atmosphere of the spinning-room. Furthermore, Rhode Island has the unenviable distinction not only of having the highest percentage of employed girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one of any State in the Union, but also of employing over two thousand women nightly in its mills. Is it strange that there was opposition at the State Capitol last year strong enough to defeat a forty-eight hour law; or that bills abolishing night work do not pass? The legislature, if not controlled directly, is frequently intimidated by the mill owners' threat to go South, where they can do as they like—and consequently they do as they like in Rhode Island.

The heart of Rhode Island is not Providence; Providence is simply its market-place. Rhode Island owes its prosperity to two rivers, the brawling Blackstone, which turns more spindles than any river in the world, and the winding Pawtuxet. It is along these rivers that the mills are located, and along these rivers that the mill operatives live. In these days of the motor-car, the owner lives in Providence on the East Side, or, in more and more cases, in New York or Boston. What have the mills given the workers for homes? The ordinary mill village presents little that is attractive. The mill is the center of the picture. Around it are grouped the mill tenements huddled together along one or two streets. Frequently these tenements are white, freshly painted with well-kept palings in front. There is none of the hideous ugliness of the coal or iron town; the chief æsthetic defect of the mill town is its uniformity and its lack of space. The houses are built in long rows closely adjoining one another like city blocks, while all around are undulating hillsides, winding rivers, and shining lakes. The town turns its back on these, however, and faces its master, the mill. In addition to the mill and the mill houses there is a store and a church—sometimes two churches, the larger and more pretentious topped by a gilded cross, and the smaller, generally a mere chapel, weather-beaten and in need of repairs. The latter, too, often supports only a visiting minister; the former is served by one or two priests, usually conducts its services in an alien tongue, and is frequently flanked on the one side by a parochial school, partly financed by company donations, and on the other by the tightly shuttered residence of the teaching sisterhood. Almost a hun-

dred such villages exist in Rhode Island utterly independent of town or county lines; and consequently having no political unity. They were planted wherever the water-power was sufficient, and with their constantly changing population have acquired little of sentiment or tradition. The workers move readily from one village to another; the very villages seem interchangeable.

The conveniences furnished by the mill owners vary considerably. Some towns have sewers and a good water supply; garbage and waste are collected regularly. Others—the majority—have closets with cesspools and garbage "tubs" placed in the back yard. These tubs and the earth closets are among the workers' chief grievances. Conditions inside the mill are equally bad; cotton must be worked in a damp, warm atmosphere, sometimes 92° to 98°. The change from this to the New England winter outside partly accounts for the large percentage of tuberculosis and asthma in the Pawtuxet Valley.

Education is scarcely the main concern of the mill. The State of Rhode Island has always been backward in respect to public education, largely because of its separatism and its comparative poverty; with the advent of the mills came another and stronger influence against compulsory school attendance. Nevertheless, Rhode Island has, today, a fairly well-enforced compulsory-attendance law for children up to fourteen. Of course, as the mill agent and the attendance officer alike aver it is difficult to get behind the sworn statements of foreign-born mill operatives as to their children's birth-dates. A significant development in education, for which the mill owners are only indirectly

responsible, is the growing strength of parochial schools conducted by foreign-speaking groups, principally the French-Canadians. This nationality has built up an extensive school system and is bitterly opposing State regulation of education. A sharp issue exists in Rhode Island between the protagonists of public education and the French group; a struggle which cuts across political lines and unquestionably helped elect the present Democratic governor. It was the Republicans who enacted the State-supervision bill. The transfer of the French vote from the Republican to the Democratic Party reveals the saleability of the various "foreign votes" in Rhode Island. Cash is not always necessary, but all groups have their leaders, and the Italian, Polish, or French vote is generally negotiated for in advance. The party which defends the parochial school against assaults, or offers the leader a nomination to the Supreme Court, wins. Partly as a result of this trading the French-Canadians have had two governors and the present lieutenant-governor chosen from among their number, and Representatives Lamarre and Belhumeur are again introducing a bill for the repeal of the Peck Act so far as it requires State supervision of parochial schools, with at least a fair hope of passage. The Italians signalized their political strength by electing a professional prize-fighter last year to the General Assembly of Rhode Island. While the mill owners are in many cases definitely opposing this separatist development along racial and religious lines the fundamental responsibility is theirs. The French, the Italians, the Poles, and the Portuguese all came because the mill owners desired them; and many mill owners today are working to convince Washington

that our present immigration policy is not only poor business, but that we are "untrue to our great mission" because we "refuse an asylum for the oppressed of the Older World."

Textile interests are not the only ones in Rhode Island; jewelry, the metal trades and rubber also flourish. The metal trades are mainly auxiliary to the textile interests and are closely grouped about Providence. The great Brown & Sharpe plant with its six thousand employees is the leader. In this field wages are low and the conditions of work not above average. Trade-union propaganda has made little headway among the Rhode Island metal workers. A story popular in Providence just now regarding a prominent metal-trades official is as follows: he died recently and those in charge of the funeral provided him with eight pallbearers; during the ceremony the deceased revived long enough to ejaculate "What are those eight men doing?" Told that they were his pallbearers, he snapped "Far too many; discharge six." Lay-offs are customary at the Brown & Sharpe plant; deflation after the war was particularly thorough here, and after a long loaf men were hired back at pre-war prices. The chief official of this company is president of the Providence Society for Organizing Charity—one of whose necessary functions is to care for Brown & Sharpe employees in times of unemployment. The same official is also a prominent member of the Metal Trades Association and a trustee of Brown University.

Jewelry is another potent industry in Rhode Island affairs. Providence is the largest jewelry center in the United States if not in the world; everything from Gorham's silver to Woolworth's hair ornaments comes

from the city of Roger Williams. The jewelry industry contributes to the child-labor problem a unique element. During the brief time in which the Federal child-labor law was in operation the Department of Labor discovered a system of home work for children which has been in existence from the earliest days of the industry in the State. The Federal Department, in contrast to State departments, was shocked at the extent of child employment, and made a study of the problem in the three cities of Providence, Pawtucket, and Central Falls. Its report, recently published, showed 4,933 children, or 7.6 per cent of all school children examined, doing "home work." Such work consisted of carding snaps, stringing tags, setting stones in various types of jewelry, and wiring and stringing rosary beads. What a commentary on our commercialization even of religion that the very rosaries on which the faithful count their prayers in the name of Him who loved little children should be made by these little ones in poorly lighted tenements in the long evenings after school hours! The Federal investigation revealed the fact that in some of these homes in which the rosaries which were to be kissed by the faithful were being made, members of the family were afflicted with asthma, influenza, and even more loathsome diseases. Two-fifths of the child "home workers" were of Italian parentage and one-fifth French-Canadian.

The industrial picture that Rhode Island presents is not encouraging. True, it produces excellent textiles, first-class tires, admirable lathes, as well as mountains of ten-cent store brilliants, but its industries and its politics alike have been managed with little considera-

tion for the human element. Unstinted immigration from Europe so long as that was possible, supplemented now by "habitants" from Quebec; long hours of labor for men, women, and children under conditions detrimental to health and happiness; the exploitation of children; the grouping of foreigners in mill villages barren of the better American influences either in education or recreation—these are not the most helpful ingredients from which to make a commonwealth.

Fortunately some aspects of present-day Rhode Island are more promising. In the great strike of 1922, sixty thousand workers left the mills and stayed out till the companies gave in. This strike is a landmark in the history of the State. Resentment against the Republican administration, which had sent troops to overrun the strikers, resulted in the Blackstone Valley in a Democratic victory at the next election. The former boss of the State Republican committee was beaten in his own ward, Republican for years, so bitter was the feeling among the mill workers.

The principal power in the Pawtuxet Valley before 1919 had been the B. B. & R. Knight Company, a family concern, which commencing with the Pontiac Mills in the eighteen-forties had gradually grown until it controlled over a score of mills. The Knights were notoriously unprogressive; in their own offices a typewriter was a rarity; oil lamps had sufficed for lighting when they took over the mills; they sufficed till the day of sale. A Knight mill tenement had a reputation that was unsavory in more senses than one. Despite their antiquated methods they secured maximum profits. In 1919 Robert Knight's sons sold their mills at boom prices to a New York corporation. This com-

pany paid approximately $22.50 for spindles which in the opinion of good textile men, cited by the Labor Bureau, Inc., could be replaced anywhere in the South today for $8, and then they capitalized their purchase at $46 per spindle. The new owners believed in better houses for their workers and built them, but the rents being higher and wages remaining the same the workers refused to occupy them; the new management also introduced service departments; and made many improvements in technical and working conditions. But it soon found that conditions in 1921 were not those of 1916-1919, and in order to pay dividends on excess capitalization ordered a 20 per cent reduction in wages with a continuation of the fifty-four-hour schedule. The result was an immediate and complete tie-up of every mill in the valley. The workers not only struck, but organized for protracted resistance. Local men at first headed the strike, but soon the leaders of the Amalgamated Textile Workers were called in, and thorough and complete organization was effected. The food supply was arranged for, dietitians and nurses were employed by the *strikers,* food kitchens were opened and sufficient funds secured to *fight it out if it took all summer.* And fight it out they did from January until the autumn, when the wage cut was rescinded and the strikers went back to the mills victorious. There was little violence in the valley, although deputies and State troops were stationed there, and the result of the strike has been an immediate and definite change in attitude on the part of both workers and owners. Both sides admit that the workers are now in control, and while this presents difficulty to the owners, especially in view of their attempt to

pay dividends on an overcapitalized investment, it is distinctly a sign of a better day. And finally, the children were found better-nourished and healthier at the end of the strike than at its beginning. The day of feudal overlordship in the Pawtuxet Valley has disappeared; in its place we have corporate responsibility on the one side and well-organized labor on the other.

The "foreigner," as the Knight agents still call the union organizer, is as definitely established in the forces of the worker as the expert engineer or efficiency manager is with the company. Whether either will finally be able to shake off the heritage of eighty years of industrial feudalism and political corruption the future will show. At any rate there are possibilities. One reason for hope is that in the Pawtuxet Valley the percentage of English-speaking workers—mainly English weavers—is fairly high. In the Blackstone Valley the non-progressive French-Canadian predominates.

Lincoln Steffens wrote in *McClure's Magazine* in 1905, "Rhode Island, a State for Sale," in which he proved beyond doubt his initial thesis that "the political situation of Rhode Island is notorious, acknowledged, and shameful." Then Nelson W. Aldrich was "the boss of the United States Senate" and at the same time the head and fount of Rhode Island's political corruption. Aldrich and his associates exercised their power through General Brayton, the famous blind boss of Rhode Island. Absolute was Brayton's power. The story is told that coming into his office one morning Brayton inquired for a certain State senator. Informed that he was in the Senate, Brayton replied, "Bring him here; I want him to lead me out to (let us say for politeness' sake) get a drink." Brayton was

"of counsel" for the New Haven Road and Aldrich was especially interested in the Rhode Island Company. The New Haven as a factor in New England politics has passed away, and the poor Rhode Island Company is still struggling to pay for the indebtedness which Aldrich, Brayton, et al., fastened on its stockholders. Aldrich, Brayton, and their associates died politically intestate. There was a scramble in the Republican Party for the seats of the mighty, and for a while Senators Colt and Lippit between them exercised the local power which Aldrich had held so long, but the days of the national boss in the field of local Rhode Island politics are gone—let us hope, forever. Colt still sits in the Senate, but Lippit, the powerful textile senator, is no more. He is still influential in local affairs, but he never measured up to the stature of an Aldrich. And as for the successors of Brayton, they, too, have passed on. It was dynasty of lesser men at the best. This decadence of the bosses is one of the most auspicious omens in the political horizon of the State. The Democratic Party has been a party of the disinherited and discontented, and has lacked unity. A Rhode Islander asked a few years ago which party he would support in the next election replied, "I don't know; I feel like a jackass between two bales of excelsior." Twenty years ago the Republican Party was known to be corrupt but powerful; the Democrats were less corrupt but impotent. A change has come about in Democratic policy. No one conversant with Rhode Island politics will maintain that the Democrats are a unit, but at any rate they are more united than they were, and they still are the party of the disinherited and consequently of the pro-

gressives. I say disinherited, despite the fact that they hold the governor's chair, one of the two United States senators, and the presiding officer of the State Senate. But they are still of the disinherited; they do not represent the textile interests, the metal trades, or the jewelry manufacturers. And the Democrats have leaders: Flynn, the governor; Toupin, the erratic lieutenant-governor, and George Hurley, the present assistant attorney general and former chairman of the State committee.

Hurley is easily the most interesting figure in Rhode Island today: a Providence boy of Irish extraction, a brilliant student at Brown, a Rhodes scholar of distinction, an able young lawyer, and a resourceful politician. Hurley made a success of his job as State chairman. Always he has stood for cleanness in politics, in public and private life. At his own request he was given the position of assistant attorney general because he wanted to clean up the gambling-hells at Narragansett Pier, Johnston, Cranston, North Providence, and elsewhere that for years past had made Rhode Island a Mecca for sporting gentry and had furnished an easy living for politicians and local officials. Clean them up he did. The story of Hurley's fight is too long for this article, but it should be written. Quiet, gentle-mannered, with a pleasant Irish smile, and an altogether juvenile expression, he has cleaned up practically every gambling house in Rhode Island within the last year. He made no distinction between high and low. A few months since he summoned into court a philanthropic Rhode Island millionaire and eight or ten social leaders from New York to tell the grand jury what they were doing at a certain

Pier resort. They told. The consequence was that the resort is closed, and some local politicians are now working for a living.

Hurley's story is worth telling because it epitomizes the most hopeful side of Rhode Island politics. The younger men, not the boosters, but the keen, intelligent younger generation with a public conscience and a feeling of local pride, have joined the party of the disinherited. With the Republicans disorganized, the textile workers conscious of the value of organization and the ballot, and the Democratic Party in the hands of men like Hurley, it can be said with truth that no longer is Rhode Island a State for sale.

Rhode Island cannot be dismissed without mention of Brown University, which dominates the intellectual life of the State to a much greater extent than do either Harvard or Yale their respective commonwealths. Under E. Benjamin Andrews, Brown gathered to itself some of the brightest minds in America, and many of the political leaders of the younger generation are practicing the precepts taught in Brunonia's halls. But "Benny" offended the industrial magnates in Providence by daring to have an opinion on political issues, and was dismissed. Andrews left for his successor some splendid youngish men, but one by one the Meiklejohns, the George Grafton Wilsons, and their kind have slipped away to positions of influence elsewhere. And Brown is the poorer by their loss. Brown has recently shown a flash of her old spirit by espousing vigorously the cause of modernism in the Baptist church, and as a consequence the university is anathema to the pious of the West and South. More such advocacy of the newer conceptions is needed if the

Brown which produced "Charlie" McCarthy, the apostle of the Wisconsin Idea, and Meiklejohn, of the Amherst Idea, is to continue to send its quota of first-rate men into Rhode Island and into the world.

Religiously Rhode Island is predominantly Roman Catholic, even more so than Massachusetts, but the Catholic church is rather sharply divided between the Irish hierarchy on the one hand and the rank and file of the laity and clergy of different nationalities, the majority French-Canadian, on the other. Consequently the church is scarcely as powerful as in some States where it is more homogeneous. Among Protestant bodies the Baptists naturally are the strongest. Episcopalians and Quakers both flourish, the latter body being stronger in Rhode Island than in any other State except Pennsylvania. The Rhode Island Protestants are at present considerably stirred up about fundamentalism. The uniformed rank of the church militant—the Episcopalians—are badly split. The bishop is a devout believer in the Virgin birth and its accompanying literalism, while the pastors of Grace Church, the largest in the diocese, and St. John's, the oldest, are vigorous modernists; and the end is not yet. Fundamentalism, a recrudescence of the very intolerance from which Roger Williams escaped, can scarcely hope to be finally victorious in Rhode Island.

Other features of Rhode Island life should be mentioned; the beauties of the luxuriant South County with its splendid farms and wonderful sea beaches, the silver windings of Narragansett Bay among its green islands, the rocks and barrens of the western towns, and the wilderness in the Kingston country. Then there is Newport, and Narragansett Pier; they are

worthy of the traditions of that early red-skinned Rhode Islander who catechized on the Ten Commandments and about working on the Sabbath Day replied that since he worked very little any day it was a small thing to refrain from work on any day his white friends wished. Newport and the Pier toil not, neither do they spin. But their glories are not Rhode Island. The past romance of Newport in the old days of shipping and the pirates and privateers belong to the history of the State. The present day of gorgeous cottages for New York millionaires are purely excrescences on the Rhode Island body politic.

A typical Rhode Island institution is the Dexter Donation—six thousand feet of wall which inclose many acres of the best residential part of the city of Providence for an aristocratic poor farm—a poor farm with a property qualification. A century ago Ebenezer Knight Dexter left his native town sixty thousand dollars to ameliorate the condition of the poor, and he picked out the best site in the town for his benefaction. He requested that "a good permanent stone wall at least three feet thick at the bottom and at least eight feet high . . . and sunk two feet in the ground" be placed around his farm. There it stands today, despite efforts to have the land sold and the proceeds used to erect a more modern institution elsewhere. It affords care only for residents of Providence whose fathers or grandfathers have owned property; and it has no waiting list. Its acres of land with the surrounding wall furnish an excellent park, but rents are high in Providence. The institution at Cranston for the poor who were not so fortunate is generally overcrowded.

In the face of such solid conservatism it is difficult to

be optimistic. However, Rhode Island has been despaired of many times, particularly by her neighbors. Whether it is the protecting shade of Roger Williams or the healing waters of the Bay, the "lively experiment" still continues. Slowly, but nevertheless surely, changes come. Rhode Island was excluded from the New England Confederation, whose self-righteous members referred to their neighbor as "that sewer," principally because she consistently refused to exclude the sectaries persecuted by the "lord brethren." Rhode Island's privateering was little short of piracy, and yet it is on this basis that the American merchant marine of the early nineteenth century developed. Rhode Island was the first to declare her freedom from Great Britain, but the last to adopt the Constitution. It took an armed rebellion in 1848 to establish manhood suffrage, but the rebellion came. Twenty years ago Rhode Island was literally and absolutely controlled by its feudal mill owners and their political henchmen; now that situation has changed. Although Roger Williams would find it difficult to make his way about the Providence Union Station built on the site of a shallow cove, and would stare aghast at the new Biltmore, we can believe that the stirring aspirations of the mill workers, the movements for the abolition of child labor, the striving of the disinherited for political power and freedom, the demands of the modernists in the Church and State would enlist the sympathy of this first and greatest of American radicals. He kept his faith in the lively experiment in the face of adverse circumstances; may we not believe that enough of his spirit remains in the Commonwealth he founded at least to justify its motto, "Hope"?

MISSOURI

DOESN'T WANT TO BE SHOWN

By MANLEY O. HUDSON

NOTHING is simpler than to throw a few millions of human begins into a hopper and ascribe to all of them qualities which not one of the individuals may possess. For a generation now four millions of Missourians have been herded under the music-hall slogan, "I'm from Missouri and you've got to show me." And as a consequence they have gained the reputation for being a cautious and inquiring people.

Now few things might be said about Missourians which would be further from the truth. In the large —by which I mean that I cannot produce statistics for what I am about to say—in the large, they deserve no credit for such scepticism. You do not have to show the Missourian. He knows already. And he is quite content to let it go at that. Missouri doesn't care to be shown!

> Every time I come to town
> Th' boys keep kickin' my dog aroun';
> Makes no diff'rence if he is a houn',
> You gotta quit kickin' my dog aroun'.

This Ozark doggerel is not merely the original of Senator Vest's famous eulogy. It breathes also the sentiments with which the Missourian looks at the world. His dog may be a hound, but it is his and he

proposes that others shall take it at his valuation. Missouri may not be the greatest State in the Union. Illinois may have a richer soil and a more prosperous people; Iowa may have a better organized community life; and Kansas, a quicker sense of civic responsibility and political opportunity. But Missouri doesn't care to hear about it. Missourians are satisfied with her, and she is satisfied with herself. Besides, who can say that Arkansas excels her in anything?

For Missouri—we who are to the manner born call her "Mizzourah" with no apology for rolling the r—Missouri is not merely a geographers' diagram. It is not simply a place. It is a state of digestion. It is a set of conventions. It is a slant on life. In brief, it is a civilization.

An effete Easterner whose travels in America are bounded by Baltimore on the south, by Buffalo on the west, and by Bar Harbor on the north may wonder that the straight lines remembered from his school geography as the boundaries of Missouri could so clearly mark out the personality of a people. I have met Americans on the Atlantic Coast to whom Missouri was no more than a name for a river or a waltz or a compromise. Judging by the date-lines not many editors know today that Kansas City does not vote in Kansas. And perhaps few New Yorkers will be able to understand why it is that we resent their placing Missouri in that trans-Allegheny vastness which they call "the Middle West." Our query is, "West of what?" It all depends on where you start. We don't find Missouri west of where we begin to measure the continent. To us it is difficult to see why the rest of the country does not call it "the center." The

nerve controls may be elsewhere. And we're willing to use Chicago as a sort of aorta through which to supply the rest of the country. But Missouri is the heart of America!

What other State was so favored by the geographers? The eight bordering States give Missouri a contact with the Great Lakes, the Alleghenies, all of Dixieland, the Gulf, and the Rockies. They make her the friend of the North and the South, the common ground of the East and the West, without identifying her with any section.

As a place, Missouri is not quite coterminous with the map-makers' shuffle. The two broad portals which she opens so generously to the outer world are for most purposes not part of Missouri herself. We must exclude St. Louis first of all. For that sprawling city lops over into Illinois and takes its cue from the screeching factories and glaring furnaces of other lands. It serves Missouri chiefly as a sieve for Eastern money and Eastern manners. It is a huge railroad terminal—the only American city besides Chicago where passengers always change. No train ever passes through St. Louis. It is an island of Germanic culture in a sea of American indifference. It once had a Fair which made it great, and the laurel has been borne in slumber these twenty years since. Only recently a bond issue seems to have waked it up; it was no mean thing to vote eighty-seven million dollars for improvements on the crest of a high tide of taxes. But except for Forest Park and its unique open-air theater, St. Louis sets no pace. It forms no part of Missouri. Even the postal clerks know it as St. Louis, U. S. A.

At the opposite end of Missouri's corridor, Kansas City stands as an outpost flung out by the great Southwest in its reach for Chicago. Busy, boasting, and Babbitt-ful, Kansas City holds a key position in the American system of interstate commerce. It is a way-station for the country's hogs and corn and oil. It is a warehouse for Montgomery Ward & Co. It has life but it lacks character. It once got bold enough to experiment with a Board of Public Welfare, but the courage faded when Jacob Billikopf went East. It lacks history, too, though a few of us can still recall the days when we bought our trousers from the Grand Pants Co. for "$1.75 a leg, seats free." Those were the good old days! Then as now Kansas City was like New York—all of its people come from somewhere else and many of them are still in transit. Like New York, it is a part of no State. It is interstate. It does not wear Missouri yarn, and its face is turned toward Kansas.

These exclusions leave to Missouri a territory larger than all New England, with a population almost as large as that of the Irish Free State. They leave the farmers who cultivate each year a half a million acres of wheat and oats and corn and hay. They leave the miners who produce a large part of America's zinc and lead and coal and iron. They leave a host of small villages, each consisting of a few houses clustered around a combined post-office-and-general-store which handles postage-stamps, prunes, and potatoes, all in the bulk. They leave St. Joseph, Kirksville, Hannibal, Columbia, Jefferson City, Sedalia, Springfield, Joplin, Carthage, Cape Girardeau—each with a niche in our national history, each with a Main Street all its own.

For its population, Missouri was originally indebted to three things—the bad land in Virginia, the failure of the potato crop in Ireland in 1847, and the revolution in Germany in 1848. From Virginia came a yeoman stock of purely English blood, urged by the hard times of the twenties to seek their fortunes in the promised land across the plains. Some of them stopped en route in Kentucky—in Madison County, Sir! A few of them brought their slaves along. But with the climate inhospitable to both cotton and tobacco, slavery got no firm hold in the State. An abolitionist conference at Lexington in the late twenties attracted little attention, and if Missouri was a bone of contention it was not due to her own defense of slavery. One-twentieth of the people are still black or mulatto, but we have no Jim Crow cars and a lynching or two a year is regarded enough to "make the Negro keep his place."

This Virginia immigration gave to Missouri society a Southern tinge which many communities still retain. They built their court-houses on the West Virginia models of the time, and where the court-house square exists today, with the town built around it—in Liberty, in Marshall, in Mexico, in Springfield —the architecture remains unsurpassed by any of the styles borrowed from Chicago or Cleveland suburbs. A Southern family tradition lingers, too, where the invading Yankees have not smothered it, and helps Missouri to resist change. I recall entering a farm-house "in the kingdom of Callaway" a few years ago on a cold winter day, to find a glowing fire cracking out its welcome. As I held out my hands, I exclaimed to my host about his fire. "It ought to be good,"

he parried, "it's been burning long enough." I asked him when it had been started. "In 1832. My father brought it out from Virginia when he came across the prairie in a wagon, and it's been burning ever since."

It was a very different strain that came from Ireland and from Germany. The Irish soon mixed, for here they never limited themselves to politics and the police force. But the Germans held aloof, and they still live in *enclaves,* secure from the ravages of puritanism. In the early days they captured South St. Louis, whence they've ministered since to many a thirst. They proved themselves superior agriculturists, and in the eastern counties they gradually crowded the Virginians out of the better bottom lands. With their militant ideas of freedom, they opposed the extension of slavery, they kept Missouri from seceding, they sent Carl Schurz to the Senate. More recently they held back the Volstead onslaught until the general capitulation. They began as Republicans in 1860, and they've voted straight ever since—until the combination of the war and prohibition led them to reelect Senator Reed. Content with what they have escaped in Europe and what they have found in America, they add no ferment to Missouri's society. They help to keep her satisfied.

The Atlantic seaboard is too far away for a large European immigration—there are some Greeks in St. Louis and a few Italians in Kansas City. But if some explorer sent out by the peasants of Southeastern Europe should ever rediscover Missouri, and if a 3 per cent limit would not bar it, the Ozark wilderness might be transformed into another Switzerland!

A traveler who journeys from Kansas City to St.

Louis on the Wabash or the C. & A. or the Missouri Pacific or the Rock Island—all of our railroads seem to run east and west—may wonder about Missouri's prosperity. For in a land of teeming plenty, poverty still lifts its ugly head. But if we take as a test the existence of a favorable trade balance, there can be no doubt about it. Not that she depends on her foreign trade; if she chose to do so, Missouri could probably live more comfortably on her own resources than any other State in the Union. She could produce almost everything she needs except coffee and rubber, and doubtless the agricultural experiment stations would soon find substitutes for those luxuries.

But what community would care to be self-contained with such wares to spread its fame? There is, for instance, the corn-cob pipe on which Missouri holds a world-wide monopoly. Wherever a few smokers gather together, a hymn of thanksgiving can be heard for the Missouri meerschaum! Then there is the Missouri mule. He it was who won the war. Indeed he has won all the modern wars. He opened up Cuba for our bankers, he stilled the Boer's insolence, he elevated Japan to the international peerage, he waded through blood in the Balkans, and now he has made the world safe for Poincaré and Mussolini to play in. But he never gets a decoration. He was the only part of the A.E.F. that got left behind in Europe. And a few days ago I saw him trying to win the peace in Haute-Savoie.

We take our religion very seriously—that is, we insist that every man must profess it and on all red-letter days we bow to its authority. We shouldn't think a marriage were valid unless a preacher tied

the knot. And any renegade is entitled to a funeral from a church. But on ordinary week-days we don't allow ourselves to be greatly hampered by our faiths. On Sundays the Irish go to mass, the Germans gather in the Lutheran Church, and the rest of us are exhorted from the Baptist or South Methodist or Presbyterian or Campbellite pulpits. A small Virginian aristocracy is Episcopalian, and Christian Science is growing in power in spite of the recent difficulties. The Latter-Day Saints have won a prescriptive right to their center in Independence. But for other queer peoples we have no time and no toleration. We don't care to be shown that our beliefs are not the only true beliefs. I once heard it whispered that a Baptist minister had gone over to Unitarianism, but the rumor was too awful to follow up. Since the war, we feel the citadels of our faith attacked by a newly strengthened modernism. William Jewell College recently dismissed a professor who had yielded to the temptations of the "higher criticism." Until the final victory is won, we must all be fighting fundamentalists.

As to our politics, they don't much matter. We like the game. A few men—and latterly women—play it and are much admired. A few more spectate. But Missouri was never a "sovereign independent State," and we look upon our State government as merely a local division under a government which has its seat in a far-off Washington. Bill Stone was far more interesting to us when he ruled the bosses at Jefferson City than when he was chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the United States Senate. We pointed with pride when three of our politicians—Clark and Folk and Hadley, not one of them

native sons—were ranked among the presidential possibilities in a single electoral year. One reason for the toleration of Reed is the feeling that he wants what he wants when he wants it. In the ordinary campaign the inherited categories of Democrat and Republican are quite enough for us. The Prohibitionists have disappeared. As for being a Socialist, it isn't done. Our farmers were cold to Townley. On the whole, it is men not measures that matter. We endured an obsolete taxation system and an antiquated constitution for a whole generation. We didn't propose to take any new-fangled notions from Oklahoma or Wisconsin.

We keep a store of patriotism always ready, and on the war Missouri was ready to follow the lead of the East by going in or by staying out. Once in, it was necessary to have a certain measure of forced taxation in behalf of the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross, to prove that we were united. We held in readiness for any pacifist who might appear the same medicine that was administered to Lovejoy in 1836. We insisted that it was not enough for one to say that he was against the Kaiser and for the war—he had also to believe that the Kaiser was a mad dog loose in the world and that the war was a heaven-blessed righteous crusade or we questioned his Americanism. When it came to the peace, we were all for the League of Nations until our politicians got so nervous about it, and now—we wait for a lead from Washington.

Education is a necessity in Missouri, but only for those who are growing up. It ends with the close of the last spring term. A week of Chautauqua each

summer and three Lyceum evenings during the winter are enough to keep the adults alive to an outside culture. I asked a Baptist home missionary what books he found in the homes he visited. Just two, he said, the Bible and the Sears-Roebuck catalogue. But in the towns, the parlor tables exhibit Wells's Outline and the latest Hutchinson novel—Sinclair Lewis would be resented. The State maintains a circulating library, and will send out a case of "standard authors" on proper demand, but the supply is quite equal to the demand.

But Missouri does not read books—she reads magazines and newspapers. Any up-to-date person will know the progress of the latest serial in the *Saturday Evening Post*. We once had a great magazine of our own, great because it introduced America to Spoon River; but Reedy and his *Mirror* were buried in the same grave. The new *Point of View,* published in Kansas City "for all who are interested in Travel, Art, Architecture, Music and Drama," has yet to make its mark. And once, in Colonel Nelson's lifetime, we had a great newspaper—the paper that introduced daylight saving to America; but today, in spite of its wide territorial influence, the Kansas City *Star* takes no precedence over thirty other dull American dailies. In St. Louis, the *Post-Dispatch* still crusades in an intrepid and intelligent way for an old-fashioned brand of Pulitzer righteousness; and the *Globe-Democrat,* since killing off its hoary rival, the *Republic,* justifies its morning monopoly only by the excellence of its editorial page. But the leadership of the metropolitan dailies is fast waning. Missouri editors have gone to school to Walter Williams and

their annual Journalism Week at Columbia is beginning to show results. The smaller cities are developing a press of their own, with United Press service, and the publication of a daily paper is coming to be one of the earmarks of urban respectability.

Another challenge to Missouri's self-satisfaction is bringing learning to the land. The farmers have begun to read government bulletins. The time was, not so many years ago, when the farmers and the homemakers knew more about their jobs than any bureau chief could tell them. But now they have capitulated to hard times and to the craze for modern babies. The farmer kills his hogs, fills his silos, and rotates his crops, and the homemaker cans her cherries, sets her hens, and nurses her baby according to the latest bulletin from the State University.

For the University of Missouri is bringing a revolution in lower as well as in higher education. Thirty years ago, in the pre-country-club period of American college education, it was a sleepy recruiting ground for the learned professions. The first shift came when athletics and highly colored sweaters captured the enthusiasm of the small town high-school boys and girls. The university began to standardize the high schools throughout the State, and that in turn drew it into the job of training the teachers to man them, or more accurately to woman them. The curse of too many colleges has been met by creating the rank of Junior College and by fitting the professional courses at the university onto the sophomore college year. The regimentation of the schools is now all but universal, with a few outstanding exceptions such as the original School of Osteopathy at Kirksville.

And now the College of Agriculture is regimenting the farmers. There are first the clubs to which the boys and girls at home go to spurt themselves in farm endeavor. Then the "short-horn course" at Columbia for the older ones who can be spared from home only during the slack winter months; four months in each of two winters makes a boy into a farmer who will never be a peasant. Then the regular four-year course which is training the farm leaders of the next generation—the county agents, the experiment-station experts, the teachers of agriculture, and the "gentlemen farmers." But most important is the Farmers' Week in January when even the genuine dirt farmers gather at Columbia to listen to lectures, to watch demonstrations, and to civilize up generally. There they courted favor with "Chief Josephine" while still she held the record as the world's largest-producing milch cow. They heard David Lubin once, and when he scolded them for not organizing and controlling their markets they took it sitting down. During the war they entertained an English lord.

It is a revolution which promises freedom from many a tyranny. The chinch-bugs and the chiggers have had their day. The menace of the grasshopper is gone. The weather man has lost his spell. The "hillbillies" are passing. Missouri has begun to be shown —by herself.

The millstone today is bad roads. The Missouri farmer was imprisoned until Henry Ford broke his chains. For fully a third of the year he is still mired in the mud. Recently the members of an automobile club, motoring from the Pacific Coast to the automobile show in New York, had to take the train at Kansas

City and ship their cars to St. Louis. But the reluctance to learn from road-building elsewhere is now yielding, and the Santa Fé Trail and the Jefferson Highway are promising beginnings. A sixty-million dollar bond issue, a non-partisan highway commission, and a project for primary and secondary roads for the entire State are the progress registered in a single year.

In spite of the mud, or because of it, each new generation seems to find its way out. Many towns seem to be peopled with old men. To Oklahoma, to Idaho, to California the boys go off. And though they never cease to be Missourians, they never come back. Many of them become famous, and a few deserve fame. There are Harlow Shapley, the astronomer at Harvard; Walter Stewart, the teacher at Amherst when Amherst valued teaching; Glenn Frank, the editor of the *Century*; Charles G. Ross, the Washington correspondent; Fred Deering, the Minister to Portugal—to mention only a few who are under forty. Every State has its great men; in Missouri we grow them for the rest of the country. And let it not be forgotten, we gave Mark Twain and Jesse James to the world!

The girls roam less and have a shorter range of opportunity. Everywhere they are teachers. We still have a notion that business is not their sphere. Journalism is opening up to them, and medicine and other social work. Domestic service, being the preserve of the colored folk, is not respectable for the whites. But most of the girls are drawn down that vista of dreariness which we refer to as "Just staying at home." And though we have always had fewer women than men, we count them lucky if the last call for the dining-car does

not pass them by. Home means hard work for them, and often valiant sacrifice. But it is a world in which nothing happens.

I chanced to meet one of these stay-at-homes on a train out of St. Louis last Christmas Eve. She was tall, shapely, thin-skinned, with small ankles and small wrists but large feet and large-knuckled hands, and she still nestled up to twenty-five. The crowded condition of the car led to conversation, and I asked where she lived and what she did and what the prospects were. She lived in Warren County; though an artist by temperament, having once had a few lessons with Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, she was now a farmer; and the prospects were horrible. I dilated on the glories of a life out-of-doors. "You talk like a novel," she replied. "You haven't sat on a plow from sunrise to sundown for fifteen days straight running." "Well, don't you make money?" "We're supposed to be partners—father, mother, and I. But I never see any money."

I asked her how she spent her leisure. She read a bit—she liked Browning's poems and Barrie's plays. But there wasn't a library within forty miles and books were so hard to get. "But for Father Donovan's lending me books and giving me ideas, I'd go mad. Life gets so awfully dull. I get to a point now and then where I feel I can't stand it any longer." I inquired what her escape was. "I have to have a fling. There's no other way out." "Are you returning from a fling now?" "Yes. At breakfast two months ago I told my parents I couldn't go on another day; that I was going away. They asked where, and I said I didn't know. Away! They refused to drive me to the station, so I carried my suit-case and walked the eight

miles. Fortunately I had saved a little money from the music class I used to have in Jackson County. I took the first train that came along and went to St. Louis. There I found a hotel, and went out to the theater. Next day I got a job as governess through the Y. W. C. A. The children had been unmanageable, but after a week I got the household straightened out. And tonight I did so hate to leave them. But then—that's not the way I want to live my life."

"And what now?" I asked. "I'm going home. The family want me to marry. But there's no chance to meet anybody except the farmer boys in the neighborhood, and they wouldn't understand why I have to have my fling. Tomorrow I'll feed the pigs, and I guess we'll soon be getting ready to put in the crop." When I had watched her greet her father at the station in Jonesburg, I spent the rest of my journey searching for the secret of a civilization which could produce such a human being.

Perhaps Missouri herself has been a stay-at-home too long. Saddled with the monotony and drudgery of plowing the fields, her life has lacked color. For too long she had no desire to see how the rest of the world was living, not even how it was doing its plowing. She did not want to be shown. But a new era is breaking. Missouri, too, must have her fling. And she is now beginning to look for it, in a flivver.

NORTH DAKOTA

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY VALLEY FORGE

By ROBERT GEORGE PATERSON

THE drama of North Dakota has been one of the great American epics. Scene of a gigantic struggle for independence, fought almost as fiercely and tenaciously as the Colonists' revolt in 1776, its far-stretching prairies have been a continuous battlefield since the bloody days of Custer. There is a sparkle in the piercing northern air "out in those vast spaces where men are men" that prompts the clash of dominating spirits. Regarded by the sedate East as America's *enfant terrible,* its numerous reforms have made its name a synonym for radicalism, for amazing governmental ventures that have startled the conservative world, shivering its spine with the latest spectacle of the Nonpartisan League, whose daring shadow has broadened across the whole Western horizon. There has been real romance in the story of its forceful *dramatis personæ,* stalwart builders who visualized empires, political chieftains who slapped each other's faces, earnest home-makers converting the great plains into a chrome-yellow sea of ripening grain, strong men bold enough to strike out for ideals and break the invisible chains of unseen rulers exacting tribute from afar.

Aside from the war, North Dakota's revolt has been one of the century's outstanding political events in America. It has had as many interpretations as it has had observers. Many passively noted it as one of

those freakish experiments in which in the name of progress certain Western States occasionally have indulged themselves, a temporary obsession to be viewed with no more concern than a city changing to the commission form of government. To some it has seemed the heroic effort of the second generation of a pioneer people to conquer political chiefs, economic overlordship, and the forces industrial civilization has erected, as their fathers subdued Indian chiefs and the forces of nature. Others saw it as a conflagration fired by the incendiary bombs of demagogues whose personal destruction offered the only hope for its extinction. Still others have fancied it everything from the first American foothold of the foreboding International to a revolt of the tenantry. Ample evidence may exist for these contentions. It certainly was not a revolution without its Jacobins, its carpet-bagging exploiters suddenly swooping down upon it to direct its generals from behind the scenes, its feverish mob howling for the political decapitation of all survivors of the old régime. Nor was it without its Dantons sincerely seeking the economic deliverance of the State's agricultural classes from a system that ground them into vassalage while they produced the world's daily bread.

Yet none of these estimates is wholly correct. North Dakota has been greatly misunderstood, for it is not a State of Marxian idealists. Prior to the Non-partisan League's appearance it had but a straggling Socialist element scarcely able to muster two thousand votes on election day. Unlike its neighbors of South Dakota and Iowa to the south, it never had any land tenantry worth mentioning. It has not been bothered by labor disturbances, as it has no laboring class except its

floating farm helpers who come and go with the spring and autumn. While in 1913 there was a brief I. W. W. flurry at Minot the rioters were not North Dakotans but the typical Western rovers who frequent the trans-Mississippi region during the harvest season together with a boisterous handful of Butte's mining element who had strayed eastward out of Montana. Of all the States North Dakota is one of the freest from poverty. Nearly all of its half million people are land-owners. A country of magnificent distances, its mighty expanse adapted itself to the acquisition of enormous tracts. The "bonanza farm," covering thousands of acres, sprang into vogue. Inconsequential indeed was the farmer possessing less than a section—640 acres—of land. The forty- or eighty-acre farm of the Eastern or Middle States is inconceivable to the average North Dakotan. The majority of the 30 per cent of its people that are not Scandinavian are keen-faced Yankees who migrated from Iowa, Illinois, and western New York to get rich quick in the early land boom, but on seeing the country's possibilities decided to stay. The years have dealt generously with them, and though North Dakota boasts only a few millionaires nearly everyone is well to do. Virtually every farmer has his car, some three and four. A few years ago the tremendous business of the Ford plant at Fargo ranked it near the top of that company's branches throughout the country.

North Dakota's revolt came as the direct result of its complete subjection to outside domination. Hunger, poverty, class distinctions, religious oppression, political graft and chicanery all prompt rebellion. But noth-

ing is more certain to provoke it than the attempt of one people to govern another.

Nominally a sovereign State, in reality North Dakota has experienced few of the thrills of sovereignty. From the hour of statehood it has been merely the "flickertail" of the Minnesota gopher. Albeit Bismarck is the capital where the Governor resides and the legislature convenes, the actual seat of the State government always has been in St. Paul and Minneapolis, homes of the overlords who played with its destinies. At the outset James J. Hill became its acknowledged patron saint and colonized it with Norwegians as Minnesota already had been settled by their Swedish cousins. Throughout his years his excellent paternal care well entitled him to the fond sobriquet of "Father of North Dakota." From St. Paul he watched over its interests—so closely interwoven with his own—with the same anxious eye a keen guardian displays for a wealthy ward. From a carefully guarded chamber in the West Hotel in Minneapolis its political wires were manipulated with rare dexterity by that most astute of all the Northwest's political chiefs, the frequently mentioned but infrequently seen "Alec" McKenzie of Klondike fame—fame suggested, if not exactly extolled, by Rex Beach in "The Spoilers." Perchance because of the proprietary concern exhibited in the State by these two gentlemen, the financiers, merchants, and millers of Minnesota's chief centers assumed that North Dakota was their private preserve. And few moves in North Dakota became possible without their sanction, as its legislators, bankers, and grain growers soon came to understand.

Whenever a North Dakota politician aspired to

public office in North Dakota it first was necessary to run down to Minneapolis and see McKenzie. Whenever a new general business policy was promulgated for the State its announcement usually followed the return of some prominent North Dakotan from the Twin Cities. When Fargo wanted a new chief of police it sent to Duluth, and as a new Commercial Club secretary it selected one discarded by St. Paul. When Fargo was chosen as the site for the French Government's gift to the Norwegians of the United States of a statue of Rollo—the Norseman who invaded France ten centuries ago—the Hill interests managed, despite Fargo's spacious parks, to have it placed on the tiny greensward of their Great Northern railroad station where it has an uninspiring background in a yellow brick wall. When Minnesota's big-business interests learned that the North Dakota farmer no longer was producing enough to meet the advancing cost of their operations they launched a "Better Farming Association" in North Dakota to scrutinize his efforts and to make him produce more, sending up an energetic young man from Minnesota to run it. And upon discovery that, instead of ever becoming self-supporting, the "association" always would be a drain on their purses, they calmly tried to unload it on North Dakota's State Agricultural College and replace the college president with the energetic young man. Never has North Dakota been free from the supervision of its eastern neighbor. Its first submitted constitution, indignantly rejected as "a piece of unwarranted outside intermeddling," was drafted by James Bradley Thayer of the Harvard law faculty on request of the Northern Pacific Railroad's president, Henry

Villard. No doubt he was actuated by the best of motives in his desire to assist the new State's admission into the Union. But that he was not a North Dakotan militated against the acceptance of his good offices. Even the turbulent upheaval which finally overthrew the yoke of alien domination failed to restore to North Dakota's soil the seat of its government. The shrewd Loftus, the Robespierre of its revolution, and the autocratic Townley, grabbing the tempest with Napoleonic opportunism, both directed their annihilating campaigns from St. Paul.

Sporadic outbursts from the beginning revealed North Dakota's unconscious groping for self-determination. Queer things, impulsive and incoherent, were done in this battle for independence, but all revealed the underlying aim. At its second election it chose a Populist governor. The experiment did not last. The next uprising in 1906 had more enduring effect and made North Dakota a vital contributor to the subsequent Republican schism. For six years a Democratic governor and an "Insurgent" Republican legislature fought the McKenzie "Stalwarts" for control. In that time they enacted into law nearly every suggestion that promised hope of deliverance from outside political and financial influence. The statutes bristled in their defiance of the railroads and all outside business operating within the State. They affected nearly every commodity used, inasmuch as North Dakota is wholly agricultural and manufactures practically nothing for its own consumption. The rigidity of the State's pure food laws for a number of years barred entrance to the products of several concerns of national prominence.

These caprices disturbed distant campaign managers, not because of North Dakota's power in national conventions, but on account of the misleading impression its unexpected treatment of their chosen candidates might give the electorate at large. It inaugurated several disquieting political novelties. It was the first State to hold a Presidential primary, and in it forsook the magnetic leadership of its once widely boasted foster son, Roosevelt, for the progressivism of La Follette. Later, in the effort to rid itself of Nonpartisan rule, it established another disconcerting precedent as the first State to recall its governor—the inoffensive Nonpartisan figurehead, Frazier—whom it subsequently elected to the Senate in place of the veteran conservative, McCumber. Its great organized protest followed in natural sequence to this list of reforms. It was but another, more emphatic, more defiant step toward independence. The protest subsided gradually, partially due to the overwhelming outside financial pressure marshaled to kill it; but chiefly because the Nonpartisan League as conducted proved it was not wholly an agrarian nor a coöperative movement. As distasteful in its dictatorial methods as any previous experiment, it failed in its five years of virtual State power to fulfil its chief promises to the North Dakota farmers for whose express benefit it was supposed to exist.

Farming on a huge scale, the ills of the North Dakotan lie in marketing. His crop is wheat and small grains. He is dependent on the railroads to move it and on the grain commission men of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce to sell it. Between the two he early found himself a helpless victim of strange price

fluctuations and freight tariffs that more frequently favored the big elevator, milling, and railroad interests than himself. The chief Twin City millers and elevator magnates controlled the Chamber of Commerce, and the trading privileges of its floor were largely restricted to their representatives. As they were in position to buy grain virtually at their own grading, the North Dakota farmer felt himself at their mercy.

Amelioration of this condition was sought through a railroad commission empowered to adjust shipping disputes, through elevator commissions created to sit in Duluth and Minneapolis and seek fairer grading. Finally came a proposal for the construction of North Dakota State-owned and State-managed terminal elevators at Duluth and the Twin Cities. This caught the popular fancy and gradually edged its way into the political platforms. But owing to that happy lapse of memory with which politicians seem blessed after election the cherished projects always found a waiting grave in legislative committees.

Meanwhile a Farmers' Equity Society sprang into being to market the crop independently, and opened a Coöperative Selling Exchange in St. Paul. Immediately it became the target of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce. Both were located in Minnesota's Twin Cities, but as North Dakota furnished the crop it became the battleground of the conflict. The North Dakotans welcomed it, for they always relish a fight and are ever ready to take sides. Loftus, president of the Equity Exchange, a spectacular figure with a keen knowledge of crowd psychology, staged his skirmishes in Fargo every January when it was filled with farmers attending its annual grain growers' conven-

tion. His bizarre appeals and escapades stirred the State. He rented auditoriums, threw men out bodily, and applied for the removal of that police chief who dared refuse him protection. Townley sat in his audiences, an obscure but studious observer. When Loftus had keyed the farmers to open revolt and marched them on to Bismarck, while the legislature sat, to demand the long-promised State-owned elevator, Townley cleverly stepped in and wrested away the leadership for himself. He steered the Equity's membership into an organization of his own. Until that moment this new king, suddenly rising over this Egypt which knew not Joseph, had never been heard of even throughout his own country, the "slope country," on the western edge of the State. Dynamic, resorting to all the bombastic tricks of Loftus, he swept North Dakota like a Billy Sunday whirlwind. Staking his fortunes on this spirit of revolt at its height he toured the State in an automobile and secured the signed pledges of the farmers to support the child of his brain—the Nonpartisan League—which was to make him North Dakota's dictator for the next half decade.

Ostensibly the Nonpartisan League began as an association of North Dakota farmers formed to run their own State. But it gathered its leaders from the earth's four corners. While Townley was its czar he was not so unwise as to conduct it without advisers. One came from far-away Australia and New Zealand, another from Colorado and Washington, some from New York, several from Minnesota, but few from North Dakota.

Under League rule North Dakota launched energetically into numerous enterprises and sought to be-

come its own financier. It opened a State bank. It started a home-building scheme. It attempted coal-mine seizures. It enacted legislation to seize necessary industries either in peace or war. It created an appointed State sheriff to whom all elected county sheriffs were made answerable. It attempted its own immigration commission to determine who should enter the State from Canada. That one tribunal expected to be the exemplar of law and order, its Supreme Court, indulged itself in a travesty of all order which might have gone well in opera-bouffe but was hardly expected in a serious government. Three newly elected League justices appeared at the capital and demanded their seats a month before their predecessors' terms expired. One of the court's League justices, evidently of journalistic bent, found a unique pastime in penning for the press a weekly letter which commented freely on his associates and discussed important cases up on appeal before they were decided. The League taught North Dakota some new tricks about how to perpetuate a State administration's power. It legally supplied the voter with advisers to help him prepare his ballot correctly. It then granted him the ingenious supplemental privilege of re-marking it at the polls upon discovery that he might have checked the wrong candidates.

It would be difficult to imagine a tranquil hour in North Dakota. Born in strife, it has been seething ever since. Long before the battle of the bottle made the American flag its champion and attacked the freedom of the seas, North Dakota wrestled single-handed with the demon rum. With its twin to the south it

was the first State to write prohibition into its constitution when framed.

North Dakotans love their State with an admirable devotion. Their language describing it is rich with superlatives. They call Fargo the "biggest little city in the world" and don't relish having it belittled. They like to think of the Red River valley as the "world's bread basket" and to compare it to the Nile. Fargo assumes importance because it is the State's cultural, financial, and political clearing-house, but in more densely settled sections it wouldn't pass for a town of secondary consequence. Quite usual, Eastern in tone, similar to towns of 30,000 in Ohio or any Middle Atlantic State, it has a couple of bishops, plenty of churches, good public schools, an enterprising daily press, some handsome homes and streets, and an "exclusive set." There is considerable civic spirit in the State and nearly every hamlet has its "white way."

Yet with all its boasted State pride, notwithstanding its readiness to spend money on futile impeachment trials, on all sorts of elections and primaries, on new governmental experiments, North Dakota never has found the energy or wherewithal to build a decent State capitol. The nondescript hulk it calls a capitol unblushingly is shown to Bismarck visitors as one of the sights. And it is one. Although its location is superb on an ideal spot overlooking the town and the bald hills beyond the Missouri, it is a ramshackle, pieced-together arrangement, constructed in three sections, each of a different kind and color of brick—the front dark red, the middle wing vivid yellow, and the rear white. On all sides handsome new State capitols have been erected, but North Dakota makes no

effort to replace this architectural monstrosity. On its sloping grounds are the log cabin Roosevelt occupied during his three years at Medora, and a bronze statue the North Dakota women have reared to the Indian "bird woman" who guided Lewis and Clark across the Rockies.

Educationally North Dakota is quite abreast of other States. Its percentage of illiteracy is surprisingly small. Except for a meritorious but unknown epic drama of its famous Indian massacre by Aaron McGuffy Beede, an old Episcopal missionary among the Sioux, so far it hasn't figured much in literature and produced no distinctive literary geniuses of national renown—unless the monthly preambles of Sam Clark in his *Jim Jam Jems* could possibly rank him as a littérateur.

To live North Dakota's life is thrilling. It has a bleak, white winter when the mercury occasionally plays around forty degrees below and the railroad rails snap in the crispness. But there is a mighty call in its summer with its nine o'clock sunset and lingering twilight. And it has an irresistible autumn when the prairie chicken and wild-duck hunting is unequaled. From the picturesque undulations that pocket Minnesota's myriad sparkling lakes the country flattens out into the broad surface of North Dakota's smooth, fertile prairie which stretches away in a vast sweep to where the Bad Lands' jagged cliffs trace their lonely outline against the leafless Western sky. North Dakota possesses some strange germ that enters the blood and makes whoever leaves it always want to go back.

GEORGIA

INVISIBLE EMPIRE STATE

By W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS

GEORGIA is beautiful. High on the crests of the Great Smoky Mountains some Almighty hand shook out this wide and silken shawl—shook it and swung it two hundred glistening miles from the Savannah to the Chattahoochee, four hundred miles from the Appalachians to the Southern Sea. Red, white, and black is the soil and it rolls by six great rivers and ten wide cities and a thousand towns, thick-throated, straggling, low, busy, and sleepy. It is a land singularly full of lovely things; its vari-colored soil; its mighty oaks and pines, its cotton fields, its fruit, its hills.

And yet few speak of the beauty of Georgia. Some tourists wait by the palms of Savannah or try the mild winters of Augusta; and there are those who, rushing through the town on its many railroads, glance at Atlanta, or attend a convention there. Lovers of the mountains of Tennessee may skirt the mountains of Georgia; but Georgia connotes to most men national supremacy in cotton and lynching, Southern supremacy in finance and industry and the Ku Klux Klan.

Now all this is perfectly logical and natural. Georgia does not belong to this nation by history or present deed. It is a spiritual borderland lying in the shadows between Virginia and Carolina on the one hand, Louisiana on the other, and the great North on

the last. It is a land born to freedom from a jail delivery of the unfortunate, which insisted passionately upon slavery and gave poor old Oglethorpe and the London proprietors many a bad night because they tried to prohibit rum and slaves. But Georgia was firm and insisted: "In spight of all Endeavours to disguise this point, it is as clear as Light itself, that Negroes are as essentially necessary to the Cultivation of Georgia, as Axes, Hoes, or any other Utensil of Agriculture." Georgia had her way and this accounts for Georgia.

Georgia has always had a very clear idea of what she wanted. Of course, Savannah and Augusta with their old names and families loved and imitated the grand air of the slave barons, claimed cousinship to Charleston and looked down upon the "red necks" of the rest of the State. But Savannah and Augusta are not all Georgia. Georgia was originally a sweep of black land, twenty thousand square miles where the cotton kingdom laid its new foundations, gliding down from Virginia; and Georgia determined to make money and be rich. She fought every interference. To Georgia the Civil War was a matter of interference with the slavery that underlay this kingdom and according to that great Georgian, Alexander H. Stephens, vice president of the Confederacy, Georgia proposed to establish a new government whose "corner stone rests upon the great truth, that the Negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and normal condition."

The sweep of the cotton kingdom drove the listless, the poor and the unlucky back to the hills above and around Atlanta and kept oncoming hill-men from

descending; while below Macon the great plantation system spread. Away to the south and west stretches this black land—the ancient seat of the Cotton Kingdom, the granary of the Confederacy. Swamp and twisted oak and mile on mile of cotton are neighbored by the new pecans, tobacco and peanuts. Below and to the left Brunswick and Darien sleep and decay, beside the waters that look on the Caribbean. Below and to the right the massive flood of Chattahoochee parades to the Gulf with muffled music.

When catastrophe came, Georgia was among the first to see a way out. While other States were seeking two impossible and incompatible things, the subjection of the blacks and defiance of the North, Georgia developed a method of her own. With slavery gone the slave baron was bankrupt and two heirs to his power had rushed forward: The poor white from the hills around and above Atlanta and the Northern speculator—"Scalawag" and "Carpet-bagger" they were dubbed—sought to rebuild the South. In the more purely agricultural regions this involved a mere substitution of owners and black laborers. But the development of Georgia was to be more than agricultural. It was to be manufacturing and mining; transportation, commerce, and finance; and it was to involve both white and colored labor. This was a difficult and delicate task, but there were Georgians who foresaw the way long before the nation realized it. The first prophet of the new day was Henry W. Grady of Atlanta. Grady's statue stands in Atlanta in the thick of traffic, ugly, dirty, but strong and solid. He had Irish wit, Southern fire and the flowers of oratory. He was among the first to incarnate the "Black

Mammy" and he spoke in three years three pregnant sentences: In New York in 1886 he made a speech on the "New South" that made him and the phrase famous. He said: "There was a South of slavery and secession. That South is dead." The North applauded wildly. In Augusta, in 1887, he added: "In her industrial growth the South is daily making new friends. Every dollar of Northern money invested in the South gives us a new friend in that section." The South looked North for capital and advertised her industrial possibilities, and finally he said frankly in Boston in 1889: "When will the black man cast a free ballot? When the Northern laborer casts a vote uninfluenced by his employer."

In other words, Grady said to Northern Capital: Come South and make enormous profits; and to Southern captains of industry: Attract Northern capital by making profit possible. Together these two classes were to unite and exploit the South; and they were to make Georgia not simply an industrial center, but what was much more profitable, a center for financing Southern enterprises; and they would furnish industry with labor that could be depended on.

This last point, dependable labor, was the great thing. Here was a vast submerged class, the like or equivalent of which was unknown in the North. Here were a half million brawny Negro workers and a half million poor whites. If they could be kept submerged—hard at work in industry and agriculture—they would raise cotton, make cotton cloth, do any number of other valuable things, and build a "prosperous" State. If they joined forces and went into politics to better their common lot they would speedily

emancipate themselves. How was this to be obviated? How were both sets of laborers to be inspired to work hard and continuously? The modus operandi was worked out slowly, but it was done skillfully and brought results. These results have been costly but they have made Georgia a rich land growing daily richer. The new wealth was most unevenly distributed; it piled itself in certain quarters and particularly in Atlanta—birthplace and capital of the new "Invisible Empire."

The method used to accomplish all this was in addition to much thrift and work, deliberately to encourage race hatred between the mass of white people and mass of Negroes. This was easy to develop because the two were thrown into economic competition in brick-laying, carpentry, and all kinds of mechanical work connected with the new industries. In such work Negroes and whites were personal, face-to-face competitors, bidding for the same jobs, working or willing to work in the same places. The Negroes started with certain advantages. They were mechanics of the period before the war. The whites came with one tremendous advantage, the power to vote. I remember a campaign in Atlanta. The defeated candidate's fate was sealed by a small circular. It contained a picture of colored carpenters building his house.

This doctrine of the economic utility of race hate is never stated as a fact in Georgia or in the South. It is here that the secrecy of the economic empire of Georgia enters. Two other facts are continually stated. The first is the eternal subordination and inequality of the Negro. The second is the efficiency and

necessity of Negro labor, provided the subjection of the Negro is maintained.

Hoke Smith in his memorable campaign in Georgia in 1906 almost repeated Stephens of 45 years earlier:

"I believe the wise course is to plant ourselves squarely upon the proposition in Georgia that the Negro is in no respect the equal of the white man, and that he cannot in the future in this State occupy a position of equality."

A white labor leader, secretary of the Brotherhood of Timber Workers, wrote about the same time:

"The next cry raised by the bosses and their stool pigeons is the 'Negro question,' and so we are often asked how will the Brotherhood handle the Negro and the white men in the same organization? Answer: How do the capitalists or employers handle them? To the employer a working man is nothing but a profit-producing animal and he doesn't care a snap of his finger what the animal's color is—white, black, red, brown, or yellow; native or foreign born; religious or unreligious—so long as he (the worker) has strength enough to keep the logs coming and the lumber going—that is all the bosses want or ask. It is only when they see the slaves uniting, when all other efforts to divide the workers on the job have failed, that we hear a howl go up as to the horrors of 'social equality.' Not until then do we really know how sacred to the boss and his hirelings is the holy doctrine of 'white supremacy.' "

On the other hand, once the laborers are thrown into hating, fearing, despising, competing groups, the employers are at rest. As one firm said, comparing its

black labor with white: "Do the same work, and obey better; more profit, less trouble."

In agriculture poor whites and Negroes were soon brought into another sort of indirect competition. The Negroes worked in the fields, the poor whites in the towns which were the market places for the fields. Gradually, the poor whites became not simply the mechanics but the small store keepers. They financed the plantations and fleeced the workers. They organized to keep the workers "in their places" to keep them from running away, to keep them from striking, to keep their wages down, to terrorize them with mobs. On the other hand the Negroes worked to own land, to escape from country to city, to cheat the merchants, to cheat the land holders.

Then in larger ways and more indirectly both groups of workers came into competition. They became separated according to different, but supporting and interlocked, industries and occupations. Negroes prepared the road bed for the railroads; whites ran the trains. Negroes were firemen; whites were engineers; Negroes were porters; whites were mill operatives. Finally there was the Negro servant stretching all the way from the great mansion to the white factory hand's hovel, touching white life at every point.

In order to secure output and profits, the one essential was to bring race hatred and economic competition into such juxtaposition that they looked like two sides of the same thing. This is what Georgia did and did first. She did it so successfully that the whole South has followed her although few other States have been so clear and single-minded. It was not by accident that Booker Washington made his speech advo-

cating industrial peace between the races at Atlanta. Northern philanthropy offered industrial training to Negroes free as the price of disfranchisement. Southern industry offered the Negro protection and a chance to work as a condition of giving up agitation for civil and political rights. And both offered the white man a chance to work and to vote as long as he did not try to push wages so high that the Negro would "naturally" supplant him in industry.

Soon the subtle rivalry of races in industry began. Soon, to the ordinary Georgia white man, the Negro became a person trying to take away his job, personally degrade him, and shame him in the eyes of his fellows; starve him secretly. To the ordinary Georgia Negro, the average white man was a person trying to take away his job, starve him, degrade him, keep him in ignorance, and return him to slavery. And these two attitudes did not spring from careful reasoning. They were so coiled and hidden with old known and half-known facts that they became matters of instinct and inheritance. You could not argue about them; you could not give or extract information.

It is usual for the stranger in Georgia to think of race prejudice and race hatred as being the great, the central, the inalterable fact and to go off into general considerations as to race differences and the eternal likes and dislikes of mankind. But that line leads one astray. The central thing is not race hatred in Georgia; it is successful industry and commercial investment in race hatred for the purpose of profit. All the time behind the scenes in whispered tones and in secret conference, Georgia is feeding the flame of race hatred with economic fuel. And while this is not the

conscious and deliberate action of all, it is so with some and sub-conscious with many others.

Skillfully, but with extraordinary ease, the power to strike was gradually taken from both white and black labor. First the white labor vote was used to disfranchise Negroes and the threat of white competition backed by the hovering terror of the white mob made a strike of black workers on any scale absolutely unheard of in Georgia. Continually this disfranchisement went beyond politics into industry and civil life. On the other hand, the power of a mass of cheap black labor to underbid almost any class of white laborers forced white labor to moderate its demands to the minimum and to attempt organization slowly and effectively only in occupations where Negro competition was least, as in the cotton mills.

Then followed the curious and paradoxical semi-disfranchisement of white labor by means of the "White Primary." By agreeing to vote on one issue, the Negro, the normal spit of the white vote on other questions or the development of a popular movement against intrenched privilege is virtually forestalled. Thus in Georgia, democratic government and real political life have disappeared. None of the great questions that agitate the nation—international or national, social or economic, can come up for free discussion. Anything that would divide white folk in opinion or action is taboo and only personal feuds survive as the issues of political campaigns.

If real issues ever creep in and real difference of opinion appears—"To your tents, O Israel"—"Do you want your sister to marry a nigger?"

What induces white labor to place so low a value

on its own freedom and true well-being and so high a value on race hatred? The answer involves certain psychological subleties and yet it is fairly clear. Wages and prosperity are in the last analysis spiritual satisfactions. The Southern white laborer gets low wages measured in food, clothes, shelter, and the education of his children. But in one respect he gets high pay and that is in the shape of the subtlest form of human flattery, social superiority over masses of other human beings.

Georgia bribes its white labor by giving it public badges of superiority. The Jim Crow legislation was not to brand the Negro as inferior and to separate the races, but rather to flatter white labor to accept public testimony of its superiority instead of higher wages and social legislation. He was made ostensibly the equal of the highest. He could not only follow the old aristocrats into the front entrance of railway stations; and go with them to the best theaters and movies; but in all places and occasions he could sit above and apart from "niggers." He had a right to the title of "Mister" and "Mrs." He could enter street cars at either end and sit where he pleased or at least in front of blacks; he could ride in the best railway coaches and at his leisure saunter among the Negroes herded in the smoker next the hot and dirty engine. He could sit in "public" parks and enter "public" libraries where no Negro could enter; he need seldom fear to get the worst of a street altercation, or to lose a court case against a Negro. He could often demand that a Negro uncover in his presence and yield him precedence on the pavement and in the store.

He grew to love those proofs of superiority. He

boasted of the "niggers" he had killed and his marvelous sexual prowess with the "wenches." This fiction of superiority was carried into public affairs: no Negro school house must approach in beauty and efficiency a white school; no public competition must admit Negroes as competitors. No municipal improvements must invade the Negro quarters until every white quarter approached perfection or until typhoid threatened the whites; in no city and State affairs could Negroes be recognized as citizens—it was Georgia, Atlanta, the Fourth Ward, *and* the Negroes.

The very striving of the Negroes strengthens this white labor attitude. All Negroes cannot be kept down. They escape, they rise; they steal education, they save money; they push and struggle up. The very success of the successful fastens the grip of the profit makers. "See," they whisper, as the black automobile, the new black home, the black and well-clothed family appear—"See! This is what threatens white labor—they're climbing on you—they're climbing over you—beware!" Not negro poverty, crime and degradation, but Negro wealth, ability and ambition is the great incentive to the white mob.

In return for this empty and dangerous social bribery the white laborer fared badly. Of modern social legislation he got almost nothing; the "age of consent" for girls in Georgia was ten years until 1918 when it was, by great effort and outside pressure, raised to fourteen. Child labor has few effective limitations; children of twelve may work in factories, and without birth registration the age is ascertainable with great difficulty. For persons "under twenty-one" the legal work day is still "from sunrise to sunset" and re-

cently Georgia has become the first State in the Union to reject the proposed Federal child labor amendment. Education is improving, but still the white people of Georgia are one of the most ignorant groups of the union and the so-called compulsory education law is so full of loop-holes as to be unenforceable. And black Georgia? In Atlanta there are twelve thousand Negro children in school and six thousand seats in the school rooms! In all legislation tending to limit profits and curb the exploitation of labor Georgia lingers far behind the nation.

This effort to keep the white group solid led directly to mob law. Every white man became a recognized official to keep Negroes "in their places." Negro baiting and even lynching became a form of amusement which the authorities dared not stop. Blood lust grew by what it fed on. Again and again the mob got out and demonstrated its "superiority" by beating and murder. These outbreaks must be curbed for they affected profits, but they could not be suppressed for they kept certain classes of white labor busy and entertained. Secret government and manipulation ensued. Secret societies guided the State and administration. The Ku Klux Klan was quite naturally reborn in Georgia and Atlanta.

Another method of surrendering to the mob was the extraordinary yielding to local rule. County after county has been erected by the legislature as a corporate center of local government, until today Georgia is not one State—it is one hundred and sixty-six independent counties, counties so independent that if anarchy wishes to stalk in Wilcox County, Fulton County has little more power than a foreign State.

The independence and self-rule of these little bits of territory are astounding. They lay taxes, they spend monies, they have partial charge of education and public improvements, and through their dominating power in the legislature they make laws. Only when they touch corporate property, industrial privilege, and labor legislation are the reserve forces of capital and politics mobilized to curb them. In the law and administration of personal relations they are supreme. This decentralization increases year by year.

Georgia is beautiful. Yet on its beauty rests something disturbing and strange. Physically this is a certain emptiness and monotony, a slumberous, vague dilapidation, a repetition, an unrestraint. Point by point one could pick a poignant beauty—one golden river, one rolling hill, one forest of oaks and pines, one Bull Street. But there is curious and meaningless repetition until the beauty palls or fails of understanding. And on this physical strangeness, unsatisfaction, drops a spiritual gloom. A certain brooding lies on the land —there is something furtive, uncanny—at times almost a horror. Some folk it so grips that they never see the beauty—the hills to them are haunts of grim and terrible men; the plantations are homes of things that cringe and scream and all the world goes armed with loaded pistols to the hip; concealed, but ready—always ready.

There is a certain secrecy about this world. Nobody seems wholly frank—neither white nor black; neither child, woman, nor man. Strangers ask each other pointed, searching questions. "What is your name?" "Where are you going?" "What might be

your business?" And they eye you speculatively. Once satisfied, the response is disconcertingly quick. They strip their souls naked before you; there is sudden friendship and lavish hospitality. And yet—yet behind all are the grim bars and barriers; subjects that must not be touched, opinions that must not be questioned. Side by side with that warm human quality called "Southern" stands the grim fact that right here and beside you, laughing easily with you and shaking your hand cordially are men who hunt men: who hunt and kill in packs, at odds of a hundred to one, under cover of night. They have lynched five hundred Negroes in forty years; they have killed unnumbered white men. There must be living and breathing in Georgia today at least ten thousand men who have taken human life, and ten times that number who have connived at it.

Let us look this human thing squarely in the face without flinching. Georgia has wrought deeds so awful that they can scarcely be told. Down yonder we may go of a silent day, slipping through slim forests, by secret pools and black and silent waters. We cross a gold brown river shining like a colored girl's cheek, placid beneath the trees. There the moss triumphs, grips and glares on dead trees that wave their corpses to the bare air; gray cabins crouch beneath the oaks with chimneys of golden clay. Slow indolent towns appear wide, low, long, straggling; and plowed fields, gray and yellow. The towns change from clustered homes to towns of stores, lines of shops leaning against each other. We come to Valdosta, a lank, hot town spread on yellow sand. Near here in 1918, a white farmer was murdered. The murderer was never

found, but six or more Negroes were lynched for suspected complicity. The wife of one of these last, Mary Turner, went weeping down the road with an eight months child in her womb. And as she walked she cried that if she learned the names of that mob she would tell—she would tell. The mob heard and came. They tied her ankles together. They hanged her, head down, to a tree. They took gas and oil from the motor cars round about (they were not the riff-raff, they owned motor cars) and poured it over her and set her afire. They howled as she writhed in flame; and one man rushed forward with a hog knife and slit open her stomach and the unborn child dropped to the ground.

I look around upon these people of Georgia. They are human and commonplace—not gods or devils. They are the same sort of folk all the world is made of. Here is a white man in overalls, truculent but kind; a scrawny young "red neck" chewing, ignorant but not essentially bad; there is the tired, worried white woman sitting on her porch, with care and yearning in her face; her daughter is white and gold and beautiful and idle. Here is a colored washerwoman with great feet and misshapen hands and the eyes of God's mother. Here is the man of the world who knows it all and owns it all. These people are caught in the evil web of the world, just as millions have been caught before. Their struggle to work and live has been complicated by hateful memories and deliberate selfish greed. The natural forces of redeeming human nature which ever strive to unleash the soul from evil—these forces are themselves in leash. What can the forces for uplift and reform do in Georgia?

Of religion as it exists in present-day Georgia one

may well despair. Georgia is already religious to overflowing. Everyone belongs—must belong—to some church, and really to "belong" one should be Presbyterian or Baptist or Methodist. Episcopalians are unusual, Unitarians gravely suspect, Catholics and Jews feared and hated. But all these are within the range of understanding or misunderstanding. The hottest of Hell fire is reserved for any so unspeakable as to hold themselves free-thinkers, agnostics, or atheists. Georgia's religion is orthodox, "fundamental." It deals in Biblical texts and phrases—not in living actualities. It washes its "miserable sinners" in "the blood of the lamb," but the blood of the mob's victim lies silent at its very doors. But outside of the church religion has its uses. When the Ku Klux Klan sent out its official instructions to delegates to the State convention, the Grand Dragon said, "It is the earnest desire of Mr. McAdoo to elect his friend, Mr. John S. Cohen, as National Committeeman. Mr. Cohen is a high-class Christian gentleman, a member of the North Presbyterian Church of Atlanta." No, there is little hope in Georgia religion despite a light here and there.

Nevertheless, there are brave men in Georgia, men and women whose souls are hurt even to death by this merciless and ruthless exploitation of race hatred. But what can they do? It is fairly easy to be a reformer in New York or Boston or Chicago. One can fight there for convictions and while it costs to oppose power, yet it can be done. It even gains some applause and worth-while friends. But in Atlanta? The students of white Emory College recently invited a student of black Morehouse College to lead a Y. M. C. A. meeting. It was a little thing—almost

insignificant. But in Georgia it was almost epoch-making. Ten years ago it would have meant riot. Today it called for rare courage. When the Southern Baptists met in Atlanta recently, they did not segregate Negro visitors. Such a thing has seldom if ever happened before in Georgia. It is precisely the comparative insignificance of these little things that shows the huge horror of the problem—the bitter fight between Georgia in 1924 and civilization.

Some little things a liberal public opinion in Georgia may start to do, although the politico-economic alliance stands like a rock wall in the path of real reform. A determined group called "inter-racial" asks for changes. Most of them would mean by this the stopping of lynching and mobbing, decent wages, the abolition of personal insult based on color. Most of them would not think of demanding the ballot for blacks or the abolition of Jim Crow cars or civil rights in parks, libraries, and theaters or the right of a man to invite his black friend to dinner. Some there are who in their souls would dare all this, but they may not whisper it aloud—it would spoil everything; it would end their crusade. Few of these reformers yet fully envisage the economic nexus, the real enemy encased in enormous profit. They think reform will come by right thinking, by religion, by higher culture, and do not realize that none of these will work their end effectively as long as it pays to exalt and maintain race prejudice.

Of the spiritual dilemmas that face men today I know of none more baffling than that which faces the conscientious, educated, forward-looking white man of Georgia. On the one hand is natural loyalty to what

his fathers believed, to what his friends never question; then his own difficulty in knowing or understanding the black world and his inbred distrust of its ability and real wish; there is his natural faith in his own ability and the ability of his race; there is the subtle and continuous propaganda—gossip, newspapers, books, sermons, and "science"; there is his eager desire to see his section take a proud place in the civilized world. There is his job, his one party, his white primary—his social status so easily lost if he is once dubbed a "nigger lover." Facing all this is lynching, mob murder, ignorance, silly self-praise of people pitifully degenerate in so many cases, exploitation of the poor and weak and insult, insult, insult heaped on the blacks.

Thus Georgia reaps the whirlwind. Yet the Voice, the eternal Voice rises and sings in this Wilderness. The present travesty cannot endure. It is a denial of the fundamental tenets of Christianity, a repudiation of the veriest elementals of fair play and equality of opportunity that one likes to think of as American. Yet it is not from these contradictions but from the economic paradox that change is likely to come.

Suppose a man of the people, that is, of the white people, arose in Georgia and said: "We are being exploited, tremendously and shamelessly. The great mass of workers lack even the primitive protection of modern days such as limited hours of labor, safeguards for women and children in industry and from industry. It is worth while to arouse the workers and get them to vote in better industrial conditions." What would happen?

There was once such a man in Georgia, Tom Wat-

son. He tried to unite labor. He organized the Populist Party in Georgia and invited the blacks to help. It was a critical situation that developed in the early nineties when it was increasingly difficult to keep the Negro disfranchised illegally and yet not possible to disfranchise him legally. In the first campaign it was easy to beat the Populists by the fraud of "counting them out." Immediately thereafter the captains of industry mobilized. By newspaper, by word of mouth, by lodge communications, it was conveyed to the white workers that not only would Negroes benefit from any attempt to better the present industrial situation, but they would gradually displace the white workers by underbidding them; that any benefits for white workers must come secretly and in such a way that Negroes could not share in the benefits. Thus immediately the emphasis was put on race discrimination. And this race difference grew and expanded until in most cases the whole knowledge and thought of the workers and voters went to keeping Negroes down, rather than to raising themselves.

Internal dissension in the labor ranks followed. The Negroes were then blamed for not voting solidly with white labor; for selling out to capital; for underbidding labor. The whole movement swung into intense Negro hatred; and the net result was that the white labor vote was swung completely into a movement finally and completely to disfranchise the Negro labor. The mob shot down Watson's Negro leaders in their tracks and the only way in which he could survive politically was to out-Herod Herod in his diatribes against Negroes and in coining new variants of appeals to prejudice by attacks on Catholics and

Jews. To his death he kept a dangerous political power and even reached the United States Senate, but with his labor party cut in two and forced into additional disfranchisement by the "White Primary," he could never again seriously menace the "machine."

A second way toward emancipation may lie through dissension in the high seats of power. When in Cleveland's day Hoke Smith opposed "free silver" he was read out of Georgia democracy and his path to the United States Senate was blocked. Immediately he espoused the cause of "labor" and made a frontal attack on capital and the great corporations of Georgia. The white labor vote flocked to him and instead of the "White Primary" being the ordinary parade, a bitter internal political fight developed. Smith and his opponents quickly came to terms. In the midst of the campaign Smith dexterously switched his attack on monopoly to an attack on Negroes as the cause of monopoly and since this old game had often been played, he played it harder and more fiercely. He went so far that the State was aroused as never before. Race bitterness seethed, and white labor took the bit into its teeth. It demanded economic disfranchisement of the Negro to follow political. The Negro must be kept from buying land, his education must be curtailed, his occupations limited.

This was overshooting the mark and destroying the whole bi-racial labor situation upon which the Secret Empire of Georgia is based. Quick action was needed. The minds of the mob must be turned again and turned from political and economic thought to pure race hatred. Immediately the sex motif arose to leadership. All subconsciously, sex hovers about race in

Georgia. Every Negro question at times becomes a matter of sex. Voting? They want social equality. Schools? They are after our daughters. Land? They'll rape our wives. Continually the secrecy, the veiled suggestion, the open warning pivots on sex; gossip rages and horrible stories are spread. The ignorant, the superstitious feed on such flame and go mad with anger and hate. There is something horrible in the air that swells at times and bursts. The world goes stark mad.

The Leo Frank case of more recent date was a natural product, if a slight variant, of a soil never weeded of its medieval superstitions and long fertilized with racial hate. Fantastic and lurid tales, a legal lynching, an actual mob murder, the "better people" rushing in their limousines to the undertaker's to view the battered corpse. The chivalric motif present, of course. Georgian manhood had defied Georgia law to avenge a woman, and when the crush of approving and gloating Atlantans became perilous the Mayor of the city himself was on the job to leap to the low roof of the undertaking shop and beseech the crowd "in the fair name of Atlanta" not to "jostle the ladies."

It was a novel experience for the Jews of Georgia and America, and the whole country was shocked. But the Negroes had long been living under the terror. So it had been at the culmination of the Hoke Smith campaign. All restraint was suddenly swept away and submerged in wild stories of rape and murder. Atlanta papers rushed out extra editions each with a new horror afterward proved wholly fictitious or crassly exaggerated. On a Saturday night the white Atlanta laborers arose and murdered every Negro they

could catch in the streets. For three days war and rapine raged—then the streets of the Empire City sank into awful silence. Hoke Smith became Governor and Senator, and the industrial and political system were intact. So, too, ten years later Hugh Dorsey rose to the governorship on the bones of the mob's victim.

The terror under which the Negroes live is no abstract thing. It is no exceptional misfortune that picks an isolated and perhaps not wholly undeserving victim. On the contrary it is the self-respecting, the thrifty, the successful colored man who is its shining target. Their way is thorny as that of no other in this land of ours. Let me refer to one instance based on the published authority of the Governor of Georgia.

A Negro of about sixty years of age had bought ten years ago a farm of one hundred and forty acres and lived there with his wife and twelve children. He had educated three of his daughters who were teaching school. He owned mules, horses, a cow and thirty-five hogs. During the war he bought a thousand dollars worth of Liberty Bonds and the white newspapers praised him. But he lived neighbor to an illiterate white man and the white man grew angry at the colored man's prosperity. A dispute arose over the boundary line and one Saturday when the Negro came to town the marshal arrested him without a warrant, struck him in the face and knocked him down. Other white men rushed at him and choked and beat him. His two daughters started to help him. One was kicked in the stomach and the three, together with a son, were all locked in jail. The girl who had been kicked was deathly sick and lay moaning and begging for medical aid for herself and father, but they were

left locked up all night without attention and ignorant of the charge against them. They were tried in the Superior court and the father was sentenced to twelve months in the chain gang and a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars. The girls were fined fifty dollars each and the son one hundred dollars. While the family was in jail a mob, led by the town marshal, went to the house in the night and shot into it with their guns. "Next morning the woman with her children fled from her home never to return."

And yet there is steady progress—up-stream. In truth there can be no successful economic change in Georgia without the black man's aid. First of all the Negroes are property holders. Sixty years after slavery and despite everything Georgia Negroes own two million acres of land, a space nearly as large as the late kingdom of Montenegro. Their taxable property saved from low wages and systematic cheating has struggled up from twelve millions of dollars in 1890 to over sixty millions today; and now and then even the remnant of their political power strikes a blow. Once, in Atlanta, for instance, some dozen years ago, the candidate of the "White Primary" who was Mayor of the city was found drunk in a bawdy-house just before election and was arrested by the police before they recognized their distinguished prisoner. This proved too much for the city to swallow and in the regular election they threw off their disfranchising vows to the "White Primary" and, assisted by the small number of registered colored voters, elected a decent man as mayor.

Again but last year in Savannah a fight within the "White Primary" between the corrupt gang and

decency gave twelve hundred Negro voters the balance of power. Determined efforts were made to intimidate the Negroes. Skull and cross bones signed by the Ku Klux Klan were posted on the doors of eight of the prominent Negro churches with the legend, "This is a white man's fight; keep away." Warning slips were put under the doors of colored citizens. In vain. The colored voters held their own political meetings, financed their own campaign, went into the election and of their twelve hundred votes it was estimated that less than a hundred went for the gang; the reform mayor was elected.

The hills twist and pass. Slowly the climate changes—cold pines replace the yellow monarchs of the South. There is no cotton. From the door of hewn log cabins faces appear—dead white faces and drawn, thin forms. Here live the remnants of the poor whites.

I am in the hot, crowded, and dirty Jim Crow car, where I belong. A black woman with endless babies is faring forth from Georgia, North. Two of the babies are sitting on parts of me. I am not comfortable. Then I look out of the window and somehow it seems to me that here in the Jim Crow car and there in the mountain cabin lies the future of Georgia—in the intelligence and union of these laborers, white and black, on this soil wet with their blood and tears. They hate and despise each other today. They lynch and murder body and soul. They are separated by the width of a world. And yet—and yet, stranger things have happened under the sun than understanding between those who are born blind.

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WARD OF THE NATION

By JOHN W. OWENS

THE District of Columbia, like the mule, has neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity. No founding fathers, as President Harding used to say, moved hardily to the banks of the Potomac, conquered the wilderness, wrung a living plus an increasing surplus from nature, and fashioned their own traditions and standards for the families they reared and established. And Washington, which is the District of Columbia, walking in pride and a certain glory, has no dream today of perpetuating itself through the generations. It has no dream of something that it alone created and is like nothing else, and that it would have reproduced in faithful recurrence fifty years hence, 100 years hence—something that its own struggles have worked into its warp and woof, something that gives it separateness and distinction as of its own right.

To the north, east, and west lies Maryland; to the south lies Virginia. Maryland is Maryland, and its people are Marylanders; Virginia is Virginia, and its people are Virginians. If in pregnant hours a call goes forth to the sons of Maryland or Virginia there is raised a spiritual panorama in which these men perceive the manner of men their forbears were. The wells of tradition are stirred, and the dreams men weave for their children become realities to be preserved and protected.

But such a call to the men of the District, tucked away between Maryland and Virginia, raises no panorama of the past, stirs no traditions, vitalizes no peculiar dreams of a people for its posterity. For the man of the District is a wayfarer and sojourns in a tavern. His yesterday was spent in another clime. His tomorrow, as expressed in the future of his children, he hopes will be spent in another clime, unless he be of that minority which sets soft living above achievement in the theory of what is good. He lives in social and economic suspension.

The explanation of this unnatural state of being is simple. About a century and a quarter ago the Federal government needed an area about ten miles square in which to place its capital and administrative seat. Maryland and Virginia ceded the land. The small section south of the Potomac was returned to Virginia within a few years. In the area remaining, named the District of Columbia—a gaudy title when one stops to think—the Federal government set about the creation of a community wholly dependent upon it and wholly subservient to it.

The District was to be a capital city and nothing else, at once the tool and the jewel of the ambitious new nation. Here the tradesman, then swiftly strengthening his claim to position, was confined to his ancient part of standing and waiting, denied encouragement to increase his substance or to expand his life. Here the industrialist of a later day, endowed with so large a share of the creative genius of the country, was viewed askance. Life and growth in the District were to be in predestined grooves. Nothing was wanted or welcomed that did not supplement or complement the

pedestaled official existence. The normal life of an aspiring, variegated American community was taboo.

Inevitably, the people of the District became a people without roots. They could not plant themselves deeper than the topsoil. The gusty winds of political ambition or self-interest, or the cleaner winds of genuine patriotism, blew them in; they lodged on the surface a little time and plucked bravely at the soil; but long before penetration could be effected the winds had completed their circuit and were back, bearing new human plants and ruthlessly forcing the old to make way. So it has been and so it will be.

Washington has been denied the most priceless of human values, most priceless because with it all other values may be realized and without it all others may be lost—it has been denied the value that exists in the right to dig in and build a roof-tree. In that right families attain security, learn independence, and bring about the interplay and interdevelopment of code and character. In that right families aggregate into communities that possess treasures as imperishable as man may hope to hold. The right has been denied to Washington not alone in the artificiality of its design; equally it has been denied in an adverse process of selection of population. Government-created, government-developed, it has repelled the constructive, independence-seeking type of men, and has been a magnet to the opposite type. It is the haven of the congenital hired man, through the practical workings of the representative system of government. That system is the best we know, but inevitably sucks into office a vast army of men of the lower grades of spirit.

We may see that clearly today, and I suspect that

it always might have been seen. Every man who knows politics knows that the genuinely proud men interested in public affairs and in government seldom go to Congress or even into administrative offices. The men who go are the order takers. It may be that they take their orders from the popular will. It may be that they take their orders from some selfish clique. It may be that they take good orders; and it may be that they take bad orders. But they take orders, and they are men for whom there is no diminution in the formal honor of high office if it be attained by subserviency, either to mass will or to clique will. The men of erect spirit stay at home. If they are of generous mold, they help mightily in fashioning a mass will that gives orders for the common weal. If they are of selfish mold, they help in building powerful cliques that give orders for the benefit of classes. There they stop. They can neither bring themselves to kneel, ear to ground, to catch the first rumble of the mass voice, nor bring themselves to respond when wires are pulled. The exceptions, the men big enough to hold office by mastering and guiding the mass mind or by overcoming the wire-pullers, are one in a hundred.

Take our present Senate. Borah, the progressive, may be classed as one of the exceptions. So may Underwood, the conservative, and Glass of Virginia, the Wilsonian Democrat. There are a few others. In the House the percentage is no higher. And it is to be observed that of the men who have served in the executive department within a generation the three who most conspicuously played their parts in the spirit of mastery—Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Wilson—all reached the White House by short cuts; they had little

or no service in the bowing and scraping lesser grades of public life. Indeed, Wilson, the most truly imperious and masterful of the three, had been but two years in the public service when he entered the White House. Such a type as Wilson could never have reached the White House through the gradual stages of political preferment as did McKinley, Harding, and Coolidge. Either he would have been flung on the scrapheap as a nuisance of stubbornness or his will would have been broken and he would not have been Wilson.

Not such as they, but the order-taking, favor-hunting, favor-doing, ear-to-the-ground products of the representative system constitute the nucleus of the population brought into the city of government. And surrounding this nucleus is the horde of less fortunate players of the same breed in the game of politics. In the early days this army of hangers-on and job-seekers was a somewhat picturesque lot, petty in its values, but moved by love of excitement and encounter. In time, the classified civil service was instituted to abolish the worst abuses practiced by and for these little politicians. In its operation as a selective process of humans, the new system substituted the seeker after small security for the seeker after small adventure. The instances in which this is not true—they will come to mind at once: the fine and devoted specialists to be found in the despised bureaucracy, Heaven's fools who serve some splendid idea without appreciation and often without comfortable living, and the ambitious women who turned years ago to the government service because the doors of private enterprise were closed—these in-

stances do not affect the rule. The enormous majority is content to be fitted into trivial niches for life.

The two classes—the political representatives, or more accurately the political agents, and the army of regimented employees—are fringed by another class with which they have natural affinity; the paid courtiers of myriad industries, interests, groups, and classes back in the country which wish the government to do or not to do specific things. Big and little, they are in Washington by the thousands, minding the business and running the errands of forthright doers who spend their days many miles from Washington. It matters not whom these courtiers serve. They may work for the anti-prohibitionists or for the militant churches; for tariff barons or for farmers; for railroads and mines or for labor; for capitalism or for socialism. It makes no difference. Under the skin these Washington hired men are the same. Their business is to be agreeable, to mold and twist themselves into readiness for insertion into any situation. Making friends is their trade. The driving, purposeful, self-sustaining man of the railroads, the farms, the churches, or what not, rarely takes the Washington representation of his interest. And more rarely does he remain.

And these classes plus the idle rich who come to exchange their gilded hospitality for admittance into official society are Washington. Tropic soil for the "get next" philosophy—that is the real Washington, the real District of Columbia, precisely as industrialism is the real life of Pennsylvania and agrarianism is the real life of Kansas. The bar, so influential in molding the character of many communities, is in Washington merged in an overwhelming degree into the life of

officialdom and the courtier fringe of officialdom. There are fine and able lawyers who devote themselves to their profession in a rigid manner, but they are not the eye-filling lawyers of Washington. The eye-filling lawyers often were in public life a little while ago, and are the kind of men who always are on excellent and intimate terms with important figures in public life.

Business men are on like footing. A few are a part of the real Washington. The majority mind their own business during office hours, and beyond that might as well be in Philadelphia or Atlanta. Their story is revealed by the Jewish proprietor of a department store who commutes to Baltimore, forty miles away. So with the newspapers. The *Star* is part of the real Washington, and it would almost as soon dynamite its fine new building as attack an important public official. The balance of the press is not of Washington. Part is Heart, and that part could be moved bodily to any other city without causing a wrinkle. Another part is Scripps, and the same is true of it. Another part is McLean, and that part is McLean. Such, in fact, is the story wherever one turns in Washington.

Obviously, such a community is an elusive shadow. Subjectively, it is unreal, for the people who form and shape its life are not themselves; they are always other people who live somewhere else. Nor is Washington objectively real. It creates nothing, its material barrenness being matched by its cultural barrenness. The percentage of formally educated, traveled, sophisticated people, possessed of strong cultural tints, is unusually high. But Washington's own genuine contribu-

tions to literature, to music, to art in any form are small. Forget the contributions that somehow find their way out of New York and Chicago with their noisy, discordant millions. Compare the contributions of Washington, save those of transients, with those of San Francisco or Boston, denatured as both have become.

Even Main Street, nowhere more derided than in Washington, is superior in the realities of life and effort. Her factories may be ghastly, her shops tawdry, her houses gingerbread, her people fried-suppered, and her æsthetics infantile. Nevertheless, she is what she is, and by the grace of God she fights her way to her own peculiar destiny—living, thinking, feeling, as her own intelligence, experience, and taste may direct; she is the treasurer of verities, of values in which are the germ of growth. Main Street is true. But Washington, holding herself the elect, is and may be only a quivering fluid, a veritable Reuben among communities in the instability of its life, producing nothing, having nothing, meaning nothing—here yesterday, gone tomorrow, seeking the fulness of life between suns.

Well, I have preached my little sermon. Now let me to my little confession. I would rather live in Washington than in any other place in this country. When my children are older perhaps I shall pull up and go to some place where there are fewer people who sport in the froth, and more people who take raw, ugly things and painfully fashion them into useful or beautiful things. But until I am, say, at the half-century mark, let me have Washington. A dance hall is a pleasanter place than a factory or a laboratory or a study; conforming travelers of the broad path are

easier on their fellows' elbows than angular men of ideas and purposes. Here in Washington the human tides roll up gently from the ends of the earth, and mingle in a life in which prickly ideas are soaped over with polite customs and conventions. These tides bring color, atmosphere, cosmopolitanism, and a certain debonair spirit of chance which are pleasant to feel, and convey an agreeable measure of stimulation. In Washington the procession of all things that are American may be seen and felt—from the painted and befeathered real American, who may be glimpsed there occasionally to better advantage than on distant reservations, to those individuals, whose lineaments the newspapers have made familiar in millions of households. And there is a certain largeness of character and purpose expressed in, if not by, our national capital.

Here we find what has long been the loveliest of American cities—and growing apace in its charm. Here we discover the refutation of the elsewhere visible truth that our cities are ugly, utilitarian, and invariably attempting feebly and too late to change the mold in which the grim struggle for growth and power has cast them. In Washington we have our sole example of the planned city—laid out through the forethought of Washington and Jefferson, by the art and genius of Pierre Charles l'Enfant. If his landscaping has not been wholly conserved, if of late colonial mansions fragrant with important tradition have been swept away to make room for needlessly crowding departmental office buildings with but a tablet to hallow the vanished past, the consecration of the city to the things more akin to the spirit remains. Wide, radiating avenues, terminating in inspiring vistas; emerald jewels of

squares, circles, and triangles at the intersections; a rambling park where nature is undefiled; an unspoiled waterfront. Spaciousness, leisure, and grace are here. It is as if the nation, like a family whose early days were spent in hardship, had planned to shield apart, to cherish especially one of its fairest daughters, a ward perhaps, to keep her from the moil of conflict, to lavish upon her the offerings of all the others. So Washington, undisfigured by the grime of factories and the huddle of industrial tenements, has become the altar upon which our people seek to lay the best expression of their aspirations. Everywhere new monuments to the many American cults, architecturally splendid, appropriate, representing the mellowed dignity and taste that come with achievement, are rising. Realizations, they are, and worthy ones of the memories and movements that make up the American heritage.

There stands the superb domed American Capitol—built from the rock of Virginia and Massachusetts—eternal reminder of the great national ideal. There in enduring stone soars the shaft that commemorates the father of our country. Facing it from afar, crystallized in the whitest of marble, shines the memorial to the preserver of the Union. National cathedrals in prospect; shrines of science in actuality; a great Masonic temple, a temple to typically American fellowship—before long every grouping in the land will be represented. So Washington, lacking its own epic, without its own vision, perhaps wanting its own soul, is becoming a concrete expression of the soul of America. Here is beauty, made by man, assembled by Americans as tokens of the civilization that is in far and near parts of these United States.

ALASKA

OUR RETURNING FRONTIER

By BRUCE ROGERS

THE frontier is winning back Alaska. The placer-gold cycle has almost gone and the tide of adventurers who swept out new trails through the tundra wastes and planted great wooden capitals on the Yukon and the Arctic Coast has backwashed to the greater "Outside." Nome and its Canadian forerunner, Dawson, are lined with empty houses, falling to pieces, and the old-timers still remaining are relics of a quarter century that has gone. A few lame-duck political appointees survive in their store clothes, but they are pathetic, hothouse growths.

This is the Arctic Alaska of gold, malamute, and intense winter cold. The southern shores have not fared so disastrously. In the panhandle region there is some permanency, though Juneau and its sister cities are not flourishing as they were earlier in the century, despite the more genial climate of this southeastern strip. Anchorage and Valdez, halfway between Juneau and the Arctic, are holding on, sadly diminished, but not the ghosts that Nome has become. And every summer a seasonal life invades the salmon streams that indent the seaboard for thousands of miles from Ketchikan to Bristol Bay. If you doubt this ask Dan Sutherland, delegate to Congress, to tell of the fishing fleets and "China gangs" that come annually on their lucrative excursions. But Arctic Alaska, once resplendent with

her gold-digging hordes, is saying farewell to the white race and is fading away to the lonely whiteness that shrouds her hills from November to May.

Yet physically Arctic Alaska has changed little, except that her surface gold has been scratched out of her creeks and beaches and the Caucasian biped is giving way to the Eskimo and Indian once more. The Siberian reindeer has to some extent taken the place of the caribou herds. Yet big caribou herds remain, returning a little from the hinterland to which they have been pushed and in some cases interbreeding with their tamer relatives. The bull moose, lynx, and wolf still flourish. The gigantic brown bear, greatest of the ursine family, is rearing her cubs, and the ice of Bering Sea floats the walrus and polar bear. Alaska's hills and valleys are abloom with glorious flowers in early spring and swept in winter by the fierce winds that have blown over them since time began in the Arctic.

Arctic Alaska is too barren a pasturage for the white man, now that the surface gold has been skimmed away, but it throbs with its own life. Eskimos still fringe the coastline from the Kuskokwim to the Canadian north. Hardy folks they, whose snow lands have not been coveted as were those of the Indians south of "Fifty-four Forty." They are surviving as a race, the white man's diseases, even the Spanish influenza that in 1918 emptied two-thirds of the Seward Peninsula igloos. Their ways have been modified but not revolutionized by contact with the missionary, the teacher, gold-digger, fur buyer, and whaler. Some are reindeer herdsmen now, but for the most part they trap the fox and catch the seal and walrus and whale, though with steel-toothed traps,

high-powered rifles, and bombs. The igloo remains the prevailing architecture because no white men's housing methods will keep out the cold like these semi-dugouts, covered with walrus hide and turf; when collecting a little dog-sled load of driftwood is a half day's job, the home must conserve heat. The igloo clothing industry remains. No white man's garb of cotton or wool will keep out Arctic winds like that ancient garment, the parka, a one-piece tunic of fur that fits snugly from head to feet. Crawl through the narrow tunnel into an igloo and you find the women folks chewing the tough hides of Arctic animals to make them pliable for their mates to wear. Teeth still manage this difficult tanning task though sugar and white flour are softening the molars. The white man's price system has entered into the Eskimo's life, but chiefly in relation to his dealings with the outsider. The old communal village unity is yet the most pronounced characteristic of an Eskimo settlement. Some further changes have taken place through the introduction of Christianity—a different creed for every part of Eskimo Alaska, the territory having been parceled out among the missions by the government. But little moral priggishness has come with Christianity—the Eskimo's blood is too warm.

Alaska's authentic history for the white man began with the voyage of Bering and Chirikov in 1741. Until that time the Eskimos and Indians had lived out a hundred generations untroubled by the outside world except for the visits of other Eskimos from East Cape, Siberia, who came in big open skin boats to trade. And for nearly a century and a half after the first

imperial flag was raised over the northland white intruders were few. A rough and ready census of the whites in this 600,000 square miles of remoteness in 1867, the year Seward purchased Alaska for $7,000,000, shows only 483 Russians and Siberians and 150 Americans, outside of troops, with 200 other Caucasians. Set off against these were 27,000 natives, with about 1,400 half-breeds. By 1880, after thirteen years of American occupancy, there were only 430 whites.

America was even less interested in her new possessions than the Czar had been. For the first seventeen years Congress did not bother to set up any government. Instead it granted a fur-seal monopoly to the Alaska Commercial Company, which paid $300,000 into the Federal treasury annually for the privilege of making much more. If the Alaska Commercial Company chose to conduct a school for the natives of Unalaska, the United States did not interfere, nor was it interested. America assumed no responsibility for her new lands. If men and women up there wanted to live together the United States had no provision for the recording of marriages, nor could title be given to property. Trial by jury did not exist. There was only a military occupation that consisted of groups of garrisoned soldiery without civil functions. Our troops in those days were not so versatile as our marines in Haiti today.

It was the gold miner who brought political history to Alaska. A preliminary gold rush to the Juneau district in 1881, a mere trickle as compared to those that flooded the Arctic in the late nineties, brought conflicting property interests and led to the appointment

of a governor in 1884. The governor's arm was short, however, and as miners began to penetrate the remote places the only government they knew was the one they created themselves under "Miners' Law," with its standard punishments of hanging, banishment, and fines.

The placer-gold cycle that gave Alaska a white man's boom began with the discovery of the great Klondike placers in 1896, gained impetus in the creeks and on the beaches of Nome three years later, took another great drive forward after several additional years with the uncovering of the richer "third beach" where prehistoric waters had washed, and wound along in diminished ratio, through many stampedes until the emptying of the placer gravel beds.

Alaska cried out to the common man, to the fellow with two strong arms and a fearless heart, who saw a chance to carve out the fortune that was denied him in a civilization crystallized outside. Just as big business was taking possession of the production of wealth in the populated southland, Alaska flaunted her poke sacks before the eyes of the adventurer. It took little time for a new big business, in part Alaska-grown, in part a limb of outside capital, to get its hands on most of the poke sacks, but as long as new placer beds were to be found it was the prospector who was breaking the trails into the unknown.

The prospectors came to get rich, but their hunt was not a commonplace pursuit of wealth. Nor were the seekers of gold commonplace. Had they been, they would have stayed outside to continue work in factories, on farms, or in professions. They shared few of the timidities common to most men. Such as

quailed before the stern northland quickly found their way out again. Those who stayed in the Arctic game were strong and imaginative. It is natural that such persons fell, almost unconsciously, in love with their borean mistress and clung to her long after the golden dowry proved to be an illusion. The magic of this lonely, desolate, but beautiful land had cast a spell which they could feel more often than describe. And the independent life of the prospector—his own boss—was compensation for the meager material returns. I remember two of these free-spirited men I ran into in a gulch several miles behind Nome one June day during the war. A friend and I were celebrating the nocturnal splendor of the summer solstice when sunset blends with sunrise. We climbed Anvil Mountain and looked out over the glistening ice fields that glorified Bering Sea to the west of our beach city and turned in that vast quiet to the shining rounded summits that stretched behind us, as far as eye could see, like a titanic garden of snowy bosoms.

"How can one leave such beauty?" I asked.

"Only if one is starved out," said my friend.

A few miles further on we came to a little cabin squeezed between two hills. There a bearded middle-aged miner with a round-faced, muscular wife, a six-year-old daughter, whose cheeks glowed like Alaskan poppies, and his partner, a young bachelor, showed us their diggings—a shaft down to the "bench" where the gold dust lay. Beside the shaft was the gravel dump built from the bucketfuls below. This they would wash out later for its treasure particles. Not much gold, but enough to live on. They had cleared $500 the year before, after sledding in provisions from

Nome. Both the men said they would never quit the gold game as long as it kept them alive, no matter how simply. They liked the country and they liked to work for themselves; that was the way they said it. "We've put ourselves on a seven-hour day," said the younger man proudly. Their only fear was that the gold streak, slim as it was, would peter out and they would have trouble leasing another one.

Half the Nome district miners left that summer—half of the scanty remnant of the big migrations of twenty years before. The richer placers had been stripped and the big companies had taken nearly all the remaining ones. Men like my two friends were lessees, virtually tenants. And most of the gold diggers of Nome were actually wage earners. They didn't like to admit it. They would take a summer's earnings and prospect until these were spent, but not many of them were panning out their own gold much of the time. That summer the wage-earning miners rebelled. There was a big strike throughout the Nome district for the eight-hour day. The strike created much indignation among the mine operators and their satellites who controlled the district politically. Coming as it did during the war for democracy it was denounced as seditious, and the indictment and trial followed of the editor of the miners' daily paper, the Nome *Industrial Worker,* official organ of the Nome Miners' Union, which was affiliated with the International Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers' Union. A former editor of the same paper was indicted and tried earlier in the year when the operators were getting ready for the strike. Yet this labor walkout, thus described as treason, was called solely for the

purpose of enforcing something that the people had declared for at the polls. An eight-hour-day law had carried at the territorial referendum the year before, by 85 per cent of the votes cast—and then was nullified by the courts.

Nome was aging in those days, but it was still capable of abundant emotion. The strike aroused the fighting spirit of both sides as the Great War failed to do. The reader should not conclude hastily from this that Nome lacked patriotism, nor need he jump to that conclusion when I admit the fact that not a single eligible male had gone voluntarily into the custody of the local army officers who were attempting to recruit against the "Hun." The town's Liberty Bond record ought to refute such suspicions; Nome's social leaders never wearied of telling of their indefatigable efforts in the bond and Red Cross drives. And their patriotism came welling to the surface in full measure during the big strike. Our sturdy old mayor looms large in my memory in this connection as one who showed his love for the Stars and Stripes by his heartfelt denunciation of its reputed enemies who were rebelling against the flag and the law in this "outrageous strike." Our mayor could always be relied on to defend the Constitution, and he is today protecting his country from a judge's seat in the Arctic to which he was raised by an admiring President.

This city father represented a different type of Northlander from the prospector. Yet he came to Alaska almost with the first, giving up a rather briefless law trade in a Minnesota city and reaching Nome in 1900. With a shrewd eye for the things that lead to honor and success he let others break their picks

on frozen gravel and their hopes in futile suits to recover stolen claims, and attached himself to the most powerful mining interests as a legal adviser. When I knew him he was the right-hand man of the dominant millionaire of Nome, local attorney for the millionaire's company, head of the millionaire's reindeer syndicate, and mayor—governing in the interest of the millionaire.

In those days Nome was able to support only one local millionaire. Or perhaps I should say, as the millionaire's friends would have it, that he supported Nome by giving employment to so many of its citizens. That was a point of view I have heard debated on street corners between business folk and certain radicals connected with the miners' and longshoremen's unions. Anyhow this millionaire was a striking personality, who held power by virtue of his wealth and the force of character by which he had wrested it from less lucky holders. His evolution from a Norwegian-Lapp reindeer herder of 1898 to the economic master of Nome testifies to the opportunity the Northland under free American institutions gave to a poor man to rise to riches. This Norwegian-Lapp immigrant used the reindeer service merely as a means of transportation to Eldorado. Once in Alaska he promptly quit the moss-eating beasts for the treasure-bearing gravels. His claims were rich and with rare business understanding he quickly amassed other claims by ways the law subsequently sanctioned. The hard fact that many prospectors had to face was that someone who came to a claim after them had been there before them, according to the dates in the Recorder's books. Again and again in the Alaska gold-mining

industry was borne out the prophecy that the last shall be first. By this time, it will be observed, Alaska had a government—and lawyers.

The big man of Nome came to serious grief only once, in those early days, say the yarn-spinning "sourdoughs." It happened when the original discoverer of the "third beach" line found that his discovery was not sanctioned by law. He met the power behind the law on the streets of Nome, and the invisible government went down so hard that he stayed down until the prospector had finished massaging his anatomy with a pair of heavy shoe-packs. Direct action won; the law saw the light and the original finder of "third beach" retired a plutocrat, though the miners who first filed on the claims further down this greatest placer streak lost their property to the claim-jumpers acting for the millionaire and his fellows.

Nome's richest man was no hypocrite. He would listen to a radical union man on the street, clap him on the shoulder and laugh: "I believe in socialism, too, but fifty years from now." He would drink with the gang; he spent no time at worship and was never ashamed of his Lapp derivation, though the Best People of Nome, who got their living in the sunshine of his bank's favor, were always embarrassed when someone referred to "the Lapp."

One cannot write of Alaska without telling of its politics, for politics is the great winter industry. As other means of livelihood have waned politics has attracted more and more of the best brains. It takes a hardy and resourceful player to make good in this fierce game in the Northland, as ferocious as a malamute dog fight and governed by the same ethics. A

few years ago the little town of Nome, shrunk to a few hundred from the 30,000 of 1900 days, was staging as hot a three-cornered fight within the Democratic Party as the donkey's stable has ever seen. The Federal judge was trying to prevent the marshal's reappointment by calling him names over the wireless to Washington, and the marshal was throwing bombs into the judge's reputation. In fact, it had been asserted and currently believed that this particular judge had been sent into the Division "to get the marshal." He found much difficulty in revealing to the people of Nome any other qualifications for the appointment, but won for himself the title of "Windy Bill" in his brief stay on the job. A weaker faction waited on the outside for both sides to destroy themselves. In the midst of the fracas a curious document came back to Nome that showed the marshal's technique. It was a list of leading citizens of Nome and many lesser persons, naming them severally as pro-Germans, anti-British Irish, I. W. W., and ex-convicts. This list, which had fallen into the wrong hands in Washington, coincided with the panel from which the grand jury was selected. The judge's henchmen promptly sent carbon copies about the town and a new list of enemies to the marshal had been created. One of the marshal's deputies explained the whys and wherefores of this shrewdly calculated move, which only chance had nullified. The marshal had had a tip that his enemies planned his downfall along conventional Alaska lines. The plot was to "frame" him the coming winter with an Eskimo woman prisoner. The Eskimo woman upon whom the marshal was to make an imaginary attack had not yet been arrested but

at some time during the winter there was certain to be such a prisoner. The game was to present evidence of the attack to the grand jury and have the marshal indicted. When the marshal learned of this plan he countered by discrediting the grand jury in advance. He sent to Washington a list of the grand jury talesmen, omitting none, and coupling them with whatever description would do the most good, so that whatever happened he could say: "Well, look who my enemies are."

Hitting an enemy by connecting his name with an Eskimo woman was a favorite method of warfare in Alaskan politics. The district attorney told me that he had barely escaped a diabolical plot to get him drunk and photographed in snug juxtaposition to a copper-colored member of the gentler sex.

Alaskans there are who have married into Eskimo families and become "squaw men," but these are principally of the older generation. The white trader at Point Barrow, the extreme north tip of the territory, is a "squaw man" with many children. He has held several Federal appointments and is wholly a reputable person. In the older days, when Alaska was younger and fresher, she had a different standard of respectability. In those days there were even marriages from "The Alley." But now that the rough, roving gold digger has given way to the politicians and the agents of the big companies such things are past. The only honor in recent years paid in Nome to a lady from "The Alley" was when the oldest resident there died. Then Nome turned out in mass to her funeral. But that meant little; Nome always would come to a funeral or a wedding.

Whiling away the tedium of an Arctic winter in a frozen-in town is a matter of much gossiping. Gossip starts in November in a sprightly, good-natured fashion; it becomes vinegarish by the New Year, and is gall and wormwood at Easter. But the arts and letters have their share in winter diversion. Alaskans are great readers, especially the lonely prospectors in their cabins. The townsfolk go in for amateur theatricals of a homespun kind. One little Seward Peninsula mining town, Council, outdid Nome itself in this respect, for the Council people had to depend entirely on themselves, having no movie in the early days. In the small group of white men there were half a dozen creative artists. One, the government teacher to the Eskimos, is now a university professor and has won several poetry prizes. Another Council citizen was a miner and mine-company bookkeeper, a Canadian Scotchman, who collaborated with the teacher in a book of Alaskan poetry that for racy color amuses me more than anything Service did with the possible exception of "Sam McGee." McLennan lacked conventional verse form, but he served bits of captivating life. His rhyme of two French Canadian trappers and a cinnamon bear is a screaming farce, and "Mariar Jane," the tale of Old Scroggins and his squaw, is an Alaskan classic. Poor Mariar Jane. She was drowned in the Yukon and "went to feed the Yukon fish that fed her all her life. Every silver salmon I've ketched since, I think of my poor wife." And his final lament: "I'd ruther lose Old Towser than poor Mariar Jane."

Attend an old-time miners'-union smoker and get impromptu entertainment unsurpassed. A Scotchman

sings a love song in brogue. An old English miner leans on a stick and begins a two-part sea ballad—he had once been a sailor—which is taken up by another old man from the audience. Up comes the village tailor, a vital young Russian Jew, and gives them a Russian revolutionary song, and follows to a storm of applause from sentimental men with a "Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny how I love you." No Ku Klux spirit in this port for world argonauts. Morris Pascoff was the most popular fellow in town.

All the while the beer cups were passing.

What is left in Alaska today is surreptitious bootlegging and sneaking hootch parties. But in the days of the placer-gold cycle Alaska had the broad conviviality of the pioneer saloon, the one place where class lines broke down, where patent leather and mukluk pressed the same brass rail. It was my privilege to be in Nome on that historic evening before Alaska went dry by territorial enactment. The great Board of Trade saloon, a barnlike place with bars and pool tables, was jammed with hundreds of men. Champagne was two bits and all you could use. Everyone loved everyone else. Even the old mayor endeared himself to the crowd as he climbed the bar at the fateful hour of midnight, when no license went into effect, and cried: "Boys, the way you are behaving shows we don't need prohibition." Then a big Danish miner turned the clock back.

But the clock could not be turned back for long. The placer-gold cycle was passing into history and with it the romantic glory of white man's Alaska. The frontier has been coming back despite the railroad from

the southern coast to Fairbanks. The railroad is a big engineering achievement, but it has failed to restore the life that this capital of the Tanana River valley had in the old dog-team days, because the placer gold has pretty well gone and no other industries in the interior are taking its place. Agricultural experiment stations have done interesting things, but the utmost to expect is garden produce for the workers in other industries—and where are those industries? The immense coal deposits of Alaska are comparatively unused. There are many different explanations as to why this is so. The government bureaucracy is blamed and so are the corporations, but the fact is unanswerable that the States outside already have a mining industry capable of producing twice the coal that markets absorb. Some copper is still coming from southern Alaska, and considerable gold quartz operations continue in the southeastern panhandle strip that is comparatively accessible to Seattle, but the gigantic areas of the body of Alaska are going beyond the horizon. The cost of production is prohibitively greater than on the outside.

The fisheries produce astonishing wealth, but the fishers work out of Seattle and San Francisco in the big fleets of the Alaska Packers' Association and allied concerns, with offices on the outside. The very fishermen and cannery hands come from the outside. Alaskans have little to do with the whole affair except to protest indignantly to Washington at the favoritism which gives the rich salmon streams to the selections of the Secretary of Commerce. These fishing expeditions are reducing the Indians on the salmon streams to degradation. The fish on which they have lived since time

forgotten are caught at the ocean mouth, and the native who wants to live can come down there and work coolie-like alongside imported Filipinos, Chinamen, and the medley of homeless workers who sell themselves to the canneries for the summer. Yes, the government concerns itself with the fishing situation a little. Do we not remember how Governor Riggs, Wilson's latter appointee, called loudly for a bigger launch patrol to hunt I. W. W. who were supposed to be stirring the cannery workers to disloyal thoughts? Fourteen hours a day in a cannery, bunking at night with venereals and tuberculosis carriers, might inspire disloyalty. Seeing spoiled salmon packed in by tubercular workers, with no United States inspectors to intervene, might tend to the same wayward thinking.

These cannery workers have had their own glimpse of how Alaska is ruled. The prospectors who saw their claims jumped through the connivance of government officials have had theirs. In fairness, however, it must be said that there has been one department of the government which has functioned differently. The Alaskan Bureau of Education, under the direction for fifteen years of William T. Lopp, has in the main worked wisely for its native wards. It has proceeded on the idea of keeping the Eskimos as self-sustaining producers through their ownership of the reindeer originally fetched from Siberia. There is a danger that the Eskimo may yet become a serf to the reindeer syndicate that now owns many herds and is the big market for surplus deer production. But as yet the reindeer have been a blessing to the natives who otherwise would find famine on the tundras that have been depleted of so much of their game. The

coming of the reindeer and the fact that his icy wastes were unattractive to the white man have so far saved the Eskimo from the fate that is overtaking the Indians, even those of Alaska.

If the Eskimos are destroyed, who can take their place and make a living out of the Arctic wastes? Perhaps airplane transportation will make great changes. Perhaps the dream of Charles P. Steinmetz, of blasting out a wider channel in Bering Straits and warming the Arctic shores with southern currents, will some day be a reality and Alaska will be populated by millions of homesteaders from the south. But meanwhile the ice king is squeezing out one by one the white folks who came to the great lone land he had set aside for his favorite Eskimo children.

PORTO RICO

THE AMERICAN COLONY

By LUIS MUNOZ MARIN

THE gods have made Porto Rico the first colonial experiment of the United States. The slices taken from Mexico were empty or more American than Mexican in almost everything but political allegiance; the power exercised over the Philippines is explicitly temporary; Hawaii came as a motley of peoples dominated by an American business and planting group. In Porto Rico, on the other hand, the Americans acquired for permanent use a rather well-rounded civilization by means which, though questioned by not a few, are considered legal and virtuous by current international usage. Here for the first time the American people undertook to boss a foreign culture. What manner of place, then, is this first American colony, and what manner of colonizers are these Americans?

Though Columbus touched the west coast of Porto Rico during his second trip, it was not until 1509 that the King commissioned Juan Ponce de Leon to settle the island of San Juan, as Porto Rico was then known, lay hands on the fabulous treasures that were supposed to flow down the beds of its rivulets, and send him his fifth. Juan Ponce found, according to later estimates, about fifty thousand Indians on the island, fine-featured, lazy, somewhat nomadic. His coming decimated them through war, interbreeding, slavery, the *morbus gallicus,* small-pox, and the emi-

gration to adjacent islands that the more warlike among the savages felt compelled to undertake. In thirty years Indians had become scarce and African slaves were brought to coax gold out of the increasingly hopeless rivers, and raise truck and cattle. By the first quarter of the eighteenth century the last Indian village had disappeared as such. The melting-pot seethed with a strong compound of Hispanic and African spiced with aboriginal blood. The Indian survives chiefly in the form of aquiline noses on copper-black faces and, some assert, in the melancholy strain that is supposed to underlie our temperament. The pure blacks increase at a slower rate, and those set down by the census-taker as pure white at a faster rate, than the population as a whole.

The story of Porto Rico is dull politically, a succession of governors-general; militarily, the building of strong fortifications, a few pirate and foreign raids, nothing on a grand scale; economically, the triumph of after-dinner delicacies—coffee, sugar, tobacco—over the dinner itself. In the South American wars of independence we took no effective interest. A province of Spain culturally, we were an overseas backwoods of the motherland. Political life worth mentioning was non-existent until the latter half of the nineteenth century. When liberals got the upper hand in Spain, which was rarely, they relieved their feelings by granting reforms to the colonies, reforms that, so far as Porto Rico was concerned, were accepted gratefully and surprisedly, and relinquished when the time came dumbly and humbly. Distinguished men were sports of nature rather than fruits of a culture.

A printing press was not seen in Porto Rico until

1808, and even at that late date it did not come as a need of the Porto Rican soul but as a convenience of the govenment which used it to print decrees and the official gazette. Twenty-five years passed before an unofficial newspaper appeared, and that was the organ of the Spanish planters and shopkeepers. It is not until the middle of the century that the first book of native literature of which we have record appears—a shrewd and humorous study of the *jíbaros,* the white peasants of the mountain tops. It was about this time that men of talent born in Porto Rico began to consider themselves Porto Ricans. Political antagonisms grew between those who came from Spain or retained the Spanish ways, and those who were somehow different even when no other racial strain intervened. The growing conflict was not primarily economic, the Porto Rican leaders being as a rule engaged in the same pursuits as the Spaniards. The Spanish government stupidly fostered this consciousness of variation, as it did in Cuba. The two islands were the last shreds of the Spanish imperial power in the world it had given to mankind. Their essential historical conditions were the same, their ethnic and economic development closely akin. They differed strongly in the extent and nature of their territory and in the methods of the Spanish tyranny, which were relatively mild in Porto Rico. It may have been due to these differences that while Cuba fought two terrible wars for her independence, in which many Porto Ricans died, Porto Rico's only revolution, in 1868, concocted in part by an American called Van Buren—lasted but three hours.

Slavery was peacefully abolished in 1872, after many

years of earnest propaganda by the slave-owners themselves. To their attitude Porto Rico undoubtedly owes in a great measure the admirable relationship that has prevailed there between the white and negroid races. Perhaps the island should be of interest to the American people chiefly as a laboratory experiment in racial ethics, as there you find the nearest approach to social equality of this sort within the supposedly permanent territory of the United States. From the middle class down, the union of white women to brown or black men is not unusual enough to astonish or enrage anybody, and the union of black or brown women to white men is of course more frequent. Discreet instances of both varieties of intermarriage may be found in the highest social pinnacles, where the prejudice against people of Negro extraction finds expression in drawing-room whispers of What are we coming to? Lynching, and the humiliation of Negroes by statute, are unthinkable. There are no segregated districts, though the general division of labor brought about by climatic conditions has assigned the mountains to the white man and the coast to the white and the black. Jim Crow cars would seem as freakish as a man with two thumbs on one hand and eight fingers on the other. A white Porto Rican Senator once traveled through Virginia with two Negro friends in the black man's car and justified his presence there to the conductor by claiming Negro blood. After close scrutiny the conductor decided to throw a curtain around the group anyway. I have been told by Negro delegates to labor conventions held in the South that they can usually avoid the worst features

of the Southerner's prejudice by speaking with an obviously foreign accent!

A good proportion of the school-teachers are of Negro and mixed extraction and they give their services to black, brown, and white indiscriminately. Negro and mulatto lawyers, physicians, journalists, poets, politicians, philosophers lead a common professional and spiritual life. One of the ablest and most respected leaders of the Republican Party (the party that always stands for Americanism and usually for statehood) was Dr. Barbosa, a Negro physician. A newspaper in Ponce employed Carrion Maduro, a well-known Negro writer, as editor with a white staff under him. Our most expressive composer was Campos, a light mulatto. One of our good minor poets, a full-blooded Negro, would take to the road with a valise full of his works; in every town he would visit barber-shops, cafés, stores, clubs, and the homes of the leading citizens, delivering the following sales talk: "I am Luis Felipe Dessus and this is my book Flores y Balas; I am offering it to you for sale; its price is one dollar; its value, if you wish to pay for it by that standard, is much greater; you may take it or not, of course; but if you don't take it after I have paid this personal call upon you I shall consider it a personal affront, and act in a manner befitting a gentleman." He accomplished the feat of living largely by his pen.

Men of both races get along quite well with one another in all social strata. It is the women of the upper classes who offer the most stubborn resistance to a complete acceptance of the tolerant spirit that dominates our racial relationships. This acts as a

strong determinant of the tendency of whites to marry whites and of blacks to bring lighter blood into the family. The American authorities, in so far as they may act without fear of raising a hullabaloo, introduce segregation, as in the National Guard. And a desire is growing not to seem inferior to Americans by their own standard. Class distinctions are on the whole more vivid than race distinctions. *Blanquito* (little white) is applied to one who appears well off, whatever his color, while *negrito* (little Negro) does not mean the opposite but is used by all as a satisfying expression of erotic tenderness.

You cannot consider the more articulate portion of the Porto Rican soul without getting the suggestion that it is afflicted with an inferiority complex. In an island where nothing grand ever happened everything happens in the grand manner. Graduating exercises, speeches about local officials, burial laudations of respectable people are performed with a genuine will to grandeur. Street-corner meetings are "grandiose," the applause at the end of a well-turned paragraph is invariably "delirious," any American Congressman is "the great statesman," verbose political spellbinders are always called great orators and frequently nightingales. I have been called sublime for donating two dollars to a worthy cause. Two years ago we had with us as Governor a Harding appointee named Reily, a gross politician from Missouri who followed in a particularly uncouth fashion the usual War Department policy of repressing all important manifestations of the regional spirit. The island became the stage of a great drama where the forces of liberty and oppression came to a grapple. There was plenty of

dressing-room trafficing, to be sure, but the proscenium was kept immaculately tragic. A young politician threatened a hunger strike against Reily. Another, of the same party, commented, "It should be the longest hunger strike on record," implying that the striker would be secretly fed. This gives in tabloid form a paradox composed of two of our dominant qualities. We love to strut in a falsely epic atmosphere; we know it's sham; and we don't catch ourselves, but each other, at it. The two politicians in the story are interchangeable.

Much as we dislike to do our duty we love to be generous; and many of us lead lives of virtuous trickery and fraud, not to provide for our families, as the rationalization goes, but to practice largesse. People who are stingy to those to whom they owe no duty are comparatively rare. A lawyer may grab all the land he can from the traditional widows and orphans, but he will, you may be sure, contribute freely to Bohemian, as distinguished from respectable charities—paying a poor devil's fine to get him out of jail, buying a bankrupt poet's passage for more fruitful lands, setting up a fisherman in business with a boat and nets. A *jíbaro* earning sixty cents a day during the "live time" may, as he thinks, overcharge you for pottery, hammocks, or straw hats that he makes during the "dead time," but let his neighbor pass away and he will as like as not adopt some of his children, or the whole brood.

We are always contemplating what we never carry out. Some paved approach to hell ought to be named for Porto Rico. Visions that burst forth magnificently, and take impetus as plans, cool off as calculations,

and generally peter out as accomplishments. Magazines are a notable instance. They are thought of at a café table, planned in a row-boat or on a stroll round the plaza, launched a few days later on a capital of fifty or one hundred dollars; and die like flies. The creative thrill is in getting the idea, in thinking about it, and in actually starting something; then, as Thoreau put it, having made one pencil, why make more?

Porto Ricans are tolerant of most heterodoxies. Religious toleration is unassailable in reality as well as in law. That, however, is not a good example, for we are very indifferent to the gods. But we like our money, and love to spend it, and hoard it, and squander it; and still, we are reluctant to persecute good fellows that happen to be tempted by other people's money, including our own. It's considered somewhat in bad taste to pursue your property rights to fine points in small matters. There is a bit of poetic jurisprudence laid down by Judge Bolivar Pagan, who, though quite exceptional as a magistrate, is representative of the very best in Porto Rican manhood. A *jíbaro* went hungry for three days and then stole some coconuts. The Judge acquitted him on the ground that a man who has gone hungry for three days is a blind cosmic force no more capable of criminal intention than the wind. Some legislators receive money from rich men openly and, if the spirit moves them, vote against the rich men's interests just the same. In those cases money transfers are simply not thought of as affecting such natural integrity as a soul may possess.

In sexual matters, on the other hand, orthodoxy is

iron-bound. Women must be chaste and men unchaste, or pay the penalty in the form of murder or ostracism in the one case and of ridicule in the other. In the attitude toward women there is gallantry and chivalry, but more of the former than of the latter. No man worthy of the name would permit a woman to pay his carfare or allow his wife to go to the movies alone. Women were made to marry and become queens of the home, first as chaste wives and afterward as sainted mothers. The rough contacts are not for them, excepting perhaps such as might occur within the sacred walls of the home. The obey clause in the marriage rite is imposed and accepted literally. A very talented Porto Rican pianist who was successfully carving out a career on the American concert stage had to cancel a string of valuable and interesting engagements and give up her work because her husband disliked the climate. Neither of them thought it proper for her to go on while he returned to the tropics. In Porto Rico *mores* when the wife's career and the husband's catarrh clash, his catarrh wins.

The assumption that good women are sweet and pure and therefore too elevated for life's rough and tumble seems to underlie the attitude of the Porto Rican gentleman. But scratch this concept of the good and pure woman and you will brutally come upon the assumption that she cannot be trusted to take care of her physical virtue. Though mostly subconscious, this idea frequently becomes deliberate, gets into words, and is used as an argument against allowing Porto Rican women the same personal freedom that American women enjoy. "The climate" is a favorite explanation.

American influence is perhaps strongest in the direction of freeing women from the degrading bondage of that state of mind. Where my mother had to receive my father during their engagement in the presence of at least two sisters, and my father had to avail himself of the ancient and adventurous trick of the wide-open newspaper to kiss her, some modern girls may be seen of an afternoon in a movie house, quite alone with their duly accredited fiancés and the rest of the audience. (Curiously enough, the movies exert a liberalizing influence on Porto Rican manners. Doesn't the screen show women going out on respectable business with men who are neither their fathers, their brothers, their husbands, nor their fiancés? When a young boy and girl, heroically cast, are left alone, walk and play together on the screen, and when, surprisingly, nothing happens, the Porto Rican audience is seeing something truly revolutionary!) Divorces, which were strictly taboo on moral more than religious grounds, are not infrequent now, though divorcées are rather considered lawful prey by our numerous, active, and skilful Don Juans. Divorced husbands tend to remarry their former wives. Children are sometimes a consideration, but the tendency owes much to jealousy—the thought that other men may now make love to the woman that has been theirs is a notion intolerable to our chicken-coop pride.

Though marriage continues to be a woman's trade, and man the raw material for it, even upper class women may now earn their living. But those who do are too close to the domestic era to make a broad success of their new opportunities. Some take office positions as a matter of necessity (it is not yet

impossible to belong to the upper class and be poor at the same time). Their mothers, in similar circumstances, would have taken in sewing as secretly as possible or baked cakes to sell at their back doors to the cooks of other good families. Others accept work out of their homes as a matter of dignity, to feel—not to be—somewhat independent of obnoxious husbands. But they find the life hard and usually welcome a chance to resume their historic tasks. Instances of girls giving up easy and relatively lucrative office positions to embark into the most dubious matrimonial, or even extra-matrimonial, adventures are the rule, overwhelmingly.

Male chastity seems to us preposterous and highly suspicious—to claim it the depth of absurdity. The rumor is about that many Americans are chaste and say so. They are regarded as hypocrites, and strange hypocrites at that. What can induce a man falsely to pass himself off as something discreditable!

It would be unfair to present certain phases of our contemporary character without clarifying the economic background against which they must be observed. Porto Rico has never been prosperous, but it has known respectable poverty. The early Spanish adventurers conquered it for the gold of its rivers. In thirty years they exported less than four million pesos—a bad return for their pains—and began to devote their best energies to the soil, upon which they had formerly looked as a mere means of keeping alive till they were rich enough in gold ingots to return to the motherland. By the end of the nineteenth century, coffee, tobacco, and sugar had become, in the order named, the principal products of the island.

The three were important in inverse ratio to their industrial nature. Coffee needed little elaboration; tobacco, if turned into cigars, needed but small hand tools and skill; it took a chemical process and a clumsy wooden mill driven by a pair of oxen to get sugar out of cane. Given the land, the amount of capital necessary for any of the three pursuits was relatively unimportant. The land, with a few notorious exceptions, was divided into small estates, and in the uplands there was scarcely a free man who could not own a few acres or rent them cheap. The law compelled wage laborers to hire themselves, ostensibly as a corrective for tropical laziness, that convenient whipping-boy, actually because the economic law of need does not seem to have been powerful enough. But they were patriarchally handled by their employers, with all the good and the evil of that attitude, and found that they could convert their almost invisible money wages into an abundant, if unscientific, diet that kept away the pangs and the passions of hunger, and into some stiff-bosomed shirts and absurdly starched dresses for holiday wear. This very modest but rather widespread economic semi-independence and content made possible the full expression of that kindliness, that absence of petty rasping passions, that hospitality, that chivalry, traces of which are still to be found, especially among the pale men of the mountains.

Two forces appeared dramatically to precipitate a change that would perhaps have taken place anyway: a cyclone and the Americans. The cyclone of San Ciriaco wrought havoc with the coffee and tobacco plantations of the mountains, ruining a host of small

landowners and centralizing the soil into fewer and mightier hands. The Americans came in the name of liberty and democracy and destroyed the liberal parliamentary government wrested from Spain by Luis Muñoz Rivera two months before the outbreak of the war; they also brought the tariff on sugar, which attracted outside and local capital to the cane-fields of the coast. Twenty-three years ago there were scattered over the island several hundred primitive sugar mills which turned out a round 69,000 tons annually. In 1920 there were seventy-five modern factories, belonging for the most part to large absentee corporations, turning out six times that number of tons. That is the open glory of the colonialists. Profit has been known to surpass 100 per cent per annum, and a very large share of it leaves the island never to return. That is the secret glory of the colonialists. And even this ghastly spectacle of wealth drained from a starving population into the richest country on earth is sanctimoniously set down in the official reports as a "favorable trade balance."

As a young editor put it to the House Committee on Insular Affairs, one of our sorest economic troubles is that we have no bananas today. We used to have a lot of them; they grew all around and could usually be had for the picking, so that they made a very important item in the common diet. And what was true of bananas was true of many fruits and vegetables. But sugarcane is elbowing all these out of the soil. Now we import our staples, with the result, as Dr. Bailey K. Ashford sees it, that not even the rich are well nourished in Porto Rico.

The tobacco industry is entirely under the tutelage

of the American tobacco trust, and coffee-growing, the last refuge of the falling middle class, suffers from the fact that to the great coffee-drinking people of the United States all coffees taste alike! The consequences of all this have been, the attainment of certain sections of a half dozen towns to a degree of opulence seldom tasteful enough to be a public good; the proletarization of great masses of people; the debasing of a general standard of living, that was never too generous; the elimination of certain ethical checks and cultural ideals that become untenable in sweated colonies and on rafts lost at sea.

The average daily wage paid to a laborer in the cane-fields is about a dollar, with a six months working year, when prices for such necessities of life as he consumes are slightly higher than in New York. The business manager of one of the principal newspapers in San Juan, a peculiarly capable and reliable man, received until recently a monthly salary of one hundred dollars for a task that rarely released him before nine o'clock at night.

As might be expected, the intensity of the struggle for existence is appalling. It has dulled our ancestral virtues—such as they were—and that it has not wiped them out altogether seems miraculous. Sham, trickery, flattery, beggary, mendacity are accepted means of getting along. When you find that Don Pedro has swindled you, the moral indignation you feel about it is not much greater than when you learn that he has invested in real estate or in a new suit of clothes. You take your revenge if you can, of course, but largely as a part of the policy of living, and not necessarily on Don Pedro.

The quixotic gestures of Spain will flourish on any earth. Few people will sell you things in which they do not regularly traffic. A horse dealer may try to prevent you by every subterfuge at his command from examining the mouths of his horses, but if you are his friend and remark on the beauty of his new field-glass he is likely to insist upon your taking it home with you, and will be deeply offended if you suggest paying for it. Until quite recently it was impossible to purchase flowers; the owners took pride in giving you all you wanted; and even now it is only in the principal cities that flowers can be obtained in exchange for money.

But these qualities are becoming segregated. Those who, if conservative, measure civilization by commercial and industrial growth, and, if radical, by labor-union activity, lament the mountain regions. You can't start anything there. But the bulk of the folk-poetry, the folk-pottery, the folk-hats, the folk-hammocks, and the folk-nobility comes from the mountains.

These forsaken *jíbaros,* pale, frequently blond, always poverty-stricken, form the most consistently unmixed body of Europeans on the island. Whenever the hookworm permits they are more active physically and mentally than the people of the coast. And yet their ideals are of leisure while the ideals of the coast (not necessarily the practice) are becoming those of activity and go-getting. Here the shade of the guava-tree still suggests the hammock; the moon calls out the singer and his *tiple.* Troubadours compete with songs for the love of barefoot girls, though machetes are thought good enough to cut to decisions, often within the limitations of a gentlemanly code. The

jíbaros are infantile, passionate, shrewd in their simple dealings, susceptible to religious quackery, and manage to carry a surprisingly heavy load of generosity along with that of their poverty. They have frequently been imposed upon by the outside world, and have developed a näïve armor of suspiciousness that enrages the politicians and rural confidence men who try to prey upon them. Here is a song in which they have placed a large part of their soul:

> Oh, I saw a Napoleon,
> Oh, I saw a Napoleon,
> That was being taken as a prisoner,
> But as I don't know anything about it,
> But as I don't know anything about it,
> I won't continue the versification.

There is the desire to appear in imagination as witnessing vague, important, and sad events, a certain laziness in not troubling to think up any more than the one flash scene, combined with a shrewd determination not to be compromised.

I recall an episode that remarkably expresses the blend of sordid need and quixotic craving harbored in the lives of these men, as in a measure, of all Porto Ricans. A politician on the village square was trying to arrange for a hundred badly needed votes. The illiterate *jíbaros* around him all belonged to his party, but refused to vote unless given fifty cents a piece. It appears that the politician could only dispose of a quarter for each voter. "Of course," he was saying, "you understand that I am not trying to corrupt your consciences, because there is not enough money in the

world to buy the sacred conscience of the humblest man. It is understood that you are Unionists. You are also good citizens and cannot refuse to cast your ballots. I simply want to give each one of you a quarter that you may drink the health of our glorious party and enjoy yourselves a bit before you return to your homes, and all I ask is that you vote right now, before I leave." The *jíbaros* refused to budge. They wouldn't vote for any other party, that was certain; they were loyal Unionists (followers of the erstwhile independence movement), but if they didn't get their price they were going home without voting. "But how am I to know if you really are Unionists if you don't vote," the politician queried reasonably enough. The answer came solemn and shrewd: "We don't care whether you know it or not. God knows it." They did not vote.

Religion plays a minor rôle in the Porto Rican scene. We don't fear hell, and heaven bores us. We don't believe in an anthropomorphic God or that it is important that church ceremonies should be performed in this way or the other. Atheism in Porto Rico, as elsewhere, seems to be a natural complement of Catholicism. That the Bible is an astronomical, geological, biological, and historical document of irrefutable veracity is too absurd a statement for our average high-school boy to advance. I refer, of course, to the more sophisticated classes. Most of us will admit a vague allegiance to the Church of Rome. But you will very seldom catch us at mass, you will almost never find us in the confessional, and you will but infrequently meet us when we are not on our way to or from the infringement of some of the commandments.

Perhaps the sharpest difference between Porto Rican development and that of the rest of Latin America lies in the fact that there has never been a serious movement for Porto Rican independence. Such political expression of a feeling for independence as we have had came—some say strangely, and some say naturally—under the American régime. In 1904, for the first time in our history, an enthusiast slipped an independence clause into the platform of a ruling party, and its leaders felt compelled regretfully to leave it there. From that time until 1922 when the clause went overboard that party's most earnest efforts were devoted to placing independence in as innocuous a position as possible. A dream for the far future, the natural desire of all peoples, the last refuge of our dignity were some of the formulas used. Indeed, if it was kept alive so long the phenomenon must be ascribed to the persistence of José de Diego, a man too strong to override, who wished to hold that solution before the Porto Rican people. But the sentiment for independence is real enough among young fellows and the common people, and it only waits to be organized by a politician with some poetry in his make-up. Whether that happens or not, the prospects for the immediate future are those of continued liberal political servitude, growing cautiously more liberal with the years.

The ultimate fate of Porto Rico will obviously depend upon the degree of its cultural Americanization and the strength of the advantageous economic ties binding it to the States. I do not believe that American overlordship is Americanizing us to an important degree. We are proud of tall buildings, commercial ac-

tivity, and prosperity more than of worthier things; but all Latin Americans tend to abandon their contempt for material prosperity whenever the possibility of achieving it becomes clear to them. We hastily adopted the California code which, among other equally appropriate things, required us to place stoves in jury rooms; but we have managed to avoid cooking our jurors. Congress acquired by the Treaty of Paris the right to call us names, and proceeded to exercise it by calling us Porto Rico, which means nothing, instead of Puerto Rico, which means, however misleadingly, Rich Port; but none of us uses the legal name in Spanish, and I am using it here as a concession to the editor. Our first native commissioner of education considers Edgar Guest the best American poet and imitates his doggerel; but it was probably on account of the very exceptional qualifications indicated by that preference that the Bureau of Insular Affairs suggested that Harding appoint him.

Women are freeing themselves through the influence of the United States; but then Latin-American women generally are throwing off their shackles at a great rate and largely because of "North American" influence. Shakespeare has replaced Cervantes as the greatest poet in the world, but Cervantes continues to be the better seller. Washington has been appointed the hero of a people who can cut down a forest of cherry trees and remain serenely silent about it. Lincoln is presented as the destroyer of slavery to the grandsons and granddaughters of the slave-owners who requested Spain to free their slaves with or without compensation. The American Federation of Labor through my friend Santiago Iglesias is trying hard to

Americanize Porto Rico; but what Mr. Iglesias understands by Americanism is a high standard of living, free speech, and free press: we have the last two to a greater extent than you have in the States, and the first is good rather than American.

In spite of this haphazard cultural attack, and of the fact that most of us are proud to be officially part of a nation that does big obvious things, we continue subconsciously to class ourselves with Latin Americans. In the conflicts between the United States and Latin America our sympathies are with Latin America. I doubt if a half dozen decent and intelligent Porto Ricans could be smoothly recruited for an expedition against, say, Mexico. Mr. Travieso, a member of the Porto Rican senate, was severely criticized for accepting an executive post under the American military occupation of Santo Domingo. There is relatively as much interest in the effort of the Venezuelan people to get rid of the tyrant Gomez as in that of the American people to change Presidents. Our literature, which in some branches is very copious, follows the general Latin-American currents where it does not show native or original traits. Llorens, our most popular and perhaps our greatest poet, is Porto Rico incarnate; Hostos is accepted by Latin America as one of its great thinkers; De Diego, while acting as Speaker of our lower house, vigorously urged the formation of an Antillean Republic to consist of Cuba, Santo Domingo, and Porto Rico. The economic ties that now bind us to the United States are not advantageous. That our sugar industry is protected along with that of Louisiana is an unmixed blessing only to those that control it, and they are chiefly non-resident

corporations. On the other hand, this same wall of protection compels our poverty-stricken population to buy its staples in the same market where the American banker and bricklayer buy theirs. The latter evil cannot be corrected so long as we remain within the customs system of the United States. Absentee ownership can be diminished. But the evident policy of the War Department here, as in the Philippines, is to discourage and make difficult the execution of measures tending to correct it. In 1921, the legislature enacted a series of laws calculated to give small planters a chance to free themselves to some extent of the tutelage of the large corporations, by building government railroads which would enable them to ship their cane to more than one sugar factory, etc. Loans to the extent of some fourteen million dollars were authorized to carry out the projects. Governor Reily declined to issue them. The more suave and tactful Governor Towner, who holds the ruling politicos in the hollow of his hand, saddled upon the island a loan of six million dollars for building purposes. As Porto Rico may not contract debts for more than thirty million, and the latest loan raised the public debt to $22,000,000, most of the 1921 projects must be abandoned for lack of funds.

On the basis of these realities, only a scrupulously unselfish policy—inaugurated soon—on the part of the United States is likely to induce the Porto Rican people, as distinguished from their politicians, to remain permanently—should they have become—loyal at heart to the United States.

HAWAII [1]

A SUB-TROPICAL NEW ENGLAND

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

§ 1

TWICE a day at Honolulu an elderly gentleman toddles along the sea-wall at Waikiki from the direction of Fort De Russy, takes a dip in the ocean, and then sits and suns himself on the tiny patch of sand that is known to old inhabitants as the Children's Beach. I shall call him Mr. Wheeler, for, though that is not his name, it is sufficiently near to it to identify him to the host of his acquaintances. Mr. Wheeler was born in New York; and, when he learned that I came from the metropolis, he asked me if the food was just as good as ever at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"How long have you been in the islands?" I inquired.

"Well," said Mr. Wheeler, "I was sailing home from China in 1887. The ship touched at Honolulu for a day, and I came ashore to get my laundry done." The rest was silence, and an enigmatic smile.

Another day he told me more particularly why he was not in any hurry for his laundry to come back.

"This is the only place in the world," he said, "where everybody is well-to-do. For what is meant by being wealthy except that you don't need any money? You

[1] This article, in an abbreviated form, first appeared in the *Century Magazine*, and thanks are due its editor for permission to use the material in this series.

are foolish to go back to New York. You will have to have money there; and to get it, you will have to sell your life to earn your living. There isn't any sense to that."

"No,"—I hesitated, "—except for a few necessities. . . ."

"And what are the necessities of life?" retorted Mr. Wheeler. "Food, clothing, shelter, fuel—and one other, more important than them all. You don't need money here for food. The coconuts drop at your feet. Bananas and papaia and bread-fruit hang down within your reach from many trees. There are acres and acres of pineapples. And at any hour any day you may wade into the warm water with a net—like that *wahini* yonder—and haul ashore the most delicious fish. You don't need money here for clothing. All you want, the year around, is a bathing-suit, a shirt, a pair of trousers. You don't need any fuel except for cooking; and wood is everywhere. You need only pick it up. For shelter all you want is a roof over your head in the rainy season, and some wire netting to keep out the mosquitoes. Walls aren't necessary. You don't need a house; you want only a *lanai*. It is warm enough to sleep in the open any night in the year, and never too warm to sleep. So, you see, I'm a rich man: I don't need any money."

"But that other need you spoke of, the one you said was more important. . . .?"

"Ah, yes—companionship. And this is the best place in the world for that. The most interesting people come here, and only the most interesting. Sooner or later, from all the quarters of the globe they come, just like you, and talk to me upon this little patch of sand.

I don't have to go to see people; they come to see me. A man needs friends; but if I went to London, to Paris, to Rome, to Yokohama, to Pekin, I should never make so many friends as here at Waikiki. They come and go, and others come; but after they are gone, I know that they remember always, and are always hoping to come back again. It will be that way with you."

There was a long pause after that. I looked out over the sea. Several children were splashing in the lime-green waves that broke upon the sand. A little beyond them, Dave Kahanamoku came loitering along in his outrigger-canoe to pick up some passengers at Halekulani. Out on the anchored raft, Fuji, my Japanese boy, was poised for a backward dive, and two American girls were climbing out of the water. The surf heaved away in jade-green rollers out to the coral reef, where it creamed in league-long breakers, beyond which lay the sapphire reaches of the deep Pacific. But as I gazed out to the far horizon, the whole picture, as they say in the "movies," seemed to dissolve into a remembered vision of the paler water of Walden Pond and of a cairn of stones upon the wooded shore that marks the site where stood a humble hut which, for two years at least, housed the throne of letters in New England.

Before the vision faded, I had asked Mr. Wheeler an apparently irrelevant question:

"Do you happen to know Henry David Thoreau?"

"No," he said; "at least I don't remember him. Who is he?"

"Oh, just a chap that used to live in Concord, Massa-

chusetts. Something that you said reminded me of him; that's all. I think he'd like it here."

"Then he'll come—sooner or later," said Mr. Wheeler.

"He *has* come," I answered. And then it was my turn to smile an enigmatic smile.

For Mr. Wheeler, who had quite unconsciously evolved on the island of Oahu the same philosophy of life that Thoreau had evolved in old New England, had suddenly given me the clew to a mystery that had haunted me ever since I had reached the Happy Isles and the friend I called Achilles had met me at the dock and garlanded my neck with *leis*.

§ 2

That experienced traveler, Mr. Somerset Maugham, has remarked that, whatever one expects of Honolulu, one is sure to be surprised. His own expression of bewilderment is worthy of quotation, and I shall copy it from his volume called "The Trembling of a Leaf":

"Nothing had prepared me for Honolulu. It is so far away from Europe, it is reached after so long a journey from San Francisco, so strange and so charming associations are attached to the name, that at first I could hardly believe my eyes. I do not know that I had formed in my mind any very exact picture of what I expected, but what I found caused me a great surprise."

In my own case, I was not surprised by the suavity of the climate, the multi-colored luxuriance of the vegetation, or the almost unimaginable loveliness of the landscape; for I had been prepared to expect these wonders by a witty lady of San Francisco, who had

told me emphatically, just before I sailed, that the Hawaiian Islands were all that southern California pretended to be, and wasn't. Neither was I surprised by the outlandish picturesqueness that is imparted to Honolulu by its gathering together of many different races, yellow and white and brown. I knew, of course, that it was the most Oriental of Occidental cities, the most Occidental of Oriental; that it was, by virtue of its geographical position, the one city in the world where East is West and West is East, and where the twain have met in harmony. But the one thing which did surprise me greatly was to find that Honolulu, despite its multi-racial population, is one of the most civilized cities in the modern world, and that its civilization is thoroughly, indeed definitively, American.

It is only a quarter of a century since the Hawaiian Islands were annexed to the United States and the Stars and Stripes were first flown over the Iolani Palace, but, in the ancestral sense, Honolulu has been American for more than a hundred years; and since, in the midst of the Pacific, there is more leisure than we have upon the mainland for cultivating, undisturbed by interruption, the imaginative art of memory, Honolulu demonstrates more vividly a reminiscence of what America meant at the outset of the nineteenth century than any other community outside the confines of our thirteen original States. It is, in fact, an old New England city in the midst of the Pacific, venerable in Americanism beyond any other of our cities seated west of the Appalachians. Honolulu was already a cultivated community when San Francisco was but a roaring mining-camp and when Los Angeles was nothing but a patch of unirrigated desert. Indeed, when

the forty-niners of San Francisco, suddenly enriched with gold, desired to bring their daughters up as ladies, they sent them out in sailing-ships to Honolulu to be educated in the Kamehameha schools.

I dare say that I should have been less surprised by the settled civilization of Honolulu if I had gone there directly from New York; but I happened, instead, to proceed to the Hawaiian Islands from Los Angeles. Los Angeles is, of course, the newest city in the world. It is vehemently up to date, like the latest six-star extra-issue of an evening newspaper. Los Angeles may be described, in a single phrase, as a city without a past. It has no memories, because it has nothing to remember. Consequently it has no interest in tradition and no respect for the past. It is lively and alert and forward-looking: but it is never contemplative and never calm. There is something uncanny about a city without a past, just as, in the German legend, there was something uncany about the man who had lost his shadow. Life, divorced from any sense of permanence, becomes unreal when it is lived only in the fleeting moment. Los Angeles lives merely in the here and now; it knows nothing of what happens otherwhere, and cares nothing for what has happened otherwhen. Existence in Los Angeles is merely transient; and during my two years as a transient Angeleno I felt utterly out of the world, cut off from all my previous contacts with the inherited culture of the ages.

Escaping from Los Angeles and plunging seaward from San Francisco, I dare say that, five days later, when the dawn disclosed the cloud-collecting mountains of the island of Oahu, I vaguely expected to find a

newer world; and the surprise came when I found, instead, in Honolulu, an older world, and discovered that, by traveling actually from California to Hawaii, I had proceeded really from Los Angeles back again to old New England.

For Honolulu is a city with a past. It casts a shadow. Its memorial function is not paralyzed and atrophied, for it has something to remember. It is wisely contemplative and patiently calm. It knows about what happens otherwhere, and cares about what has happened otherwhen. It is not up to date, but dateless; not transient, but permanent. It was in 1887 that Mr. Wheeler went ashore at Waikiki to have his laundry done. And the rest can be reported only with an enigmatic smile.

§ 3

In 1820, half a dozen missionary families set sail from a port in Massachusetts on a perilous long voyage round Cape Horn for the purpose of carrying the Congregational brand of Christianity to the Polynesian natives of the Sandwich Islands. The extravagant idealism of these missionaries, judged by the practical standards of contemporary enterprise, is a thing to strike the mind with admiration. For these pilgrims staked their all upon the outcome of this great crusade, and carried with them their wives and their children and all their furniture and household goods, to be plunged, as God might will, into the deep, or edified at last upon some heathen island half the world away.

The smiling Polynesians, in that distant time, were as friendly and as hospitable as they are today, and welcomed the winged ships that housed the crusaders

from New England, and their wives and children and their furniture and household goods. The idealistic missionaries were intent on saving the souls of the purple-skinned Kanakas, and the kindly Polynesians were intent on ministering to the practical comfort of their white-skinned visitors. Consequently, the thrifty New-Englanders were able, without embarrassment, to exchange the veritable word of God for authenticated title-deeds to the most productive lands in the islands.

In nearly all the Massachusetts families that sailed around the Horn in 1820 to carry Christianity to the heathen of Hawaii there were six or eight children. As these children came of age, intermarriages between the missionary families became, of course, inevitable. Such intermarriages have continued to this day, so that now the scions of the original half-dozen families must number more than a thousand people, all of whom are cousins to one another in some degree or other. And for over a hundred years these inheritors of the original families have owned nearly all of the registered real estate of the eight islands in the Hawaiian group. To this day, for instance, the entire island of Lanai is owned by a single family, the Baldwins. To this day the entire island of Molokai, with the exception of the leper settlement, which stretches seaward on a sandy peninsula backed by towering, insurmountable palisades, is owned also by a single family, the Cookes. And even on the island of Oahu, where Honolulu itself is seated, and on the big island of Hawaii, the investigating visitor is beset forever with the recurrence of half a dozen ancestral names that are synonymous with overlordship of the land.

Since the land is extremely productive, especially in

pineapple and in sugar-cane, most of the descendants of the original missionary families are, of course, extremely wealthy; but they have been wealthy for so long that they have ceased to be aware of the fact, and lead very simple lives, undisturbed by any ostentation. They hold the islands as a public trust, and the machinery of society is so conducted that there is a place for everybody, white or yellow or brown, and everybody is happy in his place.

The division of labor is sanely effected along racial lines. A white man is not given a yellow man's job, nor vice versa. The agricultural work upon the great plantations is done by the Japanese, the Portuguese, or the Filipinos; but these three races are not mixed together indiscriminately on the same section of land. A *malehini,* or newcomer from the mainland of America, coming out to seek employment, would not be put to work on the plantations but would be diverted to some sort of office job in the executive branch of one of the local industries. The Kanakas—as the Hawaiian natives are called—disport themselves in such easy and showy jobs as those of car-conductors, motormen, and traffic cops. The Kanaka police, clad in their white uniforms, have a very happy time directing the traffic of the narrow streets with the magnificent and florid gestures of Neapolitan band-masters. Most of the domestic servants are Japanese or Chinese; and the Orientals also run the smaller shops, which are remarkable for their cleanliness and neatness. The larger shops, of course, like all of the big business enterprises, are run by *haoles,* or white people.

There is never any unemployment in the islands, and there is no poverty at all. The only industrial

difficulty is a shortage of unskilled labor in certain necessary branches. When, at the end of the nineteenth century, the provisional republican government applied for annexation to the United States, it became necessary to accept, as an established fact of American law, the Chinese exclusion act; and the industrial leaders of the islands have been trying ever since to have the Territory of Hawaii excepted from the application of this legislation. The Chinese are by far the finest of the imported races; they are more desirable than the Japanese; they are greatly needed for various kinds of labor, which they accomplish better than anybody else: but the pleas of the Hawaiian commission at Washington are never listened to. Neither the Republican Party nor the Democratic Party can be bothered about the legislative needs of a Territory that casts no vote in the Electoral College and sends no representatives to Congress, to vote with either party. But meanwhile, the Territory of Hawaii manages its internal affairs to the apparent satisfaction of all its citizens. Those who have but little money need less; and, in Mr. Wheeler's philosophic sense, it may truthfully be said that the poorest of the Polynesians is rich indeed.

§ 4

In most of our American cities at the present day life suffers from the lack of an aristocracy. The popular phrase that every man is as good as every other is merely a way of saying that no man rises superior to the dead level of medocrity. Mr. Langdon Mitchell, the brilliant son of a famous father and a scion of an old Philadelphia family, has pointed out in a recent essay that the hardy frontiersmen who

pushed beyond the Mississippi and ultimately extended the map of the United States to the Pacific were, for the most part, cursed with the unfortunate habit of leaving their culture behind them and became less literate the farther they adventured from the Atlantic seaboard. In most of our Western cities the leaders of society have been vaulted into eminence by some accident of sudden wealth; but the cities are so new that they have no traditions and, in consequence, no standards. A cultivated aristocracy cannot be developed in a decade; it requires several generations of consistent careful breeding.

When the missionary families of Massachusetts sailed around the Horn in 1820 to Hawaii, they carried their culture with them; and they have kept it ever since. Generation after generation, they have sent their sons back to New England to be educated at Harvard or at Yale, and have never, for convenience, allowed them to stop off at the half-way stations of Berkeley or Palo Alto. It is by no means my intention to disparage the brand of education that is dispensed on the Pacific Coast, but I merely wish to emphasize the point that the old families of Honolulu have clung consistently, for an entire century, to the culture of New England and have remained, in reality, New-Englanders, though living on a tropic island a quarter of the world away.

Their houses have a New-England look, with columned porticos approached by shaded driveways. The lay-out of the city has a New-England look, with quiet houses grouped about an overshadowed green. The tree that dominates a little square may be a banian but yet it will remind you somehow of elms

and oaks. Inside the houses you will find the loveliest of old colonial furniture, dating from the seventeenth century and reverently brought around the Horn in sailing-ships a hundred years ago; and you will find old books, hundreds and hundreds of old books, and leisure under lamplight, and quiet converse of tall spirits when the night is down.

The Kawaiahao Church is built of coral rock, but the lines of it are utterly New England. The churchyard houses the tomb of King Lunalilo, but all around this tomb the ground is tableted with ancient names that read of Massachusetts. Sometimes, in a lamplit hour of early evening, the old church breaks into choric song, and, if you happen to be lingering in the neighborhood, you will wander into it. You sit down in an old New-England pew, and while the cheerful Hawaiian preacher is making announcements in a liquid language that you do not understand, you fumble for a hymn-book. The words are printed in Hawaiian, but you recognize the old tunes that have made New England eloquent for three hundred years; and when the white-garbed dusky choir-girls stand up and sing, with a zest as if these old, old hymns were finding voice for the first time in the world, you remember certain evenings long ago and far away, and feel yourself at home again.

§ 5

Even the far-famed bathing beach at Waikiki is distinguished by the decorous atmosphere of old New England; and, if any tired business men from Broadway should go out to Honolulu with a musical comedy concept in their minds, they would be emphatically dis-

appointed. There aren't any grass-skirted *hula*-girls dancing upon moonlit sands to the music of the *ukulele.* I happened to be in Honolulu when a national convention of the Mystic Shriners that was held in San Francisco spilled a couple of shiploads of red-fezzed pleasure-seekers over into the Hawaiian Islands. For this occasion, a primitive native house of ancient matting was erected among the coconut trees of Kapiolani Park, booths were set up to display various Polynesian curios and works of handicraft, and three elderly Hawaiian women who had danced the *hula* in the old days of King Kalakaua were resurrected from the past and decked out in grass skirts that had been manufactured in Kalamazoo and imported all the way from Michigan, in order that the archæologists among the Mystic Shriners might not be disappointed.

When the native women dress up in their best, they wear, not the grass skirts and coral garlands of our musical comedy choruses, but the white Mother Hubbard that was imposed upon them by the New England missionaries a century ago and that still perpetuates the stylish cut of 1820. This garment is called, in the native language, *holoku*: the word means, "I can walk!", and immortalizes the child-like ejaculation of an old Hawaiian queen when first she donned the missionary dress and discovered with surprise that, though it hid the legs, it did not hamper them. Indeed, though the *holoku* has long sleeves and is cut high and tight at the neck, it is a fully flowing garment; and it has the practical advantage that it may be slipped off very easily whenever the wearer is seized with a sudden impulse to plunge into the sea.

The *ukulele* is not unknown at Waikiki, and some-

times, on moonlit nights, native boys come twanging it along the sea-wall and singing plaintive songs; but it is not, as is commonly supposed, a Polynesian invention. It is, instead, a Portuguese instrument, originally called the *braga*, and was brought out to Hawaii from the Azores when the Latin laborers were imported round the Horn a couple of generations ago.

Many visitors are disappointed by "the beach at Waikiki" because, in the customary sense, there is scarcely any beach. That is to say, there is no extensive stretch of sand, overrun by a helter-skelter public. The land, for the most part, is privately owned; and the luxuriant lawns of private residences extend down to a rocky sea-wall against which the waves come lapping. There is a narrow stretch of sand in front of the Moana Hotel and the Outrigger Canoe Club; but, even here, there is very little room for parading or lolling on the beach. At Waikiki, the women, as well as the men, wear swimming suits for the sake of swimming and not for the sake of exhibiting their figures; and local custom compels them to don dressing-gowns before crossing the Kalakaua Boulevard, which is the first avenue that runs parallel to the sea. The neighborhood of the beach is utterly free from those abominations in which our American seaside resorts usually abound: there are no peanut or popcorn stands, no booths for vendors of "hot dogs," no merry-go-rounds, no scenic railways, none of the raucous and pitiful appurtenances of public pleasure. There is nothing to do at Waikiki but swim.

But the swimming is, unquestionably, the finest in the world. Every day of the year, and every hour of the day or night, the temperature of the water—which

never varies more than three or four degrees from seventy eight Fahrenheit—remains almost identical with the temperature of the air; so that one may lead an amphibious existence, plunging into the sea or climbing out into the air again with never any shock from any change of temperature. Both the water and the air feel like velvet to the skin: there is an inexpressible suavity about them. And it is very easy to swim without fatigue at Waikiki, because the water is heavier—that is to say, its specific gravity is greater—than that of the Atlantic or the Mediterranean. I have never seen statistics on this point; but I have swum in many waters and I know by experience that the Pacific has an extraordinary buoyance. It is, I think, a significant fact that the crawl stroke, which revolutionized modern swimming, was invented by the Australians and perfected by the Hawaiians; for in the Pacific it is much easier to crawl upon the surface of the sea than in the Atlantic.

The one handicap to swimming at Waikiki is the presence of great quantities of coral rock, only slightly submerged beneath the surface, which will scrape and gash the knees of the adventurer who swims without a chart. For long swims, it is necessary to know the channels and to map a course according to them. To give the soldiers at Fort De Russy an opportunity to use a diving-board, it was necessary to dynamite great quantities of coral and blast out an artificial swimming-tank in the open sea.

But the rhythm of the surf at Waikiki is unsurpassed for swimming. A mile from shore, the outer ocean crashes against a great coral reef, which is im-

pervious to sharks and all other dangerous denizens of the deep. Within the reef, the shoreward surf gathers in long slow rollers ideally adapted to the native sport of surfboard-riding. The impact of this inner surf upon the sand is not heavy enough to knock down a vigorous child, and there is never any undertow or tidal drag to the recoiling waves.

Nobody is ever drowned at Waikiki; and, over on the big island of Hawaii, nobody is ever killed or injured by the great volcano. The molten lava tosses high in the *Halemauman,* or fire-pit, of Kilanea, the largest active crater in the world; but the Goddess Pele maintains a friendly heart for her admirers, and, though visitors have walked up to the very edge of the fire-pit for a hundred years, no fatal accident has ever been recorded. Furthermore, in all of the Hawaiian Islands, there is no poisonous plant of any kind, and no predatory animal, or reptile, or insect. Neither rattlesnakes nor poison-ivy nor stinging hornets imperil the bare-foot wanderer through the deepest jungle. Even mosquitoes were unknown till very recently, when they were accidentally imported to Oahu by ships from Japan.

§ 6

Because the eight islands of the Hawaiian group have now been owned for over a century by the descendants of half a dozen families, it is still possible to observe, in the midst of the Pacific, the practical advantages of that oligarchic system of society which, after many centuries of practice, has for the most part been discarded elsewhere in the world.

In Honolulu a multi-racial population is ruled and

guided by an aristocratic minority; and this oligarchic arrangement works, to all appearance, perfectly. In order to analyze the present ethnological complexion of the Hawaiian Islands, it is necessary to resort to statistics, and the latest official figures that are available are those for 1921. In 1921 there were approximately a quarter of a million people living on the eight islands of the Hawaiian group. Of these, nearly one half, or one hundred and fifteen thousand, were Japanese; twenty-three thousand were Chinese; twenty thousand were pure Polynesians; and eighteen thousand were half Hawaiian, by a crossing of the brown race with the yellow or the white. In 1921 there were twenty-four thousand Filipinos (of recent importation) in the islands, five thousand Coreans, twenty-five thousand Portuguese (imported half a century ago from the Azores and Madeira), one thousand Spaniards, and only thirty-eight thousand *haoles,* or Anglo-Saxon people like ourselves. Thus it will be seen that the *haoles,* who constitute the ruling class, politically, economically, and socially, are in a very small minority, and are already outnumbered, three to one, by the Japanese alone. And since the Japanese are the most prolific of the races, rearing families of six or eight children, it is apparent that within a few years the racial complexion of the islands will be overwhelmingly yellow.

But at the present time, at least, there appears to be no race problem in Hawaii, and among the *haole* inhabitants of Honolulu I discovered none of that almost hysterical fear and hatred of the Japanese which is a commonplace in California. For in Hawaii there is no rivalry between the races. Each race fulfils

its proper function, falls easily into its appointed place, and is not envious of the activities of the other races.

For more than a century the *haole* minority has held without dispute that superior position in the general esteem which used to be accorded, in an English county, to the squire and his family. For a hundred years the *haoles* have been looked up to by all other races as an aristocracy, and their oligarchic eminence is still accepted as indisputable. The Japanese, even our native-born citizens of Japanese ancestry, are not interested in politics and do not wish to be bothered with the details of government; and none of the other races has evinced any ambition or desire to "take up the white man's burden."

The traditional respect that has been paid for several generations to an established aristocracy accounts, of course, for the fact that the atmosphere of life in Honolulu is more democratic than elsewhere in the world. The Kanakas are not looked upon nor treated as an inferior race, like the Negroes in our Southern States. Intermarriages between white men of the traditional New-England stock and Hawaiian women related to the old royal family have occurred not infrequently in the course of a century; and, in the best society, you will meet a few Polynesian ladies and a few people of part-Hawaiian parentage. Down in the social scale, intermarriages between Hawaiians and Chinese have become quite customary; and the resultant half-breed race is physically strong and handsome, and mentally alert. The Japanese, on the other hand, are steadfastly exclusive and never intermarry with any other race.

A democratic association between these varied peo-

ples is begun, of course, in that most American of all the institutions inherited from old New England—the public school. Children of all the races are taught in the same class-rooms, side by side, and brought up to be Americans. And this democratic association persists through later life. For example, it is not uncustomary for the Japanese and Kanaka servants of the very rich to go swimming and canoeing with the families of their employers; and, in the sea at Waikiki, everybody plays with everybody else, regardless of anybody's station in society. A lady of great wealth who is one of the social leaders of Honolulu told me that none of her five children owned a pair of shoes: they went to school bare-footed, like all the other children.

Real democracy in manners is most likely to be found in a society that is controlled by a cultured oligarchy. The aristocrats are benevolent to the plebeians, and the poor people do not hate the rich. In Hawaii, the smiling Polynesians scarcely work at all. They do not have to work. Everybody loves them, and they subsist upon the general bounty. The industrious Japanese work hard and save their money. The efficient Chinese accomplish wonders silently, cash in, and never tell the world. The Portuguese and the Filipinos work happily on the plantations. And the *haoles* go to business at eight-thirty in the morning, call it a day at four P.M., and play around with one another in the mellow hours of the afternoon.

All these people live together happily, without jealousy and without contention, because their society is wisely ordered; and the wisdom of this order is the wisdom that was carried around Cape Horn from

Massachusetts before the newer America had been tempted to forget what it had always understood in its ancestral days.

§ 7

Hawaii remained a monarchy until the eighteen-nineties; and, in these days when kings are falling right and left, it may be profitable to pause a moment to muse upon the advantages of monarchy. A century ago the scions of the great Kamehameha were saluted as right royal in all the capitals of Europe; and in Honolulu the visitor may still observe the silver service and the painted portrait that were sent out to the Hawaiian Islands by Louis Philippe of France as a personal token from one anointed monarch to another. For economic reasons a revolution was necessitated in the eighteen-nineties, when King Kalakaua died and Queen Lilliuokalani showed herself to be unable to grow with the growing age; but this revolution was not pointed against, but rather pointed toward, a respect for the historical traditions of the ancient kingdom of Hawaii.

And this historical respect is still perpetuated among the *haoles,* who are proud to remember that Honolulu was a royal capital before most of the American cities were staked out by the real-estate promoters. In the highest society of Honolulu there is still to be observed a tradition of courtliness which has been inherited from the eighteenth century. Every now and then a flower-show is held in the stateroom of the capital, the erstwhile throne-room of the Iolani Palace. You attend this flower-show, and amidst a rich profusion of hibiscus blooms you bow to many gentlemen and ladies

of an *ancien régime* that has almost been forgotten elsewhere in the world. Oddly enough, there seem to be no "flappers" in the best society of Honolulu. In that salubrious climate people live to a great age; and every important function is attended by ladies and gentlemen of seventy or eighty. These patriarchs hold court, and are admired for their memories; and modernity is given pause when they recall their far-off childhood and tell anecdotes of time-worn days when the royal scions of the great Kamehameha were still able, in the ancient fashion, to keep a little corner of the world safe from the incursion of democracy.

§ 8

How to be happy, though civilized, has become the most insistent problem of contemporary life. Honolulu is the happiest city that I have ever visited because, by virtue of its geographical aloofness, it has managed to remember so many things that have been forgotten elsewhere in the hurly-burly of the modern world.

It is a heartbreaking experience to sail away from Honolulu. A day before you leave, your neck is garlanded with *leis,* and thereafter you go about caparisoned with the flowered tokens of departure. Mr. Wheeler hails you with a sad *aloha,* and smiles again his enigmatic smile as he sits down on the sands of Waikiki to wait for his laundry to come back. Nearly all of Honolulu stops business and comes down to the dock to watch you sail away; and you hurl down from the deck multicolored paper-streamers, which are caught by your friends ashore, your brown friends and yellow friends and white. There are wistful looks in

many eyes, and Achilles, whom you sailed to see when you pushed off from San Francisco, begins to look gray and rather old and almost little, like some quaint figure in a childish fairy-tale. Then the white-uniformed Hawaiian Band, magnificent and royal, strikes up the tender strains of "Aloha Oe," that tear-compelling anthem of farewell. The steamer backs and turns. The multicolored strips of paper snap in twain and are tumbled overboard. Soon Honolulu hides itself in vegetation, while the steamer saunters past the creaming coral-reef of Waikiki, beyond which Mr. Wheeler may be imagined seated on the Children's Beach, still smiling his enigmatic smile.

And as you cast your flowered *leis* upon the sea, to be carried backward with the tide, you recall the quaint voice of Mr. Wheeler. "They come and go," he used to say, when the mirage of Walden Pond was in his eyes, "and others come: but after they are gone, I know that they remember always, and are always hoping to come back again. It will be that way with you."

THE CONTRIBUTORS TO

THESE UNITED STATES

(Volume I)

Kansas: A Puritan Survival

William Allen White is a native of Kansas where he was born in 1868. For the last twenty-seven years he has been the owner and editor of the Daily and Weekly *Gazette* of Emporia, his birth-place. He is the author of "A Certain Rich Man," "The Old Order Changeth," and other novels and short stories. From 1912 to 1916 he was a member of the Progressive National Committee and chairman of its Publicity Committee. He is probably the most widely known living Kansan, and the most distinguished editor between the Alleghenies and the Rockies. His editorial, "What's the Matter with Kansas?" attracted attention to him, to his paper, and to his State.

Maryland: Apex of Normalcy

Henry L. Mencken is a native and resident of Baltimore and a graduate of its schools. He was reporter, and city editor, of the Baltimore *Morning Herald,* editor of the *Evening Herald,* and has been on the staff of the *Suns* —morning and evening—during the last nine years. He is the author of "The American Credo," "The American Language," and of numerous collections of essays. He is internationally known as a writer, editor, critic, publicist and expert in Americana.

Mississippi: Heart of Dixie

Beulah Amidon Ratliff was born in Fargo, North Dakota, in 1894, a daughter of U. S. District Judge Charles F. Amidon. She was graduated from Barnard

College, Columbia University, in 1915. As an organizer for the National Woman's Party, she worked for the federal suffrage amendment in Mississippi in 1917. In 1919 she married Paul G. Ratliff, a native of Mississippi, whose family has been prominent in that State for four generations. She lived first in the small plantation village of Drew, in Sunflower County, for eight months, and then for two years in Vicksburg. During that time she made a special study of the white and colored school systems.

Vermont: Our Rich Little Poor State

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, novelist and essayist, lives in Arlington, Vermont, and has been a member of the State Board of Education, Middlebury College, Vermont, and the University of Vermont bestowed upon her the degree of Litt.D. in 1921 and 1922, respectively. She is the author of "The Montessori Mother," "The Bent Twig," "The Brimming Cup," "The Home-Maker," etc.

New Jersey: The Slave of Two Cities

EDMUND WILSON, JR., was born in Red Bank, New Jersey, where his family now resides, and where he has spent a considerable portion of his life. His father was for some time Attorney General of the State of New Jersey. Mr. Wilson was graduated from Princeton with the class of 1916. He has been managing editor of *Vanity Fair,* a member of the editorial staff of the *New Republic,* and is a frequent contributor to current periodicals.

Utah: Apocalypse of the Desert

MURRAY E. KING was born in Utah in 1876. He attended the Mormon Academy at Fillmore and later Brigham Young College at Provo. At the age of 12 he became a freethinker, and later when called to a mission by Brigham Young College declined to go. After teaching school and doing reportorial work on newspapers in Utah, he enlisted in the Spanish-American War and was in six engagements in the Philippines. On his return home he

became editor of the *Inter-Mountain Worker*, official organ of the Utah State Federation of Labor. In 1917 he entered the service of the Nonpartisan League and in 1921 was secretary of the Farmer-Labor Party Research Bureau. Recently he has been on the editorial staff of the Minnesota *Daily Star*.

South Carolina: A Lingering Fragrance

LUDWIG LEWISOHN, critic, editor, author, came to America at the age of 7 and settled in Charleston, South Carolina. He attended school there, received the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts from the College of Charleston in 1901, and of Litt.D. in 1914. He is the author of "Up-stream," an autobiography, of "Don Juan," a novel, and of numerous essays and criticisms.

Nevada: Beautiful Desert of Buried Hope

ANNE MARTIN was born in Empire City, Nevada, in 1875. She holds degrees from the University of Nevada, where she was professor of history from 1897 to 1899, and Leland Stanford University. She also studied at Columbia and at the Universities of London and Leipsic. She was leader of the Nevada Equal Suffrage Campaign in 1911-14, chairman of the National Woman's Party 1916-17, and independent candidate for United States Senator from Nevada 1918 and 1920.

Ohio: I'll Say We've Done Well

SHERWOOD ANDERSON was born at Camden, Ohio, in 1878, and grew up at Clyde, a town some miles back from Lake Erie and on the railroad between Toledo and Cleveland. A common school education was supplemented by a few months at Wittenburg College, Springfield. Mr. Anderson began life as a laborer and worked in factories in various cities in Ohio. Later he became an advertising writer in Chicago, and after that a manufacturer at Cleveland and Elyria, Ohio. He wrote his first novel while

running a small factory at Elyria. Half his life has been spent within his native State, and a great many of his stories and novels have been built up from material gathered there. Mr. Anderson won the *Dial's* award of $2,000 in recognition for his services to American letters for the year 1921. Among his books are "Windy McPherson's Son," "Marching Men," "Mid-American Chants," "Winesburg, Ohio," "Poor White," "The Triumph of the Egg," and "Many Marriages."

Maine: "Down East"

ROBERT HERRICK was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1868. His first visit to Maine was a summer vacation spent at North East Harbor in 1886, when that summer resort was still quite primitive, with few cottages, a number of small barnlike boarding houses. From that year until the present Mr. Herrick has spent many summers in Maine, at first in the Mt. Desert region and about Penobscot Bay, and since 1913 has made his home at York Village, Maine, during half of the year. He owns a house there and votes there. During 1908-1911 Mr. Herrick lived in the northern part of the State in Bethel, about twenty-five miles from the White Mountains. While there he wrote "The Master of the Inn," "Together," "A Life for a Life," "The Healer." . . . Thus he has become familiar with three different sections of the State, all three distinct in character and background.

Delaware: The Ward of a Feudal Family

ARTHUR WARNER is not a native of Delaware, and had never spent a day there in his life until he went to gather material for his article. Conditions in Delaware suggested that nobody could tell the truth about the State and live happily there ever after. So Mr. Warner was asked to tackle the job because he was a rank outsider and a hard-boiled journalist, singularly indifferent to whether he lived

happily ever after in Delaware or any other place. Mr. Warner has been connected with the Washington *Post*, the Washington *Star*, the New York *Sun*, and the New York *Evening Post*. During the European War he worked in Paris, first for the New York *Herald* and later for the London *Daily Mail*. Since 1919 he has been an associate editor of *The Nation*.

Tennessee: Three-quarters of Bewilderment

E. E. MILLER was born in Greene County, Tennessee, and has lived practically all his life in Tennessee and North Carolina, except for a short time in Alabama. After a course at the University of Tennessee, he entered the editorial field, being managing editor of the *Progressive Farmer* from 1908 to 1913, editor of the *Southern Farm Journal*, 1914, editor of the *Southern Agriculturist*, published in Nashville, since 1915. He is author of two books, "Fertilizing for Profit," and "Field-Path and Highway," and has contributed frequently to periodicals. He has been a close student of political and agricultural economy, and is a recognized authority on these subjects.

California: The Prodigious

GEORGE P. WEST was a political reporter for the San Francisco *Bulletin* during the first three years of Johnson's first term as Governor, when the *Bulletin* was his principal newspaper supporter in northern California. In that capacity he accompanied Johnson on all his campaign trips, including his tour of the country as vice-presidential candidate in 1912. In 1920 he was publicity man for William Kent in Kent's unsuccessful campaign for the Senate. Mr. West has contributed extensively to periodicals.

Wisconsin: A Voice from the Middle Border

ZONA GALE was born in Portage, Wisconsin, in 1874. She was educated in the Portage public schools and at the

University of Wisconsin. After eight years of newspaper work in Milwaukee and New York she returned to Portage where she makes her home. She is a regent at large of the State University and chairman of the Wisconsin Free Library Commission. She is a writer of novels and plays, including "Miss Lulu Bett," "Birth," "Faint Perfume."

Michigan: The Fordizing of a Pleasant Peninsula

LEONARD LANSON CLINE was born in Bay City, Michigan, and has lived in Detroit, Ministee, Ironwood, Ypsilanti. For three years he attended the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. For seven years he wrote political articles and music and art criticism for Detroit newspapers. He has been a contributor of prose and poetry to various magazines. He has been on the staff of the Baltimore *Sun* and New York *World*.

Louisiana: "Madame de la Louisiane"

BASIL THOMPSON was born in New Orleans in 1892, and grew up there. He was graduated from Loyola College, and studied at Tulane and at Jefferson and Lee University. In 1921, with Julius Weis Friend, Mr. Thompson founded *The Double-Dealer Magazine* and was co-editor of this periodical until his death in April, 1924. Mr. Thompson was the author of "Auguries," a book of poems, and with three other poets published "Estrays." Just before his death he had collected for publication in book form his latest poems and these will appear under the title "The Grey Men and Other Rhymes." Mr. Thompson's verse has appeared in many of the better known magazines.

Iowa: A Mortgaged Eldorado

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO lived seven years in the Middle West, the last two and a half of which he spent in Iowa as managing editor of the *Grinnell Review* and director of publicity for the Grinnell College endowment fund. He

has lectured at Hunter College, New York City, and has contributed articles to many periodicals.

Massachusetts: A Roman Conquest

JOHN MACY was born in Detroit in 1877. He took his bachelor's and master's degrees at Harvard and taught there, in the Department of English, in 1900-01. He was associate editor of the *Youth's Companion* from 1901 to 1909, literary editor of the Boston *Herald,* 1913-14, and literary editor of *The Nation,* 1923-24. His books include "Life of Poe," "Guide to Reading," "The Spirit of American Literature," "The Critical Game," "The Story of the World's Literature," "Walter James Dodd," a biography, and others.

Alabama: A Study in Ultra-Violet

CLEMENT WOOD was born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, in 1888. He grew up in his native State and was graduated from the State University before studying law at Yale. He practiced law for three years in Alabama and served as Assistant City Attorney and Judge of the Central Recorder's Court of Birmingham. At present he is living in New York, where he has written several novels and books of verse. Among these are "Glad of Earth," "Mountain," "Nigger." He has contributed extensively to the magazines and his poems have won several prize awards.

South Dakota: State Without End

HAYDEN CARRUTH was born in Minnesota in 1862, but lived a large part of his life in South Dakota. He conducted the *Estelline Bell* in that State when it was part of Dakota Territory. Among other volumes he is the author of "Track's End." In the years 1888 to 1892 he was on the New York *Tribune*, and at present writes "The Postscript" in the *Woman's Home Companion.*

Oregon: A Slighted Beauty

CHARLES H. CHAPMAN was a resident of Portland and its near neighborhood for more than twenty years. He

wrote editorials for the *Oregonian* for some ten years, and during four years for the *Journal*. From 1893 to 1900 he was president of the State University at Eugene. He ran a fruit farm just across the Columbia from Portland, has traveled all over the State, and is intimately acquainted with its people. He has lectured for women's clubs, the Y. M. C. A., and various labor unions on politics and literature.

Pennsylvania: Still a Keystone

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN was born in Columbia, Pennsylvania, of Pennsylvania Dutch stock. He is the author of many books and has been connected with the Philadelphia *Press* and the *North American*. During the Peace Conference he was a member of a mission representing the Republican National Committee at Paris. He still lives in his native town.

Texas: The Big Southwestern Specimen

GEORGE CLIFTON EDWARDS was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1877, and has lived there nearly all his life. Graduated at the University of the South, 1898, and at Harvard, 1899, he taught for several years until discharged from the Dallas High School for being a Socialist. Since then he has practiced law in Dallas, mostly for poor people, union men, and radicals. He drew most of the liberal provisions of the present Dallas charter, and most of the city ordinances passed by the initiative method.

Arizona: The Land of the Joyous Adventure

MARY AUSTIN was born in Illinois, removed to the Far West in 1888 and settled in that portion of the California desert which borders on Nevada and Arizona. She began almost at once to extend her knowledge of the country into Arizona, having visited every portion of it at some time or another. For the past half dozen years the center of her interest there has been the Botanical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institute near Tucson. In 1919 she made a

sociological survey of the Southwest for the Carnegie Foundation Americanization study. Mrs. Austin is best known as an interpreter of the social and cultural aspects of the Southwest, having written several books on the subject, notably "The Land of Little Rain" and "The Land of Journey's Ending." She is also the author of "The Basket Woman," "The Flock," "Love and the Soul-Maker," "The Man Jesus," "The Trail Book," "Outland."

Connecticut: A Nation in Miniature

Don C. Seitz was born in Portage, Wood County, Ohio, in 1862 and began his interest in Connecticut by close connection with its Western Reserve, which was to be amplified into a 26-year residence at Cos Cob, in Greenwich. For more than thirty years he has been actively identified with the New York *World*, is president of the Authors' Club, a Litt.D. of Bowdoin College and the writer of numerous volumes, including biographies of Artemus Ward, General Braxton Bragg and Joseph Pulitzer.

Arkansas: A Native Proletariate

C. L. Edson was born in Wilbur, Nebraska, in 1881. He was graduated from the University of Kansas in 1904 and spent two years reporting and doing editorial writing on the Kansas City *Star*. He then went to Leslie, Arkansas, and bought a homesteader's new farm in the mountains. Farming with a white mule and a bull-tongue plow and working at odd times in the timber, cutting saw logs and hewing railroad ties, Mr. Edson lived the life of the Arkansas hill-billy for six years. Having had newspaper training he was on the alert for local material which he could turn into articles. Mr. Edson says: "I never studied Arkansas as a trained professor would study it. I was mentally alert but a poverty-stricken member of the Arkansas community for half a dozen glorious years, and then

I went to New York and capitalized my rusticity with a series of newspaper essays called 'An Arkansas Man on Broadway.'"

Colorado: Two Generations

EASLEY S. JONES was born in Blue Springs, Nebraska, and moved to Colorado at the age of nine. He was graduated from the University of Colorado and remained in the same school for several years as instructor in English. After graduate study at Harvard University and the University of Illinois, and several years of foreign travel, he has returned to Boulder, Colorado, where he is occupied with writing.

(VOLUME II)

Virginia: A Gentle Dominion

DOUGLAS FREEMAN is a Virginian by birth and parentage. Born at Lynchburg in 1886, he was educated at Richmond College, Washington and Lee, William and Mary, and Johns Hopkins. He entered editorial work in 1909 on the staff of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, was secretary of the Virginia Tax Commission from 1910 to 1912, and became associate editor of the Richmond *News-Leader* in 1913. In 1915 he was made editor, and since 1922 has been part owner of this paper as well.

Minnesota: The Norse State

SINCLAIR LEWIS is universally known as the author of "Main Street" and "Babbitt," titles which have become incorporated in the current American idiom. He was born at Sauk Center, Minnesota, in 1885, was graduated from Yale in 1907, and has spent some years at journalism in various parts of the country.

Montana: Land of the Copper Collar

ARTHUR FISHER was forced out of the law school of the University of Montana several years ago through the

efforts of the American Legion, as a result of his views. He was later connected with several papers controlled by Farmer-Labor groups in Montana.

Florida: The Desert and the Rose

CLARA G. STILLMAN has at various times traveled extensively in Florida and has made special studies of the State's history. She is a resident of New York and a contributor to various magazines.

Illinois: First Province of the Middle Kingdom

HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN is a resident of Winnetka, one of Chicago's suburbs. He was graduated from Yale in 1910, joined the editorial staff of *Printer's Ink* the next year, and in the same year founded and assumed editorship of a magazine called *Art*. He served with the A. E. F. as first lieutenant from 1917 to 1919, and since that time has been engaged in writing books and contributing to various magazines. Among his books are "New Men for Old" and "Trodden Gold." He writes: "I was born in Chicago (in 1888), as were my parents, and my grandparents arrived when the place was little more than a trading-post. One of them, however, thought so little of Chicago's prospects that he pushed on to Milwaukee. . . . My paternal grandfather, Martin O'Brien, in 1853, established the art business which still bears his name. It is, I believe, one of the oldest institutions of its kind in the United States. Martin must have been a man! Fancy selling pictures to Chicago in 1853!"

West Virginia: A Mine-Field Melodrama

JAMES M. CAIN is a native of Maryland. For a number of years he was connected with the Baltimore *Sun*. For that paper he covered numerous West Virginia assignments and wrote extensively on industrial and political conditions there. Later he personally investigated the coal situation in the State, working for a time as a miner in order to obtain first hand information.

New Hampshire: Not Yet Abandoned

RALPH D. PAINE was born in Illinois, studied at Yale and at the University of New Hampshire. He did special correspondence for newspapers during the Spanish-American War and the Boxer Rebellion, and was with the Allied Naval Forces in the war zone in 1917-18. He has served as a member of the New Hampshire legislature and of the New Hampshire Board of Education. Mr. Paine is the author of numerous books and is known particularly on account of his books for boys which have enjoyed considerable popularity.

Wyoming: The Maverick Citizenry

WALTER C. HAWES is a newspaper man, until lately editor of the Rock River *Review,* who has lived in Wyoming for many years and has made a close study of the social and historical institutions of the State.

North Carolina: A Militant Mediocracy

ROBERT WATSON WINSTON was born at Windsor, North Carolina, in 1860. He received his A.B. degree at the State University in 1879, his LL.B. degree in 1884, and his LL.D. from Wake Forest College in 1915. Mr. Winston practiced law in his native State for thirty years and, according to his biography in "Who's Who," "re-entered college at 60 to fit himself 'to interpret the New South to the Nation and the Nation to the New South.'" He has been president of the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association, State Senator and Circuit Judge, Judge of the Superior Court of North Carolina, and president of the Durham Chamber of Commerce.

Nebraska: The End of the First Cycle

WILLA SIBERT CATHER moved at the age of nine from Virginia, where her family had lived for several generations, to Nebraska. The Cathers settled in a thinly populated part of the State—there were few American families; all the near neighbors were Scandinavian and nearby a

township settled by Bohemians. After preparation at the high school at Red Cloud Miss Cather entered the University of Nebraska and was graduated at nineteen. The scenes of many of Miss Cather's short stories, of her novels—"O, Pioneers!" and "One of Ours" (which won the Pulitzer Prize for the best American novel in 1922)—are in the Nebraska prairieland.

Oklahoma: Low Jacks and the Crooked Game

BURTON RASCOE was born in Fulton, Kentucky. He moved to Shawnee, Oklahoma, with his parents when he was ten years old and remained there until his graduation from the Shawnee High School in 1911. While in high school he was first a reporter and later wrote editorials and conducted a "colyum" on the Shawnee *Herald*. He also founded a short-lived magazine in Shawnee called *The Tatler*; and for two years was assistant librarian of the Carnegie Public Library there. He has since visited the State on three occasions. His parents reside on a farm in Seminole County. After leaving Oklahoma in 1911, he studied at the University of Chicago; worked for eight years on the Chicago *Tribune* as reporter, assistant city editor, feature writer, assistant Sunday editor, rotogravure editor, dramatic critic, and literary editor; spent one year as associate editor of *McCall's*, and two and a half years as literary editor of the New York *Tribune*, now the *Herald-Tribune*.

Idaho: A Remnant of the Old Frontier

MORTON R. STONE was born in Chicago and received his education in various widely separated districts in the United States and Canada; he was located in the northern portion of Idaho during the construction of the Pacific extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway and was locating engineer for the Idaho State Highway Department on several projects in the southeastern portion of the State; he has been engaged in the commission busi-

ness in southern Idaho for the past five years, and has assisted in the formation of several farmers' coöperative movements. He is a resident of Boise, Idaho.

New York (I): The City—Work of Man

ERNEST GRUENING was born on West 83rd Street, Manhattan, in 1887, lived the first twelve years of his life on East 23rd Street and thereafter on East 57th Street. He went to school on East 28th Street, East 49th Street and West 59th Street. He has been managing editor of the New York *Tribune* and of the New York *Nation*.

New York (II): State of Unwilling Progress

CHARLES WESLEY WOOD was born in Ogdensburg, New York, in 1880. Son of a Methodist clergyman, he spent his childhood largely in the rural districts of St. Lawrence, Lewis, Oswego and Jefferson counties. He was expelled from the Watertown High School in 1897 for making a speech which was said to be "anarchistic," and later from the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, at Lima, Livingstone County, for a similar offense. He became a local preacher and entered Syracuse University, but soon resigned from both religion and education and drifted about as an unskilled laborer to Buffalo, Schenectady, Mechanicsville, and other industrial centers. At twenty-three he became a locomotive fireman at Rotterdam Junction. While still railroading, he contributed articles to *Collier's*, the *Cosmopolitan* and the *American Magazine*. In 1907 he married Miss Mabel Barrett of Plattsburg. In 1909 be became a reporter on the Syracuse *Journal*. Two years later he was editing the Schenectady *Citizen* and in 1913 joined the staff of the New York Sunday *World*, with which, although a free lance, he has been loosely associated ever since. In 1919 Boni & Liveright published his only book, "The Great Change." In the same year he was sent to China by the Methodist Centenary Committee to

study the missionary movement from the standpoint of a rank outsider. Mr. Wood lives at Clemons, in the wilds of Washington County, New York.

Kentucky: Where Men Die Standing

Ben Lucien Burman was born in Covington, Kentucky, in 1896, and grew up there. After graduation from Harvard College and a period of service as a member of the staff of the Boston *Herald*, he returned to Kentucky and became head of the History and Government Department of the Covington High School. He left the teaching profession after a year to become an assistant city editor, then assistant telegraph editor of the Cincinnati *Times-Star,* for a time acting as Kentucky editor. Journeying east, he joined the staff of the Sunday Magazine of the New York *World,* and was a literary reviewer for *The Nation.* Very lately he has been in the Blue Grass State writing fiction and occasional verse for various magazines. He has traveled extensively through the Kentucky mountains.

Washington: The Dawn of a Tomorrow

Robert Whitaker was born in Lancashire, England, but has been a resident of the United States for fifty-five years, thirty-seven of them on the Pacific Coast. He was ordained as a Baptist minister in New England in 1887, spent a year in missionary service in old Mexico, and had his first pastorate in Seattle, Washington, in 1888-89. He was on Puget Sound again in the summer of 1902, again in 1907 and 1920, and spent eighteen months in the State of Washington, covering the major part of the State in 1922-23. Besides his ministerial work Mr. Whitaker has been editorial writer and a correspondent of many newspapers and magazines for the past thirty years, has published several books, mainly on religious and social topics, and has lectured all over the United States and in Great Britain.

New Mexico: A Relic of Ancient America

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT can only qualify as a New Mexican by taste and adoption. She was born near Boston in 1881, was graduated from Bryn Mawr College, and until after the late war her journalistic and literary work was largely identified with the Eastern seaboard and with France. But both her father and her maternal grandparents went West from New England as pioneering young folks, and she probably has something in her blood which made the elemental yet richly colored background of the Tesuque Valley peculiarly sympathetic. The agricultural acres and ditches of this valley, six miles from Santa Fé, where Miss Sergeant settled in 1920, are disputed by American farmers, Spanish-American small ranchers and one of the immemorial tribal groups of Pueblo Indians. Miss Sergeant's Mexican adobe occupies a hilltop in the midst of these neighbors, and she was inevitably drawn into local questions as a resident rather than as a spectator or theoretical altruist through the Fall-Bursum attack on Pueblo lands in 1922-23. She was one of the founders of the New Mexico Association on Indian Affairs, and is now writing a book on the Pueblos. She has published numerous articles on Indian and other aspects of Southwestern life in the last four years, including a series in *Harper's Magazine*, "The Journal of a Mud House."

Indiana: Her Soil and Light

THEODORE DREISER was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, in 1871. He got his schooling and college training in his native State, and entered journalistic work in Chicago in 1892. He has been connected in various capacities with many of the leading periodicals and has written numerous books. Among these are "A Hoosier Holiday," "The Genius," "Seven Plays," "Sister Carrie," "The Financier,"

"The Titan," "Jennie Gerhardt," and "A Traveler at Forty."

Rhode Island: A Lively Experiment

ROBERT CLOUTMAN DEXTER is not a Rhode Islander by birth; only by marriage and residence. He was born in Nova Scotia, but spent most of his early years in the neighboring State of Massachusetts. He spent five years as a student in Brown University, Providence, and a year in social work in Providence after graduation. He has ever since been much interested and kept in close touch with Rhode Island affairs. Up to recently he was teaching in Clark University, Worcester, but twenty miles from the Rhode Island State line. He received an M.A. degree from Brown, and much of his work for his doctor's dissertation was done in Rhode Island. Mr. Dexter says: "My own feeling is that perhaps the fact that Rhode Island is a 'mother-in-law State' rather than a 'mother State' may help me to view her virtues and vices somewhat more fairly."

Missouri: Doesn't Want To Be Shown

MANLEY O. HUDSON was born in St. Charles County, Missouri, and grew up in Montgomery County; he was four years a student at William Jewell College at Liberty, and for nine years a professor at the State University; he has been secretary of the Missouri Children's Code Commission and was one of the State's Commissioners on Uniform State Laws. Since leaving Missouri he has been attached to the Department of State, the League of Nations, and Harvard University.

North Dakota: A Twentieth-Century Valley Forge

ROBERT GEORGE PATERSON was born in Bellefontaine, Ohio. His mother was the late Virginia Sharpe Paterson, writer and naturalist. He received his education at Charlotte Hall Military Academy, Maplewood Classical School, and Ohio State University. He has done journalistic

work in Ohio, Indiana, Oklahoma, Georgia, North Dakota and New York. He was on the staff of the Fargo *Forum* for nearly five years, serving as its legislative correspondent at Bismarck, its political writer and city editor, and was manager of the Democratic Press Bureau in the North Dakota State campaign of 1914. During the war he was a Y. M. C. A. lecturer to the troops of the First and Twenty-sixth Divisions in France and also in American cantonments, later enlisting as a private in the Tank Corps, U. S. Army. Since the war Mr. Paterson has been connected with *Current Opinion* as assistant to its late editor-in-chief, Edward J. Wheeler, and is now associate editor of the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Georgia: Invisible Empire State

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois was born in Massachusetts in 1868 and was educated there, in Tennessee, and in Germany. He taught in Ohio and Pennsylvania and came to Georgia in 1896. He lived there continuously thirteen years and since 1910 has visited the State several times and kept in close touch by correspondence. While in Georgia, as agent of the United States Census and of the Labor Bureau, as writer for several magazines and as editor of the Atlanta University Social Studies, he visited all parts of the State. He is now editor of the *Crisis Magazine* and Director of Publications and Research for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

The District of Columbia: Ward of the Nation

John W. Owens was born in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, November 2, 1884. He was educated in the public schools and took night and summer courses at Johns Hopkins University. He has been political reporter of the Baltimore *Sun* since 1911 and has lived in Washington for the last four years.

Alaska: Our Returning Frontier

BRUCE ROGERS was born in Georgia and spent his boyhood in Texas. As a boy he taught school, raised cotton, studied law (while sleeping on a carpenter's bench), supported his widowed mother and infant sisters, became the "boy orator" of the county, and entered the University of Austin. He says that all hope for a glorious future was here blasted by his proclaiming admiration for Bob Ingersoll, associating with a Negro school-teacher, and acquiring a knowledge of Karl Marx from a German student. Moving north from Austin he was admitted to the bar in Kansas and later became a victim of the persecutions heaped on the I. W. W. because of his connection with Clarence Darrow in the trial of the editor of *The Appeal to Reason*. When the United States entered the war Rogers edited a miners' daily in Nome, Alaska. He was arrested for alleged sedition and after being held a year for trial was acquitted on his own defense. He now is in charge of the Interport News Service.

Porto Rico: The American Colony

LUIS MUNOZ MARIN was born in San Juan, Porto Rico, a few months before the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. His people, Spanish and Italian, had resided in the island about eighty years. He was first brought to the United States when three years old, and since then has divided his time between Porto Rico and the United States. He studied in the public and private schools of Porto Rico, in the public schools of New York, and at Georgetown University. He acted as secretary to his father, who represented Porto Rico in Congress, and to his successor in office; and has been at different times editor, stump orator, lecturer, short-story writer, and correspondent. Porto Ricans consider his father, Luis Muñoz Rivera, their national hero.

Hawaii: A Sub-Tropical New England

CLAYTON HAMILTON was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1881. After taking the degree of B.A. at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute he took his M.A. degree at Columbia University, where he subsequently lectured for twenty years on dramatic literature. He has contributed many articles to various magazines and is about to publish a volume of these sketches entitled "Wanderings." He is a member and vice-president of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Mr. Hamilton writes of the Territory of Hawaii from the point of view of an experienced traveler rather than that of a native of the territory. He has traveled through many countries and lived during one summer at Waikiki, in intimate touch with the leading families of Honolulu. It was at that time that he gathered the impressions of Hawaii on which his article has been built.

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